THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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W. Thornton Martin—Jennings Perry—Maude Radford Warren—Sophie Kerr
James G. Cozzens—George F. Worts—Charles Francis Coe—Samuel G. Blythe

DEL MONTE *Peaches*

A "minute dessert" THE MINUTE YOU NEED IT!

Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and only one quality—no matter where you buy.

AND what a welcome dessert they are! The very finest, tree-ripened peaches—selected for you in DEL MONTE orchards—canned in just the right degree of pure, rich syrup.

But because they *are* so delicious, served alone—and so easy to use that way—don't ever miss the tempting variety DEL MONTE Peaches offer your table.

Especially DEL MONTE *Sliced* Peaches! The same finer-flavored fruit DEL MONTE *always* brings you! Simply sliced, ready for use in short-cakes, pies, cobblers, cocktails, salads, puddings and gelatines, or with cereals and other main course dishes.

A real treat for *any* meal. And so convenient, so economical, you'll want to enjoy them again and again!

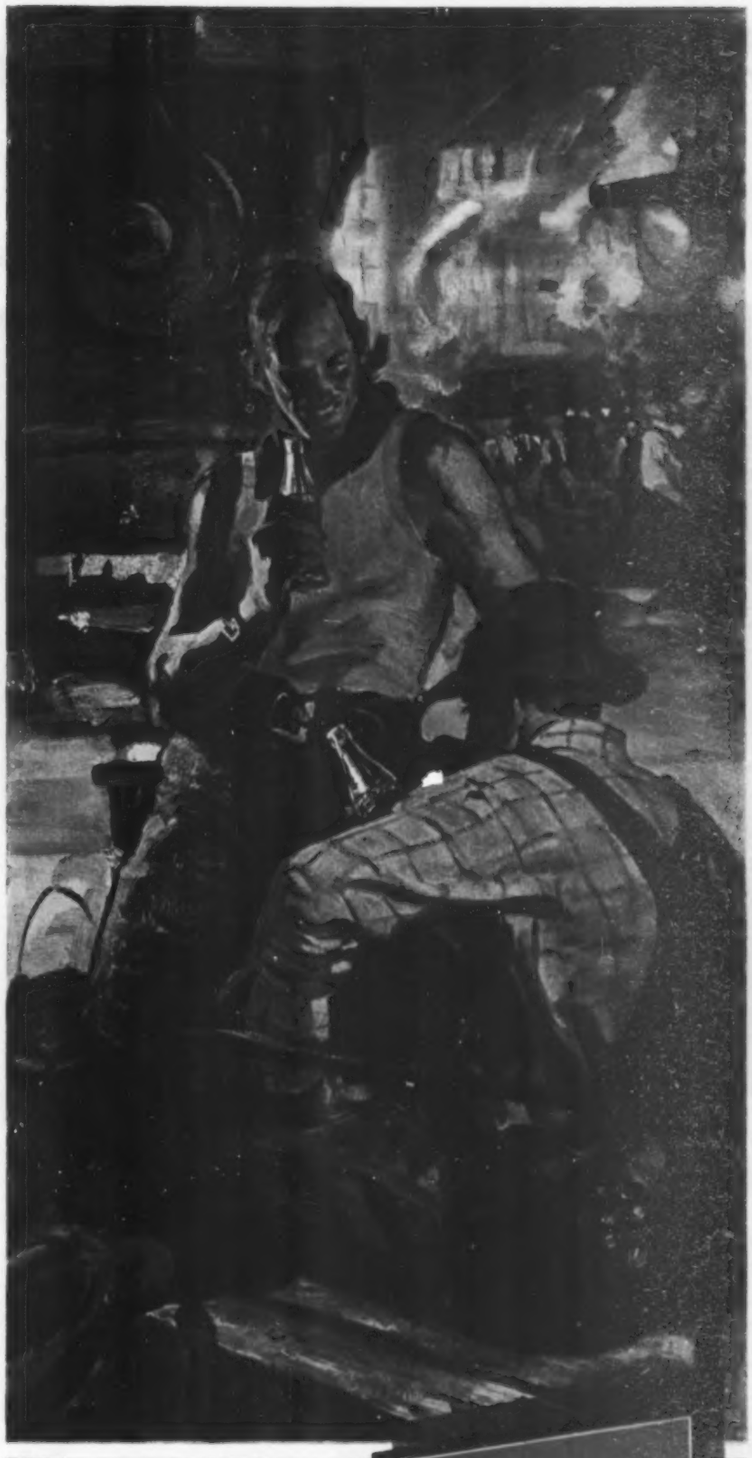
Convenient sizes of containers

DEL MONTE packs both Peach Halves and Sliced Peaches. Both come in four sizes of cans. In the large No. 2½ can (30 oz. net weight fruit and syrup) you can purchase three different sizes of Peach Halves—Banquet Halves (colossal fruit), Melba Halves (extra-large fruit) and Regular Halves (large fruit). The number of pieces in the can, of course, varies according to the size of fruit. The No. 2 can (20 oz.), No. 1 can (16 oz.) and Buffet can offer real convenience for smaller families. The fruit is slightly smaller, graded to fit the container; but regardless of size or number of pieces, you are always sure of the same tree-ripened fruit, the same delicious flavor you expect from DEL MONTE.

Make it count

as they do in PITTSBURGH and BIRMINGHAM—

The pause that refreshes



STEEL WORKERS in America can produce sixty million tons a year. They set the pace of industry with a mountain of work that towers above the pyramids. And a little minute for ice-cold Coca-Cola plays a part. Management that relieves bone and brawn with labor-saving machinery also provides for *the pause that refreshes*. Typical are the vast mills at Pittsburgh and Birmingham. Cafeterias and kiosks throughout the plants, with delivery service for workers who must stay at their posts, have iceboxes filled with bottled Coca-Cola » » » Industry has come to see how *the pause that refreshes* saves time. Men do more work and better work. *So can you.* A minute for Coca-Cola, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, means a fresh start.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN ~ Grantland Rice ~ Famous Sports Champions ~~ Coca-Cola Orchestra ~~ Wednesday 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Standard Time ~~ Coast-to-Coast NBC Network.

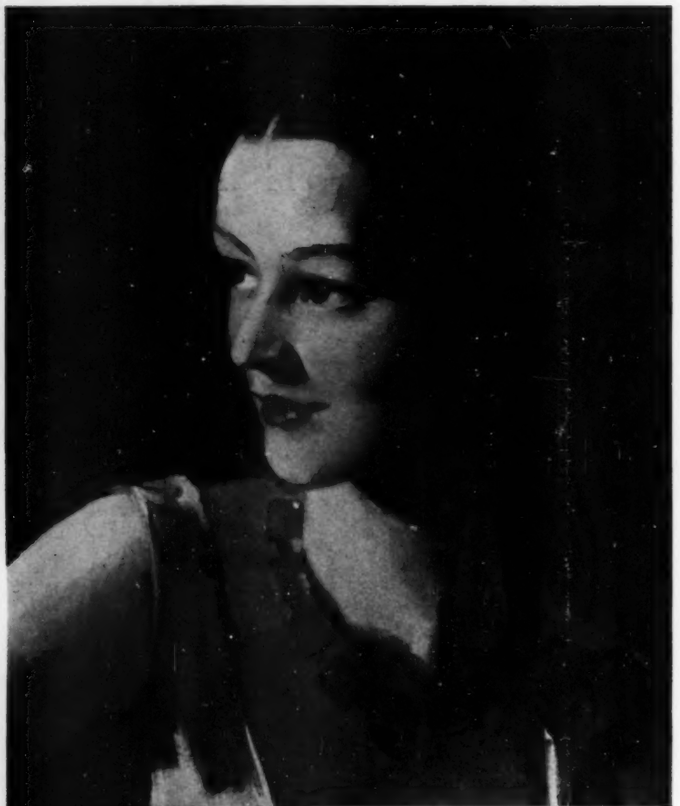
9 MILLION A DAY

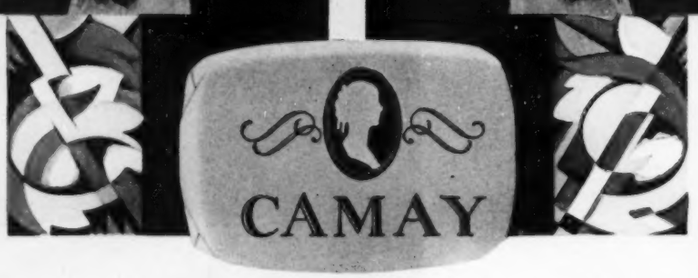
Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

It had to be good to get where it is

She flew from New York to Boston and I told her

this complexion secret en route





Not long ago I flew to Boston in a Sikorsky Amphibian—my very first airplane ride.

There were eight of us—all strangers. But flying is still so new that it wasn't long before we were all talking to one another like friends. And I talked quite a lot (shouted, I *should* say, the two motors being as noisy as they were!) to the girl across the narrow aisle from me.

Just before we reached Boston we exchanged cards and I was terribly surprised and pleased to discover that she knew who I was. She said, "Oh, Miss Chase, please let me talk to you a minute after we get to Boston. I need your advice so badly about my complexion."

After we were on our way in from the airport, she told me she'd had quite a persistent case of acne for over a year. I asked her what she had done for it and she said, "Oh, Miss Chase, I've tried everything." I found her "everything" was all kinds of lotions and ointments and treatments—in fact, everything but the one thing she needed.

So I told her that the only care a normally healthy skin needs is thorough cleansing with such a gentle, mild soap as Camay. *And* that, for any chronic condition such as hers, the only person qualified to give her advice was a dermatologist—a registered physician who has specialized in the care and treatment of the skin.

This girl was so grateful for my advice that I arranged an appointment for her with one of the dermatologists whom I had consulted when I first started writing these complexion articles.

I had a note from the girl a few days ago, saying that her complexion had cleared up wonderfully from the medical treatment. *And* . . . that, on the advice of her doctor, the only care she was now giving her skin was the gentle, fragrant Camay care we've all come to know and to feel so enthusiastic about.

So be *sure* you remember these two things. First, that the only care a healthy, normal complexion needs is constant and thorough cleansing with a gentle, mild soap. And, second, that Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists as a soap gentle and mild enough for even the most delicate complexions.

And *isn't* it grand to know that the one care that great authorities prescribe for you is the loveliest and most exquisitely fragrant that could possibly be devised?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-100, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval. Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada] 10¢ a cake

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SIMON PURE

By W. Thornton Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

MOBY BRYANT was born in the part of Virginia that is called the Piedmont section, which meant that in the morning, when Aunt Patsy knocked on his door and told him to come down and get his batter bread and fried apples while they were still hot, he could lie in bed and look out of his window at Monticello, brooding on its mountain like a classical hen. Behind the house Kearney's Mountain stood between him and the Ragged Mountains, and the Ragged Mountains, in turn, were etched against the Blue Ridge.

It meant that his speech, even at nineteen, was blurred with lazy consonants and spaced with a heritage of colloquialisms that rested pleasantly on the ear. It meant that his father drove home to dinner in the middle of the day from the store in a red-spoked runabout, and later, when the runabout developed spoke trouble and there was no money forthcoming to buy a new one, walked home over lumpy brick pavements in sagging white linens and an ancient panama. It meant that his brother, Big Moby, attended The University, where he ran on the track team and fingered a muted guitar on moonlight nights on the bosom of the Rivanna.

Moby's schooling closely paralleled the career of the red-spoked runabout. When the runabout was new and shiny and boasted a lap robe and whip, and Prince, the Bryant gelding, wore a net to protect his coat from the flies, Moby went every morning to Miss Tish Venable's kindergarten for young ladies and gentlemen. When he was ten and the whip and fly net were gone, he changed to the grammar school. With the ultimate retirement of the buggy to the carriage shed he moved into high school and worked afternoons in his father's store.

To Moby, The University was the dwelling place of half gods who called him "Little Moby" and sprawled all day on leather cushions in fraternity houses, with their coats off and fraternity pins outlined with glowing jewels on their vests, playing poker with cigarette pictures for poker chips. Tau Alph, Big Moby's fraternity, he was sure, had the nicest pin of them all. It was a sort of golden triangle with a diamond eye in the middle of it that shot fire at you when you looked at it. When they weren't playing poker they were wandering beneath whitewashed colonnades, with pipes hanging from their lower lips and their hands thrust deep into pegtopped trousers to hold unopened textbooks in place under their arms.

Before Him Against the Sky Loomed the Curving Bulk of an Archway. He Walked Through the Archway and up a Long Walk Toward Parallel Rows of Light in the Distance

They came down to spend Saturday nights with Big Moby and sat out on the stone steps under the stars and sang songs and blew smoke up into the fragrant Southern night air lazily, as if the great effort of propelling it from their nostrils would presently overcome them with fatigue. They gave the Tau Alph whistle when they had passed the bridge a block from the Bryant home, and the whistle came up the street clear and high, and the night gave it a ghostlike, eerie quality of its own. Moby practiced the whistle behind the carriage shed. But the first long note always left him out of breath and the two short notes that followed it were invariably disappointing. He comforted himself by telling himself that by the time he grew up and went to The University and joined the Tau Alph he would have enough lung power to do the whistle properly.

Daily, Moby followed his brother from fraternity house to the ivy-covered gym, and from the gym to the field, where he sat on his haunches beside the jumping pit and watched with worshiping eyes as Big Moby's legs flashed over the bar. Secretly he cherished the belief that Big Moby was the greatest athlete in the world.

Only once was the vision of his hero dimmed. In the fall of his twelfth year The University scheduled a game with Trent University. Trent had won six straight games, and Spence Daley, the Trent captain, was hailed as a sure thing for the All-American.

Big Moby was taking Nelly Cloud to the game in the Bryant runabout, then in the transition period between the whip-and-net era and the wabbly-wheel years. Moby begged for and secured permission to sit on the little shelf between

Big Moby Drove at a Spanking Pace Around to the Cloud House on Park Street, Where Nelly Waited Behind an Enormous Orange Chrysanthemum, in a Polka-Dotted Veil

the rear wheels and watch Prince while Big Moby and Nelly sat in the uncovered wooden bleachers.

He slept badly the night before the game, got up without being called by Aunt Patsy and scrubbed his ears to a fiery red. He wandered around aimlessly all morning and after dinner backed Prince into the shafts and buckled his harness with clumsy fingers. Big Moby drove at a spanking pace around to the Cloud house on Park Street, where Nelly waited behind an enormous orange chrysanthemum, in a polka-dotted veil. After that things swam past his eyes in a sort of pink haze. He sat on the little shelf between the wheels and watched the red clay road spin under him and saw, vaguely, other buggies and other big orange chrysanthemums and people walking along the brick sidewalks, and was suffused with such a feeling of pride and excitement and anticipation that he had a horrible fear of being sick at his stomach in front of everyone.

Big Moby gave the tickets to a man at the gate and helped Nelly out, and Prince was standing by a tree, and a band blared in his ears. He stood up in the buggy and tried to see over the heads of the people in the bleachers. A ball floated up into the autumn sunlight and turned end over end and swooped down behind the heads, and a little knot of scarlet jerseys came through a wooden gate and walked slowly and ponderously across the field, and a roar went up from the bleachers that made him feel queer because it had something shrill and disturbing in it, like the yell the Confederate veterans gave at the courthouse on reunion day.

Spence Daley walked in front of the ponderous figures in scarlet jerseys, without a head guard and with a big white T on his chest. From time to time he held up his hand to test the wind.

The blast of a whistle came up from the field and over the heads in the bleachers, and made Prince prick up his ears, and everybody stood up and he couldn't see. He climbed down from the seat and pushed between the legs of the colored men from the livery stables and the policemen in beehive hats at the edge of the bleachers, and slid down a red clay bank on the seat of his pants until his feet rested against the edge of the running track. Down close to the field the players seemed bigger and closer. He could hear numbers called in harsh, nasal tones and hear the thud of bodies and the gasp of hard-drawn breathing under pile-ups.

He sat very still with his feet against the edge of the running track and watched Daley catch a punt and dodge and twist miraculously between outstretched orange-and-blue arms. Even Speedy Harrison and Buck Kemper couldn't stop him. The people in the bleachers over his head weren't yelling any more, and between the halves, when the band played again and the people in the bleachers took off their hats and sang The Good Old Song and gave a wah-hoo-wah yell for The University, there was something wrong with the way they did it.

The teams came out for the last half, and Daley caught the kick-off and the scarlet jerseys formed a wedge in front of him and moved down the field like a battering-ram. The wedge passed the middle of the field and piled up over Speedy Harrison's body, and Daley swung out from behind the wedge and wove gracefully in and out among a little cloud of orange-and-blue tacklers and touched the ball to earth behind the goal posts.

The bleachers made a sound like a groan and the game went on, and after a while the sun got red and sat on top of Kearney's Mountain, and the game was over.

Moby was very quiet all the way home and at supper, and listened to Big Moby telling about the game and ate his cold fried chicken and potato cakes.

"Daley," Big Moby said, "is greater than Thorpe. He is the best quarter I've ever seen. Speedy Harrison and Buck Kemper did all right, but it wasn't any good."

Moby didn't hear what he said after that. He was busy trying to straighten out a problem. Big Moby was the greatest athlete in the world, but Daley was almost as great. If he admitted that Daley was greater than Big Moby he was being disloyal. Finally he decided that Big Moby was the greatest track athlete in the world and Daley the greatest football player. If Big Moby played football he would be a greater football player than Daley. That made everything all right inside of him and he felt better.

II

MOBY'S mother died three years later, and when he was sixteen and two years through high school his father walked home in his sagging linens and fell up the old stone steps and lay quietly with the ancient panama clutched tightly in one outstretched hand. Aunt Patsy found him there and carried him inside and ran all the way to the high school to bring Moby home.

In the fall he went away to live with Big Moby and Nelly up North. He grew more than an inch in three months, and his muscles began to coördinate and do the things he wanted them to do instead of something entirely unexpected and disconcerting. He went out for the Ironville High team and played left tackle for two weeks, until they gave him the ball on a tackle-around play in the first game of the season. After that he was a regular halfback. Big Moby taught him how to hurdle, and in his senior year he ran the high hurdles under sixteen seconds at the Tri-State Interscholastics.

Near the end of May he came home from track practice one day and found Big Moby talking to a dapper, keen-eyed little man.

Big Moby said, "Moby, I want you to meet Mike McClanahan. Mr. McClanahan is coaching up at Yardley Prep. He's got an idea you ought to go to Yardley Prep a year and go to Yardley University when you get out."

McClanahan said "Pleased to meetcha" and pumped his hand.

Moby looked at Big Moby and wondered if he had told McClanahan that he didn't have enough money to do anything when he got out of Ironville High but get a job and go to work.

Big Moby looked back at him and said, "I've been telling McClanahan here that the old finances are pretty low, and he seems to think something can be done to take care of that part of it."

McClanahan locked his feet around the front legs of his chair and teetered back and forth with his hands in his pockets.

"It's like this," he said: "There's a party named Lowry who's an old Yardley Prep and Yardley U man. He's got lots of what it takes and he's sort of a bug on getting the right sort of fellas to go to Yardley. See?"

Moby began to see.

"He's seen you play and he's sort of looked you up, and he figures you're the kind of young fella he wants to see get some place, and he's willing to see that you get through Yardley Prep if you'll go to the U when you get out."

Big Moby looked thoughtful and worried. "We can't borrow that much money," he said.

McClanahan made a gesture with the flat of his hand.

"Get this," he said: "There's no strings to this proposition. He's not lending you any money. He's making what he calls an investment. Some day if you've got a pile and feel like paying it back, okay. If not, well, all he expects is that you'll give another lad a boost when he needs it. See? If you can't do that he'll be happy if you just get in there at Yardley and give 'em what you got. That's fair enough, ain't it?"

Moby looked down at his feet and Big Moby stood up and said: "How's to let me talk it over with the kid before we do anything? I'd sort of like to think about it a little."

McClanahan got up and put on his hat and shook hands again with Moby.

"Think all you want to," he said. He turned at the door and looked suddenly at Moby through narrowed lids. "It might be a good idea not to say anything to anybody about it for a while. Folks don't always understand a big-hearted guy like this Lowry. It won't do you any good, or Lowry any good either, if you start spreading it around. See?"

Big Moby closed the door behind McClanahan and came back into the room. He went over to the fireplace and lit a cigarette, with his back to Moby.

"Well," he said without turning around, "what do you think about it? How does it sound to you?"

Moby said, "I don't want to be an object of charity."

Big Moby looked relieved. "I was hoping you would feel that way about it. Besides, I've got a better idea than that, I think."

He turned around and came over to the table and pulled a letter out of the table drawer.

"I got to worrying about a week or ten days ago about not being able to send you to college. I knew The University wouldn't do anything for you. They are so keen about keeping the rules that they are even willing to get beat by little jerk-water schools who used to be afraid to play them. Of course it's all very noble and all that, and in a way I am sort of proud of them, but they ought to be able to help a boy help himself through to a certain extent without losing either their self-respect or his. Well, anyhow, I got to thinking about it and worrying about it, and Frank Godfrey found out what was bothering me and he told me to write to the coach at Trent and find out what he had to say on the subject. So I sat down and wrote him a letter. I told him you weighed one hundred and seventy-five—which is mighty big for a prep-school player—and I told him you would probably fill out and grow some more. I told him you were the high scorer in the tri-county prep league, and I told him about the Tri-State Interscholastics. I might be fooling him about your being a hot shot at football, but he can't get around that time you made in the high hurdles. He can't laugh that off." He put the letter down on the table. "Read it," he said.

Moby picked up the soiled envelope and took out a sheet of paper. Across the top of the paper was printed OFFICE OF THE GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, TRENT UNIVERSITY. The letter read:

Dear Mr. Bryant: We have received your letter in reference to your brother's entrance at Trent this fall and giving some data as to his athletic abilities at Ironville High School covering the past two years. We have also read the letters you inclosed from Mr. Du Gan, his coach, and from Trent alumni in your town. Under the G. A. A. rules we cannot initiate correspondence with a prospective athlete, but we do have the right to answer inquiries made by the prospective athlete himself. It might pay you to have your brother write us a letter of inquiry covering such things as he wants to know.

Sincerely,
GEORGE (HAPPY) HOLMES.

He looked up and saw Big Moby watching him. He thought for an instant of a wedge of scarlet jerseys revolving about a slim figure with a white T on his chest—"Daley of Trent."

He grinned at Big Moby. "Gosh!" he said. "That's swell."

Big Moby looked relieved. "I thought you'd like it," he said. "How's to sit right down and tear off a letter?"

Moby got out a bottle of ink and a pen and sat down at the table. He dipped the pen in the bottle and looked up at Big Moby.

"How about this McClanahan? What'll we tell him?"

Big Moby lifted the lamp shade a little and let more light fall across the piece of paper under the pen.

"I'll take care of that apple," he said. "I'll tell him going to Trent is going to become an old family custom of ours. I'll tell him to take his big-hearted alumnus and go jump in the pond back of the fire house."

III

MOBY sat with his knees pressed against the dun-colored plush of the seat in front of him and tried to forget about the two-dollar bill and loose change in his pocket. The trip had cost him exactly twenty-two dollars and forty cents. The dinner on the train had cost him another dollar and a quarter. Having his trunk delivered would cost at least fifty cents, and he had breakfast to pay for in the morning. After that maybe he would see Happy Holmes and talk to him about the General Alumni Scholarship Fund.

He had found out about the General Alumni Scholarship Fund when Happy Holmes answered his letter. Holmes had written to Frank Godfrey, a Trent alumnus in Ironville, instead of writing directly to him. Godfrey had shown him the letter and had put it back in his pocket. But he didn't care about that. He knew what the letter said and he understood why it hadn't come directly to him. The letter started off by saying that Holmes was sure that if Moby matriculated at Trent he would never regret it.

He remembered the last paragraph almost word for word.

"Tell young Bryant," it said, "that through the General Alumni Scholarship Fund we can guarantee him his tuition, a room at the Varsity House, our training quarters, and board. I note that he says he won't be able to expect any help from home. We have various ways here at Trent of helping deserving athletes through school, and I don't think he need worry for a minute about the matter of expenses. If he decides to come here to Trent we will take care of him."

Moby looked out of the car window and watched the square little yellow houses that were stations, with names painted under their eaves, shoot past the window in irregular procession. The liver-pill and hotel signboards moved together in the distance until they rubbed shoulders and formed an unbroken line, and behind the signs mountains shrugged wooded shoulders at the sky. A bridge went under the train with a rattle. The rattle passed under his seat and fled backward and he looked fleetingly into a street and into the staring eye of a trolley headlight.

The porter took his suitcase, and the young men across the aisle, with their topcoat collars turned up and their hats pulled down over their eyes, got up and made a clot of grays and browns at the end of the car. Moby stood at the end of the line and

(Continued on Page 138)

"All Right Now, You Guys. I Gotta Few Words to Say to You"

SUMMERING IN THE ARCTIC

AND so that morning I reached Aklavik, which is just about at the top of the world. A few steps more and I'd have been leaning against the North Pole. I was looking back over thousands of miles of waterways and tens of thousands of miles of bush and rocks, full of buried treasure—countless areas of bitumen and salt and coal and oil and copper and other minerals; a trove which capitalists and prospectors are quietly hunting and which some day may make unguessed magic for Canada. I had demanded, for one summer, simplicity and space, because the place where I have passed many vacations is getting too crowded. I love its smell of the sea mingled with the scent of pines, drawn out by strong sun, but I am tired of spending the hours motoring with crowds here for luncheon and there for dinner, at places where the antiques and the food and the paper napkins and the artificial atmosphere are the same.

I achieved space in this Northwest Territory, where there is only one person in one hundred and six miles, if you count Indians and Eskimos; and if you count only whites and halfbreeds, one person has to himself twelve hundred and thirty square miles.

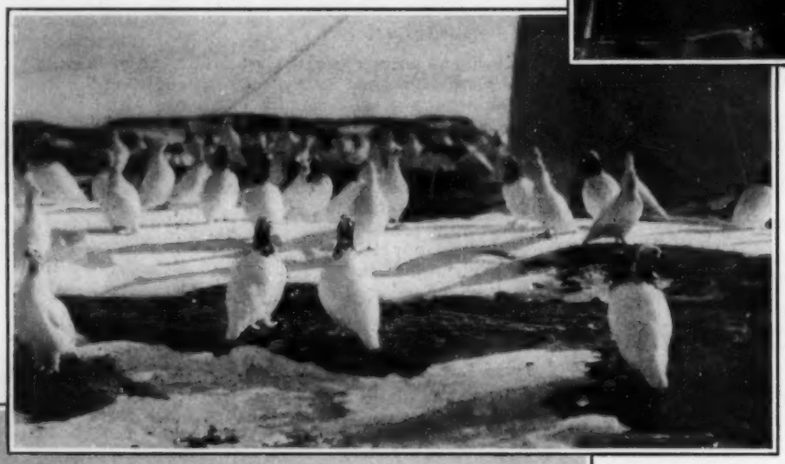
As to simplicity, Aklavik, the most northerly post on the Mackenzie River, has fewer modern conveniences than any other spot I have visited on this continent. There are no automobiles or trucks or street cars there; hence no roads; only a trail. There are no bathrooms and no sinks there, not even in the little hospital. There is not a kitchen pump anywhere. There are no horses, no cows, no sheep, no goats. There isn't even a cat.

Mother Nature's Stepchildren

THE people eat mostly out of cans. There are no fields of grain or corn; no tomatoes ripening in the twenty-four-hour sun of July; no green cucumbers lying back on their vines. There are poplar and spruce and willow trees, a few bright wild flowers and coarse grass. Dig and you find frozen soil at eighteen inches. Nature is miserly here; about all she gives is fur, fish and caribou. Nobody so far has given colleges or libraries, theaters or movies or pool rooms. The night life of Aklavik is a different thing from that in most parts of the world. Yet the people who live here, depending mainly on the fur trade, are contented and prosperous.

It took time to get to this simplicity and space. Behold me on a bright night, after nearly four thousand miles of travel, still five hundred miles from Aklavik, poking along on the Distributor, the Hudson's Bay boat. There were people on it—trappers and miners and engineers and mounted policemen, whose stories would compete with anything the cleverest plot maker could create. Nevertheless, I was wishing I could change speeds when, like an answer to yearning, down flew a great scarlet bird belonging to George Rex; the newish mail plane run by the Commercial Airways. The pilot, Walter Sherlock, who leaned out of the plane toward me, looking as if a gay wind had been blowing through his hair, has fought and been wounded and flown in five countries, and, in a lucky hour for me, was doing what had never been done before: flying in one day the fifteen hundred miles of the Mackenzie River air-mail route, landing and taking off at each of the thirteen forts. Mail goes to these forts every two months.

Eskimo Women Face the



Willow Ptarmigan at Camp Kangovik, Bowman Bay, Foxe Basin

"Keegapoo" Fishing at Cambridge Bay. At Right—The All Saints Hospital, Aklavik

A Midnight Flight

HE INVITED me to be the first woman to fly into Aklavik. My feeling that some Aklavik woman should have this privilege did not keep me from climbing into the plane. Never before had I had a chance of flying in midnight sunshine. At an elevation of three thousand feet, the sun on this June night appeared to stand where it does with us at four or five in the afternoon. To the left some blue-gray clouds hung over the deep blue Rocky Mountains; below, the Mackenzie River was gray, the clouds reflected in it opalescent, the sky blue. The tall pines were so remote that they looked like unevenly cut grass. The effect everywhere was a glorious, triumphant gold. It was a thrilling experience, yet somehow

PHOTOS, BY COURTESY OF THE DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA

CIRCLE—By Maude Radford Warren

Camera at Aklavik

peaceful, to swing through space trying to figure out where sunset ended and sunrise began, alive to the last vein, feeling somehow translated. Is that the way people in their teens feel when they first fall in love? I recommend that all middle-aged authors who find it difficult to write love scenes any more go to the Far North and fly in midnight gold.

Suddenly we struck wind. I know something about wind, having been blown off my feet both by land and sea. But this was different. The plane fluttered and twisted, swooped and dived. There were moments when I felt as if we were descending in a mile-long elevator. But I thought if I noticed a little wind I would better sit on a hotel veranda and knit. Next day I forgave myself when the pilot said he had never met a worse wind. This North is as imperious as she is bitter. It is as if she said, "This is summer weather and I am sleeping. But don't forget my power."

Within the Arctic Circle

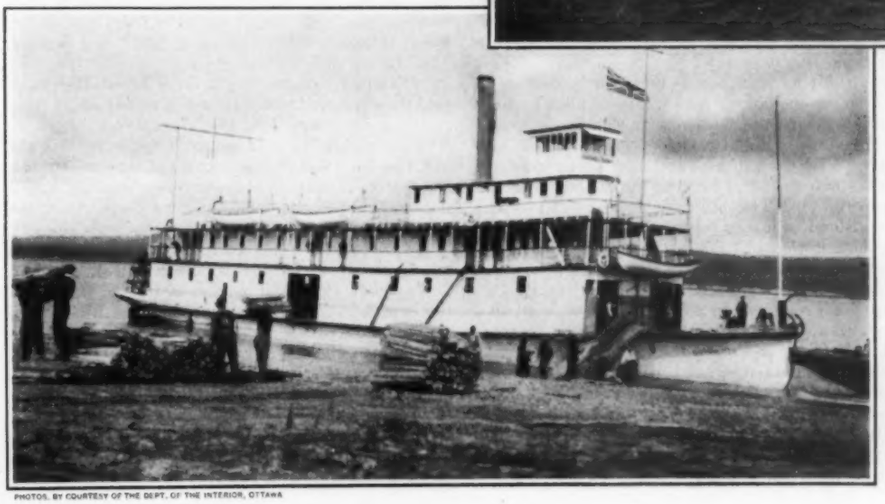
WE SWAM into peace again, and below, in a clear thin gold that brought out every separate object, was Aklavik, a succession of log houses, plank houses and tents strung along a rounded neck of land, while about this neck lay a fringe of schooners. At one end is the Anglican mission, including the school and hospital; at the other end, the Roman Catholic mission and school. In between lie two governmental groups, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks and the wireless station. Close to these are the buildings belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northern Traders. Crimson flags float above them—these three organizations which serve as the cement to hold the northern communities together: religion, the law and trade. Scattered about are various log houses. The tents are always put close to shore.

But as we landed I forgot Aklavik because of the sight, impressive and appalling, of the dogs—the huskies. They stood on the foreshore, as far as my eye could reach, big-footed, sharp-eared, their tails curling back, a living patchwork in color from palest fawn to black. Each was held by a strong short chain to a strong stake, far enough away from neighbors to prevent fighting. Howling and leaping, they gave a tremendous impression of activity and violence, even of malignity. They hated us and their captivity and everything that had to do with their condition. They are savages, trained to be servants, ruled by the whip and by fear only, treacherous wolves in their hearts, symbolic of the savage north.

For the terms of life here are bitter. Cruel traps, which any humane person deplores; cruel starvation for hundreds and perhaps thousands of natives if there were no trapping; the harsh necessity of prisoning these dogs without which there could not be trapping and wooding and winter travel. Trappers and traders have told me that they would be afraid to fall, helpless, before their own dogs. They are chained because they kill.

Hale and Hearty Inhabitants of a Barren Land—Copper mine River Eskimos

The Ramparts, Lower Mackenzie River. At Left—S. S. "Distributor" Loading Wood on the Mackenzie River



PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF THE DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA

The Huskies' Opera

THEY stopped their fierce ineffectual leaping, pointed their noses so high that we could scarcely see their faces, and howled. Many a Metropolitan singer would part with much treasure to have a breath control like that of the northern dogs. They make music, not unmelodious, desperate and thrilling. The first notes may be confused, but presently they settle into long, mournful cadences. A wave of sound rises and goes on and on, spreading, curving, tendrils of sound shooting off like foam, and lasting, lasting till one's nerves are all but shattered.

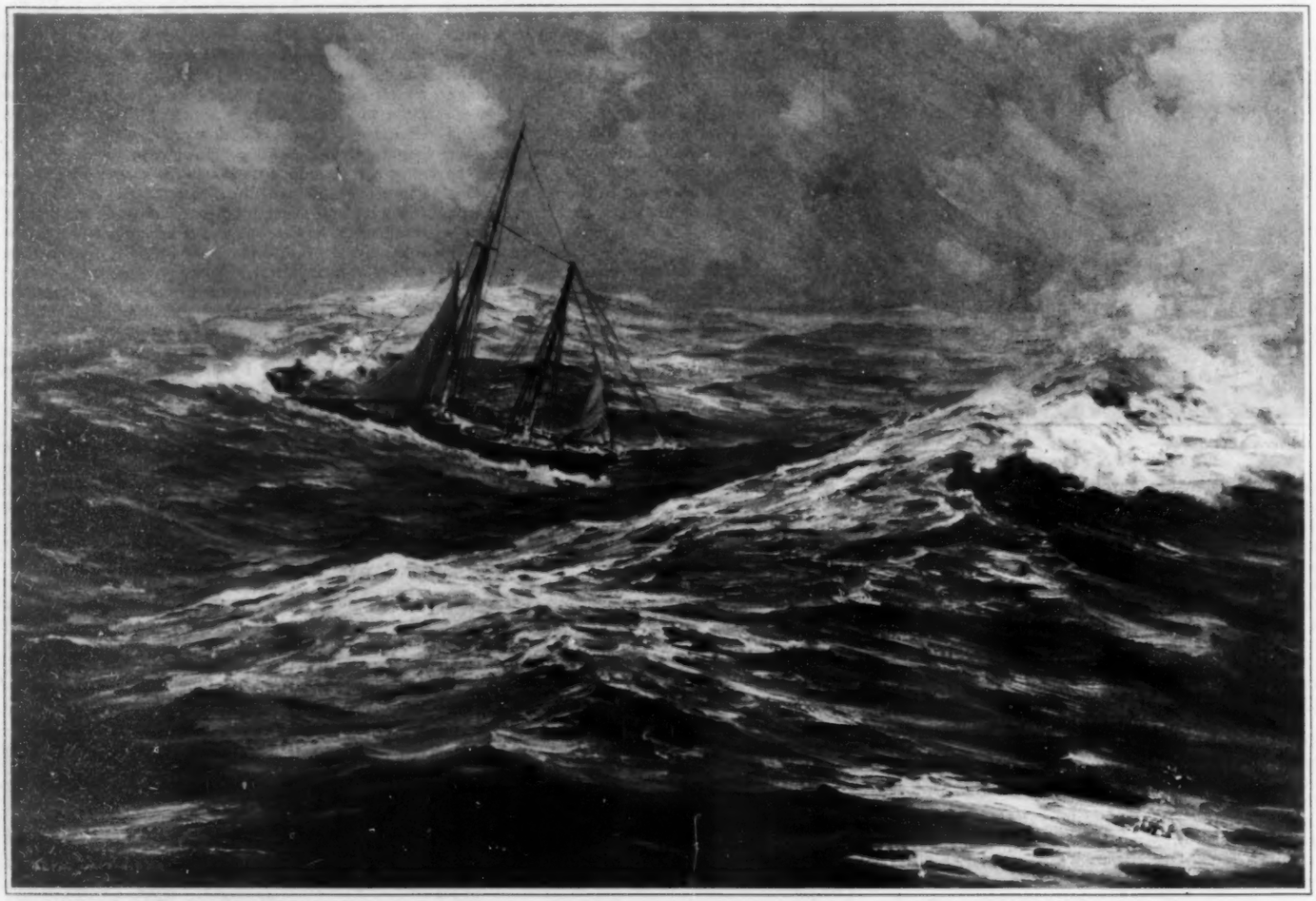
Often the music is only despairingly sad, but then some deep-throated husky introduces a wailing rage, growing more savage till it suddenly dies. Sometimes, about two in the morning, there is a different music, grievous, with, or so I fancied, a note of resignation in it. This particular strain always made me want to go out and hunt a deep night sky and millions of stars, serene and watching; only there was just the brilliant midnight sun and azure.

(Continued on Page 135)

OLD BLUENOSE

By W. TOWNEND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



How Many Times Had He Told the Story of the First Voyage He Had Made, as a Boy of Fourteen, in a Codfish Schooner Bound From Newfoundland to Oporto

THE men in the battered lifeboat had lost all hope of being saved. Gaunt and emaciated skeletons in scanty, ragged garments, strong men with the strength of children, they lay huddled one against the other in silence, or uttered feeble moans, or cursed in impotent anger at what the sea, or fate, or Old Bluenose, the captain they hated, had done to them. There was no reason now either to fear death or to avoid death. Death would be preferable to life. They feared death less than they feared Old Bluenose, seated in the stern sheets, gripping the tiller in his clawlike hand and gazing ahead with red-rimmed eyes, a huge, fierce old man, to all appearance impervious to the torments of thirst or fatigue or despair.

Ten terrible days had passed since the Malacca, bound from Capetown to New York, had broached to and foundered in the hurricane. Only the No. 1 lifeboat had been got safely away. The No. 2 lifeboat, in the charge of the mate, had been swamped and its occupants drowned.

Against all probability or reason, the No. 1 lifeboat had remained afloat throughout the night that followed when the sea anchor had been lost and the step of the mast carried away.

There had been fifteen men in the lifeboat that first night. Already five had died of thirst and exposure and sunstroke. Soon others would die too. Death was inevitable. There was no shelter from the heat. Amidships, the tattered boat cover screened the sun from Turner, the second steward, dying quietly far away from his beloved Glasgow.

Time dragged. The torments of thirst were beyond all endurance. Only the thought of Old Bluenose and his threats to shoot the first man who disobeyed him kept the Malacca's survivors from quenching their thirst in sea water and dying the quicker for the remedy.

The tropic sun scorched down from a burnished, cloudless sky. There was no breeze, the tattered dipping lug sail hung limp from the twelve-foot yard carried on the tall seventeen-foot mast, yet the smooth, glassy surface of the South Atlantic rose and fell in a tremendous swell, oily, repellent, almost terrifying in its display of force and power. The glare on the surface of the water dazzled the eyes. The woodwork of the lifeboat was like fire to the touch. How long could they last now?

The third mate, a boy of nineteen, a man in his bitter experience of life and what life meant, threw out his bare arms in sudden anguish.

"How long is it going on for?" he said. His blue eyes were set deep in his skull, his cheeks were hollow, his face was burned a deep brown. "How long is it going on for? Tell me."

Old Bluenose leaned forward and spoke in a gasping, choking tone of voice, as though even he had to struggle against the heat.

"Mr. Cooper," he said, "remember this: If anything should happen to me, you'd be next in command, whatever your age. Git that, Mr. Cooper? Bear it in mind, then. If you got a mind. You set an example to the men, mister, or I guess I'll put in a report about yer when we git ashore that'll spile your chances once an' fer all time."

The chief engineer, a withered, wizened little man from Clydeside, uttered a croaking laugh and shook his head from side to side.

"So ye'll pit in a report on the third mate, wull ye, Captain Harness? Ha'e ye no sense o' proportion? Dinna ye ken we're deein'? We shud make oor peace wi' God while we ha'e the chance."

"Dyin'!" said Old Bluenose. "Is that what ye're sayin' now, Mr. McCartan? I'm ashamed o' you. You, with your education an'—an' principles"—he showed his yellow fangs in a grin—"an'—an' understandin'—to tark of dyin' an' makin' your peace wi' God! Mr. McCartan, it's makin' your peace with the owners, not God, ye'll be doin', a month from now, an' don't you forget what I'm tellin' you. Give this a thought: What was wrong with your engines, Mr. McCartan?"

"It's a pity ye didna stay in sail, Captain Harness," said the chief engineer. "In steam ye're lost."

"Aye, in steam I'm lost," said Old Bluenose. "You're right, Mr. McCartan. Back in the days of sail, the ship I commanded would of been afloat now. Put not your trust in shipowners or engines. You'll not find that in the good book, mister, but it's the truth. Put not your trust in shipowners or engines."

He broke off abruptly, with a sigh. His big, bare chest, visible under his unbuttoned, soiled, white duck jacket, expanded slowly, as though to draw a full breath in that stifling equatorial heat demanded an effort both of will and muscle. The deep-lined, unshaven face, the color of stale raw beef, was somber. The small, red-rimmed eyes were less fierce. It seemed to the third mate, watching him from under the peak of his old uniform cap, that for once Old Bluenose was sorry for the men whose lives were in his care. Perhaps he felt that he had been unnecessarily brutal and hard. Perhaps he was thinking how

best could he make amends for all the wrongs he had done them.

Of one thing, however, the third mate was sure. Never once had the thought that possibly he might fail to bring the lifeboat safely to land entered Old Bluenose's mind.

Leaning forward, his elbows resting on his skinny knees, his chin propped on his two fists, the third mate wondered what vain hope supported him even now, with death so near. There was no escape. That was positive. All in the lifeboat were doomed. And yet Old Bluenose, whom he despised as inefficient and old-fashioned and out of date, had no doubt whatever about the outcome of this voyage of theirs, or so it seemed. The weak might die, but those that had strength enough and the will to live would survive. If they trusted in him, all would be well.

And yet, though the owners of the Malacca believed in him, where in these days could one have met a more incompetent and bungling shipmaster than Old Bluenose? He was stupid. He was ignorant. He despised—there was no secret about it—everything that was modern. What, he had once asked the third mate, did a sailor want with wireless directional bearings, electric chart-room logs, echo-sounding gear, range finders or gyro compasses? He did not approve of these newfangled inventions that took the place of a man's own hard-earned experience.

The third mate felt that Old Bluenose lived in the days when apparently Nova Scotia windjammer skippers had found their way across the oceans of the world by rule of thumb, or luck, or just some instinct that was as likely to lead them to disaster as to a safe landfall. It was the past that was real to Old Bluenose, the present that was the dream. How many times had he told the story of the first voyage he had made, as a boy of fourteen, in a codfish schooner bound from Newfoundland to Oporto, in wild Atlantic winter weather! Any big, modern, steel tramp would have hove to and wallowed, but not that small schooner! Gales! What did a steamship man know of gales? Danger! There was no danger at sea—not when you used the knowledge God had given you.

Going to sea was not what it was, he said. A woman could go to sea nowadays and navigate a steamer as well as any man alive, once she was taught the tricks. Seamanship was of no account. The best seaman afloat was at the mercy of the engineer. This was one of his bitterest complaints. Engineers he despised. Had the Malacca broken down, he would, he boasted, have sailed her into port with sails constructed of tarpaulins. He would have welcomed the opportunity.

But why think of sail when sail was finished, thought the third mate, panting for breath, wondering how much more heat he could endure before he plunged over the side into that maddeningly wet-looking, salt water? Why think of anything save water, anyway?

The mate—poor chump!—had said, over and over again, that Old Bluenose was as fine a seaman as ever had gone to sea. He said, too, that Old Bluenose knew more about ships and sailors than any man he had ever sailed with. He said that Old Bluenose was a model for any youngster to follow if he wished to succeed.

That, of course, was simply absurd. Had the mate lived, he would have been the first to say so. What could one learn from a man whose contempt for storm warnings and every modern aid to navigation had lost him his ship? And even suppose that Old Bluenose was not to blame for everything and that he would have saved the Malacca had the hurricane been less terrible, how could one forgive him for his brutality and heartlessness since he had been in charge of the lifeboat?

And then the third mate realized that Old Bluenose's fierce eyes were gazing at him, and he said, without knowing exactly why:

"It's getting too hot to bear."

"We'll be out o' this purty soon now," Bluenose said. "You wanna keep up yer courage. It's no use bein' scairt."

One of the men sprawling at the bottom of the boat said: "You old figgerhead! You got us into this mess, Bluenose! You know you did!"

"Who was that?" said Old Bluenose. "Rafferty, was that you?"

He glared at the scrawny, red-headed Irishman from San Francisco, huddled against the wooden casing of the metal, air-tight buoyancy tank that ran the full length of each side of the boat.

Rafferty raised his head.

"It was not," he said. "But if it was, what of it? You got us into the mess. Now git us out of it."

"You're not yerself, Rafferty. Time enough to repine, my man, when I fail."

"An' you have failed. You know you 'ave."

(Continued on Page 64)

"There's Got to be Rulers, Wherever You are, on Board a Steel Steamer or a Full-Rigged Ship or a Ship's Lifeboat"

POKER FACE

By JENNINGS PERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

J. L. WADDELL wrote on a sheet from his notebook to his old friend, Ames Weatherbee, at Yuma.

"Dear old sidekick," he wrote, with the nub of a pencil, "they've bagged me and that's that. Scrape up three thousand bucks from somewhere and give same to the messenger ——"

"Three thousand, wasn't it?" He looked up inquiringly. The chief bandit nodded. His teeth flashed—very white teeth. J. L. Waddell finished:

"—— and ask no questions. Your old trail mate, Waco Waddell."

Waco was the name he had been known by from El Paso to Mazatlan for forty years. He smoothed the paper against the side of his saddle, reflected, and added:

"P.S.—If the money isn't back by ——"

"By when?" he asked the bandit.

"What, señor?"

"The money," said Waco.

"Oh," smiled the bandit. "In three days—at three o'clock of the third day."

"Thanks," said Waddell in Spanish. He reflected an instant, and wrote:

"—— by Friday, three P.M., I get shot. Give my best to the missus. Yrs., Waco."

"All right," he said to the bandit, "there she is."

The bandit thanked him in Spanish, looked at the paper and said, "Would the señor have the goodness to read it in my tongue?"

Waddell had the goodness and the bandit thought it would do. He folded the paper and handed it to a wizened little *mestizo* almost lost under an expanse of sombrero. The fellow jumped on his horse. It was a lean, sorry horse. The halfbreed dug his bare heels into the horse's ribs and they went off together as fast as they could go on the vague trail toward the border, leaving some dust.

The bandit said courteously, "And now if the señor will mount we shall be going."

The oil prospector swung his rangy frame into the saddle and they got going, riding single file between the rocks and the lava benches, except where there was flat ground; then the bandit reined back beside his captive. Behind them trailed the band—ten or twelve, mostly Yaqui Indians, the others crossbreeds, all ragged as scarecrows, all tricked out with standard light equipment for banditry—bandoleers and rifles; all riding rickety horses. Only Waddell and the chief bandit had mounts worth a hoot. Waddell's was the best—a roan, well fed. As they rode under the high sun Waddell took stock of the bandit out of the side of his eye.

The fellow was tall, bladelike and dark. He rode easily. His sombrero was the real stuff and had a band of silver disks. There were silver disks on the flared legs of his breeches and on his embroidered vest. A gaudy silk serape bound his middle. Picturesque. No *cabrito* this, but a genuine *caballero*—at least in pretensions. Waddell wondered about him idly. After all, a bandit was a bandit. He lit a cigarette. The bandit leaned from his saddle.

"*Permision, señor?*" He accepted a cigarette, lit it, sighed. "Good tobacco is hard to come by in this cursed country."

"Yep," agreed Waddell. "You're not from around here?"

"I?" He looked a little hurt. Waddell watched thin streams of smoke curl from his fine, high-bridged nose. "No, señor; I am from Guadalajara. I am Hilario del Valleverde."

"Ah," said Waddell.

"My ancestors came with the conquerors," said Hilario del Valleverde, looking full at Waddell from somber eyes. Sadly he added, "I alone of my family am the black sheep."

"Oh," said Waddell.

"Hereabouts I am known as *El Lobo*—the Wolf. Perhaps you have heard, no?"

"Sure have," said Waddell. "Well, well!" This was simply a lie; however, humor a burro and a bandit.

Waddell Won Modestly. He Expected To. His Stake Was Small. He Played Them Close to His Chest, Which Was His Custom

Hilario looked pleased. "The sobriquet, is gaining note," he said; tacking on half apologetically: "Of course one must have a ferocious name in this profession. I picked it out myself. Have you ever read the works of Lope de Vega, señor?"

"Nope," said Waddell.

"What," said the bandit after a pause, "a pity!"

They rode on then in silence, the bandit leading the way through the bristling desert growth—always toward the blue peaks of Pinacate, rising in the distant haze. Waddell slouched in his saddle, giving to the horse's motion with the practiced elasticity that comes after forty years. His mind was far away in Yuma, anticipating the profane surprise with which Ames Weatherbee would greet the news that old Waco was captured and held for ransom. Cuss, he would—but he'd get the money. He knew how affairs were conducted below the border. No ransom, no more Waco. Hard on Ames, though, it would be, with his small business, laying his hands on three thousand cash; harder on Waco Waddell, paying it back. Of course, if it didn't come—but of course it would. Ames would get it if he had to rob a bank. However, if it didn't—good night, Waco Waddell!

Six feet—at a stretch—from the stirrups to the crown of his grizzled head was Waco Waddell. A lank old desert cruiser, sun-scarred, wind-bitten. His face was like the relief map of a rugged country. In it his eyes were blue, pale blue, and mild with the philosophic wisdom learned from all the horizons at which they had gazed. His garb, compared with that of his captor, was outrageous—baggy trousers, frayed jacket, a white shirt that buttoned tieless about his leathery throat under an Adam's apple the size of a pigeon's breast. He loved life, Waco Waddell, and knew Mexicans. His one concern toward his present situation—a concern that did not amount to a worry—was lest the other members of the prospecting party, becoming alarmed at his absence, should set the federal troops on the bandit trail. That was the way to get a man killed before his time. Bandits, hard-pressed, shot and buried the evidence—very wisely too.

Well, no doubt the boys behind would have more sense.

They rode on toward Pinacate all day, the rickety horses of the train jogging to keep up. There was no halt for siesta. Dusk found them threading through the rock-strewn wastes to the west of the peaks. A halfbreed named Luis shot an antelope. Several times Hilario del Valleverde asked Waddell if he were tired, begged his indulgence for pressing on, explaining the necessity—water, possible pursuit. As darkness fell they reached the Topango Tank—a water

hole deep in a natural basin of black basalt. Hilario snapped orders. His men made camp.

"Your boys," observed Waddell, "obey well."

"Yes, señor. Poor brutes—but without fault with the rifle or the knife. One or two, at the beginning, I was compelled to put away. The rest are more careful. You see"—his voice did not even veer from its normal tone—"these fellows are the nucleus of an army I shall gather—an army of my own, señor."

Waddell grunted, listened.

"And that is why," said Hilario del Valleverde, "I am in need of money—to pay my army. It is why, Señor Waddell, I have taken the liberty of holding you for ransom. I beg you to realize my deep regret for any inconvenience that has followed. *Qué quiere?* Only the Americans will pay money."

"True," said Waddell diplomatically. "How many other Americanos have you bagged?"

"Only three, señor."

"That's a lot of money."

"Unfortunately"—Hilario spread his hands, his expression held a trace of embarrassment—"unfortunately, señor, you must understand—those others, their ransom—it failed to come. And so—well ——"

"Ah," said Waddell feelingly, "I understand." He accepted a piece of broiled venison handed him by one of the Yaquis on the point of his knife. It was good, but needed salt. He took salt. Later, wrapped in his poncho, he lay down near the fire to sleep.

He was a light sleeper. The crackling of the fire awakened him. Someone had thrown a handful of dry ocatilla stems on the fire. He realized this as his eyes opened and he looked around. There was not much to see—the forms of the sleeping bandits lying in a circle about the fire, the fire itself, and the expanse of star-spotted black above. Two men—one was Luis who had potted the antelope—squatted in the firelight, as near the heat as they dared. They were playing cards with a very dirty deck on the top of a flat rock. They were the guards. Waddell reached for his timepiece. Instantly both of the guards reached behind them for their guns. "Take it easy!" growled Waddell in Mexican, and repeated the admonishment in Indian dialect, because the second guard was a Yaqui. They glowered at him, but he went on to read his timepiece and found it was nine minutes past one in the morning. The guards went back to their game and Waddell, awake anyway, and uncomfortable on his bed of rocks, turned his head on the saddle that made his pillow till his cheek rested against the smooth cool neck of the pommel. From this position he could see plainly the face of Hilario del Valleverde a few yards away, lit by the firelight.

The Wolf was a sound sleeper. He slept with his mouth open. Waddell had a passing admiration for him—though of course a bandit was a bandit and deserved to be hung. From Guadalajara he was—at least that was his story; he had murdered two of his men to start, yet here he snoozed among the rest without even a nightmare. Three Americans he had killed, so he said, when their ransoms were not forthcoming; he was hoping for an army of his own, and claimed descent from the conquerors. What a lad! Of course every *bandolero*—every Mexican, for all that—wanted to have an army and be a general, but every Mexican did not speak Castilian. This one did, as far as Waddell could tell, whose best was a good Mexican.

All in all, an unusual bandit; yes, an odd one—but not a Spaniard pure from the parent tree. Something in the man's face in repose discovered this to Waddell; somewhere along the Valleverde line there had been some Indian blood, or blood even less worthy. The man had become a bandit by sheer inclination to cussedness.

Waddell was tired of looking at him. He was tired of lying sleepless on the rocks. Throwing back his poncho, he rose and crossed over toward the guards. Alarmed, they assumed the attitude of belligerence; however, he sat down beside them and motioned them to go on with their game. They grunted, eyed him, and went on with the game.

It was *tepite*, a rudimentary gambling game, much played in the hills. There was nothing to it. You turned up a card and the other fellow turned up a card, and the high card won—unless it was a spade, which always lost. Childish. The guards were gambling at it; there were some copper coins and some small silver pieces on the side of the rock. Waddell was never so bored in his life. He looked up at the stars and off into the darkness. A coyote yelped, a lizard ran across his hand. He looked back at the two guards and saw they were bored too; their eyelids drooped and they flipped the greasy cards disinterestedly.

"Look, *amigo*," he said, addressing himself to Luis, who might have a glimmer of intelligence, "how would you like to learn a new game—an American game?"

"*Bueno*," said Luis.

"Unh," said the Yaqui.

Luis passed the deck to the American. The cards had the feel of having been soaked in soup since the time of Pancho Villa. Waddell dealt one around, face down, turned up the fourth card on the middle of the rock. It was the trey of spades.

"You lose," said Luis.

Waddell grinned. "Get that out of your noggin." He turned up the first three cards. The Yaqui had the trey of diamonds. "You'd bet, hombre," he said to the Yaqui. "That's two of a kind. It takes two of a kind higher than treys to beat it—or two pair or three of a kind." He dealt the hands face up on the rock. The Yaqui won with his pair. "Savvy?" said Waddell. They nodded briskly.

Some Mexicans are the dumbest of all God's creatures, counting burros, but there is none, when it comes to cards, who is not quick—quicker than most.

(Continued on Page 89)

They Rode On Toward Pinacate All Day, the Rickety Horses of the Train Jogging to Keep Up. There Was No Halt for Siesta

We'll Recall it With Affection

Dickson Stood a Moment, Plainly Being Told How Wonderful He Was

By James Gould Cozzens

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

CANDIDATES for admission the following fall come up to Durham in June of the same year to write their preliminary examinations. The term is then really over. The lower forms have gone down; the three upper forms remain only to take the college board examinations. Candidates for admission are supposed to be in bed and asleep at nine o'clock; but Walter Pickering could remember best, through the ensuing slow summer, those fine June nights in the Durham quadrangle. Like most of his fellow candidates, he had never been wider awake in his life. They were accustomed to hang out the darkened windows of the dormitory turned over to them for those three days. They watched the informal figures of upper classmen, massed on the steps of the study hall, sprawled in groups under the trees, everyone keeping his pipe proudly in evidence—they had smoking permission for an hour—while spasmodic singing arose with pleasant enthusiasm if no remarkable harmony.

Thinking of this, as he did constantly while July turned to August, Walter Pickering knew that such things could not be explained to his brother. Hugh was two years younger—only ten, in fact—and could not be expected to understand much. Hugh misunderstood matters much more simple and obvious. He had, for instance, merely giggled when he found that Walter purposed to do exercises in the morning. "My goodness," Hugh squealed, "what do you think you are?"

Walter, breathing faster, numbering his movements aloud, disdained to answer. He was, for one thing, practically a Durham man; and he meant to be an athlete. That, he had recognized quickly, was quite important; for during those three days he had made a close if inconspicuous study of Durham's great ones. Most of them were tall, beautifully muscular young men—revered halfbacks, mighty oarsmen. Walter appreciated his own deficiencies in these lines, but he meant to begin correctly. He had, in fact, a real horror of any wrong start. To a degree this was disinterested; he meant to be a credit to Durham in a way surpassing his proud, similar hunger to be some day a great man and a credit to himself.

It was the disinterested part, the yearning to be a credit to Durham, that he could not have explained to Hugh or anyone else. That was emotional naturally; and the vividness of his emotions had years ago trained him into a concealment of them. He had a special sensitive need to conform outwardly. Inwardly, feelings beyond his control took their own course with him. He did not know how the other boys, watching with him from the dormitory windows, had felt; but if they remained there long enough—and very few failed to—the gathering below would at last prepare to break up, arising, knocking out pipes, gradually moving without plan or formality into a closer, more unified body under the shadows of the elms.

The singing had already run through the football and crew songs—and it was good to hear those arrogant rhythms; to realize that it was no use when Durham broke loose; to know that the Somerset School crew would certainly never get home tonight, having a long way to row and being already far out of sight. Now, in solemnity, conscious but, being universal, unashamed, they sang a song which Durham stands to sing. It cannot be said to have any great beauty of words or music. About its appeal to Durham's quiet river, passing placid and surely unheeding in the starlight; its proprietary mention of Durham's pleasant hills was something perhaps a shade pompous, certainly a shade or more hackneyed; but a hundred fresh voices were surer about this tune.

They turned with a strong unified sweetness on Durham, a place we'll all remember when we're scattered far and wide:

"We'll recall it with affection,
We'll recall it, too, with pride.
Durham, thy sons to thee. . . ."

When they left, a residue remained; a very slowly fading echo of their simple and not altogether unreasonable mass emotion. It lived through the casual departing voices; it was there after the ten-o'clock-lights bell cut vibrant through the stillness; it was there, as far as Walter Pickering could tell, all night. The old brick seemed to have soaked it in; the trees were heavily hung with it.

In the darkened dormitory the watchers now went reluctantly to their beds. Some of them said good night to each other, but there was no general conversation. Afterward Walter lay in the darkness, listening to the breathing of the stranger who was his temporary roommate. His eyes, he found, were likely to be wet with tears; his throat was contracted with a painful, devoted joy, a sad unreasoned sweetness. He lay tense with violent resolutions, plans unlimited by any regard for possibility, hopes in no way tempered by experience, and most of them were

devised to prove his passionate allegiance. Durham, thy sons to thee. . . .

It was unfortunate that Walter Pickering, with intentions so high and anticipation so keen, should have begun his career at Durham by making Mr. Clifton dislike him. Mr. Clifton had charge of the old main dormitory. Here the first form lived in semiautonomous isolation, seldom subject to the direct attention either of the prefects or of the head master. It amounted to Mr. Clifton's kingdom.

Known irreverently as Snifty, Mr. Clifton was a short, severe man, dusty blond with inquisitive gray eyes. For all its dryness and economy in times of peace, his speech was capable of a cruel elaboration when hostilities were in order. At the first sign of trouble he unsheathed his tongue, and this edged instrument carried havoc over that psychological battlefield, the first form. An unfriendly faculty member had once remarked that Clifton could well—as he did—afford to spare the rod. What child could spoil when he was pickled perpetually in brine?

Mr. Clifton's study was at the south end of the dormitory. The door opened directly on the long line of double alcoves, each with two beds, two bureaus, one chair. Dormer windows lighted it; sunny on one side, green with the summits of the quadrangle elms on the other. Unoccupied, it had a clean, austere, airy calm. Mr. Clifton devoted himself to keeping it exactly the same way, even when forty new boys had been put there.

Pickering was not the only one, nor the first, to break up this enforced calm of Mr. Clifton's on the September afternoon of the school's arrival. He did it, however, with something of that fatal enthusiasm with which he did—and felt—everything in regard to Durham. He had not, for instance, bothered to look at the bulletin board. Downstairs he had thought only, in an unsteady excitement, of taking definite possession of Durham, or at least his share of it. Reckless with this yearning, he pushed his way through the moving crowd in the main hall. Unluckily, he pushed no one really important. If fate had put a prefect in his way his attitude would have been remarkably different by the time he reached Mr. Clifton's kingdom.

As it was, he came unchastened into the dormitory, uttering for good measure a meaningless shout. He raced from end to end, far too rapidly to notice—it was a second chance, for the neglected bulletin board would have told him—that cards were plainly posted showing who slept in each bed. He had gathered such momentum that he coasted directly into Mr. Clifton's study. Mr. Clifton, reading in an easy-chair, had already frowned a little when he heard Pickering's initial shout.

Mr. Clifton now lifted his sharp gray gaze and saw a moderately dark and somewhat sallow youth. This boy's face, slightly boned, flat-cheeked, narrowed past a mouth which looked at once sensitive and too quick to speech, and ended in a frail sharp chin. The eyes which encountered Mr. Clifton's were quick too; quick enough to know better, but they showed no signs of doing that. Instead they appeared to appraise Mr. Clifton's study in self-confident curiosity, conclude that there was nothing in the room at the moment required, and return, not much impressed, to Mr. Clifton.

Mistakes, however, could happen, and Mr. Clifton reserved judgment, saying neither agreeably nor disagreeably, "How do you do?"

Fate, which had cleared Pickering's path downstairs of important people, now presented him with one; but Pickering was otherwise preoccupied. He did not recognize danger when it lifted its forbidding face and looked at him; he did not know that his whole immediate future was tottering as he opened his mouth. "I'm fine, thanks," he said, breathless. "Listen, where do I live? I'm Pickering."

Mr. Clifton's sharp eyes flickered as he unsheathed his tongue. Seven years in his present position had taught him to know a fresh brat when he heard one. "So you're Pickering, are you?" he said. "And you're fine? Well, even so, I'm afraid that you haven't altogether grasped the way we do things."

Allen Gazed at Him With Somber Satisfaction. "Look Out, Cry Baby"

He paused, giving Pickering an opportunity to apologize. Pickering didn't take it. Comprehension very quick and complete can often result in the same appearance and the same speechless paralysis as no comprehension at all. Since Mr. Clifton's weapons were whetted for service on amazingly thick skins, they cut deep in thin ones; but experience didn't lead Mr. Clifton to flatter himself in this respect. He put his point home again with dexterity. "The most immediate thing for you to grasp is that we do not enter masters' studies without knocking. Next in importance is that in speaking to our elders we say 'sir.' You will find the prefects and the sixth form unpleasantly exacting about that. The faculty perhaps matters less; but we, too, are always grateful for any small courtesies. Another habit you should form is that

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Mr. Clifton's Sharp Eyes Flickered as He Unsheathed His Tongue. Seven Years in His Present Position Had Taught Him to Know a Fresh Brat When He Heard One

It Was a Grand Week-End, But——

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY CORINNE BOYD DILLON

YES, it was simply marvelous; the weather was fine, and the Smiths have a perfectly beautiful house, and their garden—well, I only wish you could see their garden, it's too precious—and they did everything for us, but ——"

And then and there the listener begins to get the low-down and find out what the week-enders actually thought of the week-end. Sometimes he plays it two ways, for now that the summer is over and I am back home again, I am hearing accounts both from week-enders and week-endees, and not one of them but winds up on a note of complaint and criticism.

So far as I can see, this business, or art, of week-ending is conducted with a naïve expectation of perfection on the part of the guest, and also on the part of the host. It never seems to occur to Mary and John Jones, as they take the train for Heebyjeeby in the Berkshire Hills to spend Saturday until Monday with Sallie and Tom Smith, that they will have anything but a glorious, glamorous stay, with every comfort, every luxury, every attention. They know perfectly well that Sallie Smith is the most casual housekeeper and that the Smith car is a one-lunged, second-hand flivver; that Heebyjeeby is the dullest, hottest village, with the poorest links on the map; yet they go on eagerly to the disaster.

"The Stalls Were Right Here, Margery; We're Looking Out Just the Way the Horses Did. Isn't it Too Divine?"

When It's Best to Hope for the Worst

THE Smiths, on the other hand, are quite aware that Mary Jones is on a mean diet, that she is a rabbit at all forms of sport and never gets to meals on time; while John is the sort of man who cuts gashes in the best towel wiping his razor blades, who argues and post-mortems over every hand at contract, is apt to say, when he has holed out in seven, "Let me see, did I take four or five?" and is never content unless he is telling everyone just how everything should be done, from a high unassailable peak of conceit and ignorance. Yet the Smiths have been sending the most pressing invitations to the Joneses all summer long, and now that they are actually on their way, are all set for joy.

It would be so much better if the poor dears would only hope for the worst instead of for the best, for if they did this, everything that wasn't actually offensive would be a pleasant surprise, and at the end of the visit all concerned might feel that it was rather a success—not so bad, quite endurable, even almost agreeable. As it is, the Joneses and the Smiths part on Monday morning with mutual relief and animosity, and not until week-end season the following summer is the affair patched up, and the Smiths invite the Joneses again, with the same idiotic expectations of pleasure on both sides.

Nor is this idiotic—which is, after all, a more justly descriptive word than naïve—expectation of pleasure the only strange phenomenon of week-ending as it is ordinarily practiced. Did you ever observe that the people who invite other people to week-ends are not the real natives who live in the country or mountains or at the seashore all the year round? No, it is the people who have bought "a bungalow on the beach," or "a shack in the Adirondacks," or "an abandoned farm in New England," or "a lake-front cottage in Wisconsin," or "a camp in the Maine woods," and so on and so on. No sooner do they get this back-to-nature haunt in any kind of order—and frequently, alas, before—than they must have their friends with them to wonder, admire, praise and envy. If the guest doesn't wonder, admire, praise and simulate envy, he won't be asked soon again. And the worse the place, the more inaccessible, uncomfortable and hopeless it is, the more the guest has to come up to the scratch with wonder, and so on.

"I could enjoy going to the Boojums if I didn't have to gush like a Texas oil well over every mangy flower and shrub and tree about the place," remarks one returned week-ender bitterly. "I don't call that conversation."

Meanwhile Mrs. Boojum is saying to Mr. Boojum: "I thought Grace turned very strange along about Sunday afternoon, didn't you? She was so quiet and unresponsive. Why, when I took her out to look how the Japanese beetle had ruined the big cherry and to show her where I meant to have asters next year, she acted as though she hardly saw it, and didn't care at all."

"The trouble with Grace is that she's a guttersnipe," adds Mr. Boojum. "She's lost unless she's living the stifling, artificial life of the city."

"Well, you'd think she might pretend a little interest in the things I care for, even if she didn't feel it. It would be only ordinary politeness."

And Grace, far in the city, is adding to her first complaint: "It would be only ordinary politeness not to bore their friends with their garden unless they had one that looked less like a clay pit."

Gardens, in fact, do make difficulties for week-end hosts and guests. The amount of false enthusiasm and interest expressed about gardens by American week-end guests during one summer only would, if converted into its proper medium, supply sufficient hot air to turn a polar expedition into a voyage in the Gulf Stream. Perhaps the happiest solution all round is for the guest who has a hate on gardens to say, firmly, on his arrival, "I always have hay fever if I so much as glance at an antirrhinum, and platycodon grandiflora affects me exactly as poison ivy." He may not be believed, but at least he will have a swell excuse.

Glorifying the Dear Old Barns

BUT, someone reminds me, all week-end hosts do not have gardens, and there are some who, having them, do not rub their guests' noses in them. True, but all week-end hosts—all, without exception—have houses! And every house, especially those newly acquired, has marvelous features which, to be hated, need but to be seen and talked about. Worst of all is the dear old barn. This penchant for buying old barns and converting them into perfectly darling week-end shacks is a dread infection to encounter. "The stalls were right here, Margery; we're looking out just the way the horses did. Isn't it too divine? And now look up and see how we saved the big beams; of course we couldn't save them all, for some of them had rotted, but that one over there is original; you can see the marks of the ax—hand hewn, my dear. Isn't it precious? And there's another original one if I could find it. I think it's the one seventh from the center, to the right—no, to the left; no, I can't be sure, but when Bill comes in he'll tell you. And the balcony is the old haymow. I said the first minute I saw the barn that the haymow would make a divine balcony, and of course it does make the bedrooms a little cramped and we had to

go without closets and put the bathroom on the first floor, but we don't mind, and the balcony is exactly my dream; too delicious, isn't it?"

It isn't any use for the guest to think of hay fever from these haymows either. Nothing short of flinging herself off that balcony and breaking a leg and having an ambulance come right out from the city to take her back to a hospital will let her off one single bolt hole and ax mark of the dear old barn. There is something about an old converted barn which does put queer kinks in its owner's alleged mentality. He has a pride in it which overlooks all discomforts and inconveniences, and if he says that he would rather have it than a luxurious mansion with upkeep paid, he is not lying. He is perfectly sincere and honest. He loves to roll back the big awkward door and climb the knock-kneed stairs, and cook and eat in the ex-stalls, and take his bath in the first-floor tub. All owners of converted barns are men and women who loved, as children, to play at housekeeping in old piano boxes or in precarious caves on the river bank, or any other hole or den which offered the maximum of dirt and hardship. Prospective guests who love their ease should steer clear of the week-end in the converted barn. It is for addicts only.

The same is true of the host or hostess with tastes for the antique, neo-antique and pseudo-antique. If a guest does not thrill at the sight of an old green Oomphus bottle, made in the Oomphus glass works along about 1800, and designed to hold molasses or something, if he does not scream with rapture at sight of a whoosit hinge or a wormy bit of pine paneling, or a warped maple desk, with "my dear, the original brasses," why, he had better keep far away from week-ends where these things are the sole topics of interest. It is not much fun for a simple soul who loves croquet to spend a morning solemnly turning old Windsor chairs upside down and running his fingers along the seat while he receives from the owner a long-winded account of just how that chair was found, and the long delicate negotiation of purchase, the taking to a repair man and the ultimate restoration. That sort of talk is apt to incite an unscrupulous fellow to sneak down the next morning, very early, break the old Windsor chairs to bits and stuff them in the fireplace, light the fire and hotfoot for the seven o'clock train, so that when the owner appears he finds naught but ashes remaining, and no culprit visible.

How to Torture a Host

OF COURSE if he simply wants to be mean, but not criminal, the guest can say, "My sister Geraldine's got twenty of those chairs; found them in a funny old dump up in Vermont last summer," or, "I understand the Oomphus bottles are now considered by the experts to be fakes, made year before last by a clever devil named Wisniewski, up in the Bronx." Little drops of poison of this variety have been known so to destroy the morale of a resolute antiquer that he will desist from bragging about or displaying his treasures, sometimes for as long as fifteen minutes at a time.

The weaker guest simply looks, listens and suffers. He permits himself to be taken for long hot motor trips over rough and stony back roads to see "a perfect gem of an old house which has a genuine Colonial built-in corner cupboard that no one else, simply no one, knows about at present," the idea being that sometime the owners of the old house may die or sell and, in either case, the corner cupboard will be bought—or acquired—by the antique enthusiast. I say "or acquired" advisedly, for it is not safe, at the present time, for anybody who has an old hinge or latch or fanlight or door which is visible from the road to go away and leave his house unguarded. For the antiquer is frequently so enthusiastic that he doesn't care how he gets what he wants. Many staid old New England families have returned from an hour at church to find that their homes have been robbed of old furniture and old hardware.

I have beheld with my own eyes a house which had been condemned, because it was on a recently acquired watershed—a house which contained some very mediocre paneling, and some doors which looked far from desirable to me—but its owners had been obliged to nail boards over every entrance, including windows, and leave a guard besides, because so many people had driven up there intent on stripping it bare.

Collecting Early American Cobwebs

HOW did I happen to be there? Very simply. I was the week-end guest of a collector of Early Americana, who lived only some twenty miles away. And I refuse to tell whether or not I saw a hatchet, screw driver and chisel put in the car before we started. All I have to report is that there was a burly caretaker, with a fierce dog, on the premises and we had to answer a list of stiff questions as to our names, addresses, ages and previous conditions of servitude before we were admitted through the only door not yet nailed shut—but double-locked—to look on the treasure thus concealed. I wish to add that all we took away were some streaks of dust and a handsome lot of old American cobwebs on our hats.

Almost the best week-end story I know has to do with the penchant for collecting old things belonging to someone else, but in this case the offenders were the guests and not the hosts. A gentle and charming young matron who had recently bought one of those dear little places up in Connecticut, only four or five hours from New York if the train is on time and you don't miss the connection at the junction, had followed the usual procedure of just-laid proprietors and invited two women friends from the city to share the delights of her new plaything with her.

They came, they did the customary rave about the house, the quaint wall paper, the brass candlesticks, the cock-eyed clock, the rag rugs and the spool whatnot. But when they went outside the words of rapture died on their lips. Yes, the garden was very

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Having Once Spent a Week-End in a Family Where There Was a Small Boy Whose Favorite Pet Was a White Rat, My Sympathies are Inclined to be With the Guest

THE BREAKS IN THE GAME

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"The First Verse," Joe Said, "Goes Like This." And in His Gentle Tenor Croon He Sang

They're only the breaks in the game, my boy,
The breaks in the game called Life.

JOE FILLOW pulled off to the side of the road at the hairpin turn nearest the top of the mountain. He turned off the ignition and pulled on the emergency brake. Steam roared from the hole where the radiator cap should have been. Heat from the hoodless engine, in the absence of a windshield, smote his face.

Switching off the lights, he said, in his pleasing tenor voice, "Here we are, Nellie. Now you can look."

It was a game they played. Nellie always kept her eyes shut tight until he told her she could look.

Opening her eyes, Nellie looked. An astounding spectacle was her reward. Far below them in the night, the plains of Los Angeles were a twinkling, shimmering fantasy. It was glorious. It was as though a drunken jeweler had flung bushels of diamonds onto an area of black velvet hundreds of miles square. It was as though all the stars in the sky were reflected on the surface of an unrippling black lake. Romance rode on shivering light waves and drenched the onlooker with enchantment.

As there was no door to hinder her, Nellie swung her feet to the running board and, with little ecstatic cries, ran across the road to the stone guard wall. Joe followed. He stopped just behind her, so close that her hair, stirred by the off-sea breeze, tickled his chin.

"Oh, Joe, I can't stand it; it's too cute."

Joe slipped his arms about her. With a fluttering sigh, Nellie let her head fall back against his chest.

"It ought to inspire you," she said. "You ought to be able to make up beautiful poetry to that."

Joe gazed over her head at the twinkling panorama. The stimulus worked. In his pleasing tenor voice he responded:

"Oh, Hollywood! my city bright,
Where lights shine on all through the night,
Where champagne bubbles mix with tears,
Where hope is born and disappears,
Where fame comes to a pretty face,
Where genius starves in dire disgrace."

Nellie shivered with rapture. "Oh, Joe, the way you make up poems on the spur of the moment is simply too marvelous. I can't understand how a wonderful fellow like you ever fell for a little mouse like me."

"Who says I'm so hot?"

"Oh, Joe, you are. And I'm not pretty or snappy. Look at all the snappy girls you see around the studio every day. I should think you'd fall for a real snappy girl, not a little Miss Plainface like me."

"Am I beefing?"

"Oh, but you're so clever for a dumb little mouse like me."

"Who said I was so hot?"

"Joe, you make me furious. Didn't Jake Plout tell Laura Mulch that Mr. Ronseval said that you are one of the coming young effect men of Hollywood?"

"Yeah? How much do I make?"

"Not every man of twenty-five," Nellie said indignantly, "is making thirty a week."

Joe seemed lost in dreamy contemplation of the sparkling metropolis.

"Joe! You do love me, don't you?"

"Listen," Joe said. "Listen to this:

"Below him the city was shining.
The stars were bright high above.
For her his heart was pining.
His heart just ached with love."

Nellie sighed ecstatically. "Joe! You didn't make that up on the spur of the moment!"

"It wasn't so hot."

"It was beautiful, Joe. Oh, Joe, I'm just crazy about you. You'll think I'm just a silly little mouse for mentioning it, but the other night when we had to postpone our wedding day again on account of what happened to the roadster, I cried and cried."

"You and me both."

"Joe! You didn't really cry!"

"I was right on the edge of it."

"You're laughing."

"Oh, yeah?"

She cuddled closer. "Some girls think it's silly of a man to cry, but if you ever wanted to cry you could put your head on my lap and I wouldn't mind. I'd like it. Oh, Joe, I'm so crazy about you. I wish we could get married right now. If you only knew the perfectly terrible dreams I have. Last night I almost had heart failure. I dreamed you gave me the air and started going out with that ash blonde that works in the cutting department."

"That lard bucket? Be yourself."

"But when will we get married?"

"Just the minute we save up enough jack to make the down payment on the bungalow."

"Our bungalow!"

Joe received an inspiration:

"A bungalow for two,
Where we can bill and coo.
We'll live on love and kisses
And soon we'll know what bliss is."

The bungalow was Joe's idea. It had been built in Detroit on a motortruck chassis and driven west by a man who now lived in San Diego and had it up for sale. It was a marvel of compactness and ingenuity. It had a double bed, which folded up when not in use, hot and cold water, a radio, a writing desk, a clothes closet, a kitchenette and perhaps the most compact bathroom, with shower, in existence.

Nellie was a little dubious when she first saw the bungalow, but Joe quickly convinced her that it was just what they wanted. They would take their honeymoon in it, parking every night at a wonderful view. After the honeymoon they would live in it. The saving in rent would almost pay for it. And when they tired of one locality they had merely to crank up and move on to another.

The owner would sell it for sixteen hundred—a thousand down and the balance within three months, plus 10 per cent interest. To make the down payment, it was first necessary to sell the roadster. A few nights previous, the scheme had had a serious setback. Joe and Nellie had gone to Chinatown for their favorite dish and had foolishly parked the roadster in a dark and, as events proved, evil street. In their absence vandals swooped down. They must have worked with desperate speed, for when Joe and Nellie returned from the chop-suey joint the roadster was hardly more than a chassis. It had been thoroughly stripped. Not only were the spare tire and rack gone, but all four tires had been whisked from the wheels. Other missing items included the windshield, the top, the hood, the bumpers, the radiator cap, the seat cushion, the storage battery, the tools, one mud guard, the spark plugs, the headlight bulbs, the lenses and even the nickeled rims that held them in.

The police, represented by a jolly officer, were inclined to view the situation philosophically.

The jolly policeman had said:

"They're only the breaks in the game, lad. Keep a stiff upper lip and keep smiling," although he didn't explain how a stiff lip could smile. "When bad luck lands a punch on the button, just grin. Anyway, this is one tough street and you should have known better. But there's a silver lining in every cloud. Did you know you can buy used parts cheap from these wrecking-company warehouses?"

Joe had harbored the dark suspicion that the policeman, coöperating with one of the wrecking companies, was the real vandal. But he could prove nothing. And it had cost him and Nellie seventy-eight dollars to make the most urgent replacements. All other parts Joe was determined to buy out of their income, a part at a time. This week, by economizing, they could buy the windshield. Next week, if all went well, they could replace the top.

Joe had seethed for days, but Nellie had taken it as another deliberate blow on the part of the cruel fate that was preventing their marriage. Every time when marriage was just within reach, something happened to postpone it. Joe's brother broke his leg and Joe had had to send him money. Then Nellie lost her job and was weeks finding a new one. Then Joe came down with a belated case of mumps and was out of work for a month.

"If I was one of these girls who are cut out for a career," Nellie was saying, "I wouldn't mind. But I'm afraid I'm not the least bit ambitious. I'm afraid I'm just one of these silly, old-fashioned kind of girls who would rather cook her husband a good, hot, nourishing meal, like a nice, thick, juicy steak with French frieds, than become rich and notorious."

Considering the twinkling splendor below them, Joe said, "Baby, I could sink my teeth into that steak right now."

Nellie sighed. "Joe, honestly, I'm just crazy about you. All I think about, day and night, is how wonderful it's going to be when we get married. And if we don't get married soon, that chewing gum is going to drive me stark, staring mad."

"What chewing gum?"

"Didn't I tell you about the chewing gum?"

"You didn't say anything to me about any chewing gum."

"You know how dark it is in the printing room, with nothing but red light for light?"

"Yeah."

"Well, somebody—and everybody says it isn't them—throws chewing gum on the floor. They must chew a carton a day. It sticks to your shoes and nearly drives you crazy. You don't know when you're going to put your foot down and step on a wad of gum. This afternoon, when I stepped on the fourth wad, I almost had hysterics."

"I Guess That's the End of Everything. I Didn't Think There Could be Any More Bad Breaks"

"A thing like that can ruin your health," Joe said indignantly.

"And that isn't all. It's Mr. Ronseval."

"My boss?"

"Your boss. Joe, I hate to mention it, but Mr. Ronseval came into the printing room at least six times today and—and he got fresh with me."

"Maybe," Joe growled, "I'm cuckoo. I thought Ronseval was the recording supervisor. What's he doing in the printing room?"

"He said he was interested in seeing how we printed the sound tracks onto the edge of the film. You know, we're dubbing six tracks onto one for that kitchen love scene in Playboy—one of Mr. Gay and Sally Borden making love, one of a baby crying in the next room, one of the wind whistling, one of the rain beating on the roof, one of the traffic sounds on the street, and one of the orchestra playing the theme song offstage. They made each track separately, and we're dubbing them all together. Mr. Ronseval said he wanted to see how we did it. He came and stood behind me—and he got fresh."

"What do you mean?"

"He—he made passes at me."

"What kind of passes?"

"Joe, please don't get mad. You know how busy a printing-machine girl is with her hands?"

"Yeah."

"She's busy every minute. The first time Mr. Ronseval came in he stood so close behind me I could smell the shaving cream he used. He—he sort of ran his hand under my elbow and squeezed it."

"My boss did that?"

"Your boss did that. The second time he came in he walked up behind me and sort of ran his hands down both of my arms to the elbows. I was never so mortified in my life."

"I just can't believe it was my boss who did that."

"The next time he came in he slid his hands down my sides and—and squeezed."

"Like this?"

"Yes. Like that."

"Can you beat it? My boss doing a thing like that!"

"I told him if he bothered me any more I'd scream. But he came back a fourth time. He put his arms around me just the way you've got them. He squeezed me so hard I couldn't breathe, and he kissed me on the back of the neck. I was simply terrified. I told him if he bothered me any more I'd switch on the white light and fog all the film."

"You'd get fired for that."

"I told him I'll do it. And I will. The only man who can lay a hand on me is you."

"Did you tell him that?"

"Of course not. Oh, Joe, can't we get married right away, so I won't have to work in that terrible place any more?" (Continued on Page 96)

Nellie Sighed Ecstatically. "Joe! You Didn't Make That Up on the Spur of the Moment!"

AFTERMATH

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY COLLIN JOHN

ROMANCE has a way of creeping up unexpectedly. It is not a chooser of ways and means. Unbidden, it appears in strange guises and stranger places. Howard Kelden, sitting there in the jury box, had no inkling of its approach. Certainly Eleanor Flond was unsuspicious of it when her faltering steps carried her to the witness stand.

She was a slip of a thing with wavy hair and big round eyes that looked out upon the world with a perpetual glint of innocent curiosity. Her figure, though slight, was shapely. When she took the stand she nervously pressed her scant skirt down over her kneecaps. Kelden thought he caught a delightful flavor of modesty in the gesture.

"Now, Miss Flond," the prosecutor said gently, "it is not my desire to harass you. That is the last thing in the world I seek to do. You have my very earnest sympathy and I will be as gentle as possible. We all know that you have suffered a good deal. There are, however, some necessary questions that I must ask and you must answer. Take plenty of time, my dear. If you tire, ask me to stop, and very gladly I will do so."

"Yes, sir," the girl said softly.

Kelden wondered if the prosecutor's words, gentle and considerate, were directed as much at himself and his fellow jurors, as at the witness.

"Your name is Eleanor Flond?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are employed at the Embassy Apartments?"

"Yes, sir."

"In just what capacity, Miss Flond?"

"Sir?"

"Just what are your duties there? Are you a bookkeeper? A stenographer?"

"Oh, no, sir. I'm the telephone operator. I thought everybody knew that."

"I see. You operate the telephone for the entire building? It is a switchboard, Miss Flond?"

"Yes, sir. A switchboard. Quite a big one, sir."

"You were on duty there the night that Mr. Randall was murdered?"

The girl shuddered and her face blanched. "Yes, sir," she answered vaguely.

"I'm sorry, my dear," the prosecutor said again, "to have to go into these things. You realize that they are necessary if the murderer is to meet justice?"

Eleanor Flond nodded. Her lids dropped slowly over her big eyes and Kelden caught his breath.

"Try to be strong," the lawyer counseled. "I will be as brief as I can and still establish necessary evidence."

The girl nodded again, wet her lips, and her small hand fluttered once more to her scant dress. Her knees showed daintily, and Kelden, from the jury box, looked at them frankly and in admiration.

"You know what an oath is?" the prosecutor queried. "You understand that you are sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Oh, yes. I understand."

"Now, you were on duty that night when Mr. Randall was killed?"

"I was," softly.

"You heard the shot that killed him?"

"No, sir. I didn't hear anything. You see ——"

"I'm Going to Forget It. So are You, Honey. In a Month We'll Marry, and I Want Nothing to Shadow Our Happiness"

"When did you first learn of the death?"

"About three o'clock in the morning, sir. You see, every third week I work nights. About 2:30 in the morning the night superintendent makes us coffee. I went down in the basement for a few minutes to drink the coffee and when I came back ——"

"Back to your switchboard, you mean?"

"Yes, sir, back to my switchboard. When I came back there, the flash was on from Mr. Randall's apartment. I plugged in."

"Make your meaning just a little more clear to the jury, please. What do you mean when you say the flash was on?"

"The light, sir. When Mr. Randall called he lit it."

"In other words, when Mr. Randall lifted the receiver of the telephone instrument in his apartment, the light on your switchboard flashed. Is that right?"

"Uh-huh, that's right."

"Very good, Miss Flond. Now go on. You were saying that you plugged in."

"Yes, sir. I plugged in and rang his telephone to let him know I was ready for his call."

"And then what happened?"

"He—he didn't answer, sir."

"I see. You rang his telephone and he failed to answer."

"That's right, sir."

"Did anybody answer?"

"No, sir. Nobody answered."

"What did you do then?"

"I rang some more, then I went into the vestibule and asked the night elevator man if Mr. Randall was at home. He had told me he might not be."

"What did the night elevator man say?"

"He was asleep and I had to wake him up. He told me that nobody had come in or gone out for more than an hour."

"What did you do then?"

"I went back and rang some more. I was worried."

"Why were you worried?"

The girl blushed prettily; her tongue darted over her red lips and she blinked her big, innocent eyes.

"I was afraid something might have happened to Mr. Randall," she said finally.

"Because he failed to respond to your ring, you were worried about him?"

"Uh-huh, that's right. You see, I'd only been away from the board for ten minutes, and I was sure he couldn't have gone to sleep so soon after trying to make a call."

"I see. That's a very reasonable explanation, Miss Flond. What did you do then?"

"Well, I worried for a few minutes, then I rang him three or four times, very long. When I still got no answer, I got real scared and called the night super. He was down in the basement. When he came up, I told him about things."

"Very sensible, I'd say," the prosecutor complimented. "You used excellent judgment, Miss Flond."

"Thank you, sir."

"What did the night superintendent do?"

"Well, we talked it over and decided maybe we better go up and see if anything was wrong."

"What did you think might be wrong?"

"Nothing special, sir. Mr. Randall might have been taken sick—taken suddenly, you know—and tried to reach me for help. That's part of our training to think of those things, sir."

"Quite," the prosecutor nodded approvingly. "Then you and the superintendent went up to Mr. Randall's apartment; is that right, my dear?"

"Yes, sir, we did."

"You went in together?"

"Oh, no, sir. I waited in the hall. You see, Mr. Randall might have been—in bed."

"Of course. The superintendent went in alone?"

"Uh-huh, he went in alone."

"Did you hear anything while he was in there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell us what you heard, my dear. Think well, now. Remember that a man's life may hang in the balance."

"I never could forget that!" with a shudder. "I stood outside, kind of half peering through the door and listening very closely. I hoped that nothing was wrong with Mr. Randall."

"You knew him very well?"

"Yes, sir"—listlessly. "I knew Mr. Randall very well. We were—well, sort of engaged, sir. We hadn't told anybody, but we—I loved him."

"Very well, Miss Flond, continue."

Eleanor Flond lowered her eyes and wrung her small hands in her lap. She did not look up again during her recital of the ensuing events. Now and then a round, glistening tear dropped unheeded upon her short skirt, and these Kelden, there in the jury box, did not fail to note.

"I stood there, and pretty soon I heard voices," the girl went on. "For a minute I could not understand what was being said. Then I heard a cry. Someone swore, and I knew it was the night superintendent. He often did that, but this time his voice was different. At the sound of it I knew that something terrible was the matter. Feeling toward Mr. Randall as I did, I forgot all about—other things. I ran into the apartment."

"Now tell us, very carefully, Miss Flond, just what you saw there."

Another shudder shook the girl's slight frame and another tear dropped into her lap. "I saw the super standing in the center of the room. He was waving his hands and trying to talk. Sprawled in a chair was Mr. Wirt. He looked very drunk and did not seem to understand what had happened. Sitting on the floor with her head on his knee, was Miss Spong. And on the bed—there on the bed, with blood all around him ——"

The prosecutor caught up a glass of water from the table at his side and carried it to the witness. "That will do for a moment," he urged tenderly. "Perhaps I can help you. On the bed was the body of Mr. Randall. Is that correct?"

The girl nodded wearily and shuddered again, as though once more looking upon that ghastly sight.

"Now just one or two more questions, my dear: You said that Mr. Wirt was sprawled in a chair and seemed to be in a drunken stupor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And seated on the floor at his feet, her head resting in his lap, was Miss Spong?"

"That's right."

"Do you think she, too, had been drinking?"

"Perhaps some. But she was not like Mr. Wirt."

"Did either of them speak to you, or to the superintendent?"

"Miss Spong. She looked up at us. There were tears on her cheeks and she seemed sort of wild looking. 'Harry didn't do it,' she mumbled. 'Harry didn't do it. I know he didn't do it.' Harry is Mr. Wirt, sir."

"I see. And during all that, Mr. Wirt said nothing at all?"

"Nothing, he just sprawled there."

"Did he try to get up out of the chair?"

"He did nothing at all; just lay there with his eyes shut and his breath sounding coarse and heavy. He was even that way when the police came."

"After you saw Mr. Randall, what did you do?"

"I—I went to him first. He was so—cold looking. His eyes were open ——"

"Never mind that, my dear. What did you do next?"

"I heard the superintendent talking to me. He told me to go downstairs and telephone at once to the police."

"What did you tell the police?"

"I told them to come at once, that a man had been hurt."

"Hurt?" the prosecutor asked keenly.

"Yes, sir. I said hurt. That was what I hoped."

"Of course. You didn't tell them that a man had been shot?"

"Oh, no. I didn't know he was shot then. I learned that, long after the police came and found Walt—Mr. Randall. They told me he was shot—murdered."

"That is excellent, Miss Flond," the official responded helpfully. "You are a very brave little lady. Just a few more questions and I will bother you no more: First, did you at any time see a pistol of any sort in Mr. Randall's apartment?"

"Not that night, I didn't, sir. I had seen Mr. Randall's before."

"Mr. Randall kept a pistol in the apartment?"

"Yes, sir. That is, there was one there. He showed it to me one night when he was unpacking some trunks and getting out pictures and things taken from his old home. The pistol was a single shooter, he said. His father owned it and Mr. Randall called it some queer name that I don't remember. It was quite an old gun, he said. Maybe it wouldn't even shoot; I don't know."

"Did he call it a derringer?"

"Yes, sir, that's what he called it, sir."

"You did not see this gun the night of the killing?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Did you see any other gun?"

"No, sir. Outside of a circus, or a show, or a window, that's the only time I ever saw a gun—that time when Walter showed it to me long before."

"But you know that Mr. Randall was shot to death there in his apartment that night?"

"Yes. I know that now."

"Could anyone have gone in and out of the apartment house without attracting your notice?"

"Oh, yes, sir. The switchboard is sort of hidden away. I don't see the lobby unless I go out on purpose."

"Did you know that Mr. Randall had guests that evening?"

"No, sir. He told me he might go away on a business trip that afternoon, so I did not call him up as usual when I came on duty."

"What time did you come on duty?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"And you didn't call Mr. Randall up to see if he actually had left on the trip?"

"No, sir. Ordinarily I would have, but that evening ——"

"Yes? Why was that evening different from others, Miss Flond?"

"Well, I didn't want Walter to go away like that without telling me all about where he was going."

"And he refused to do that?"

"No. You see, I felt he should have told me without my asking."

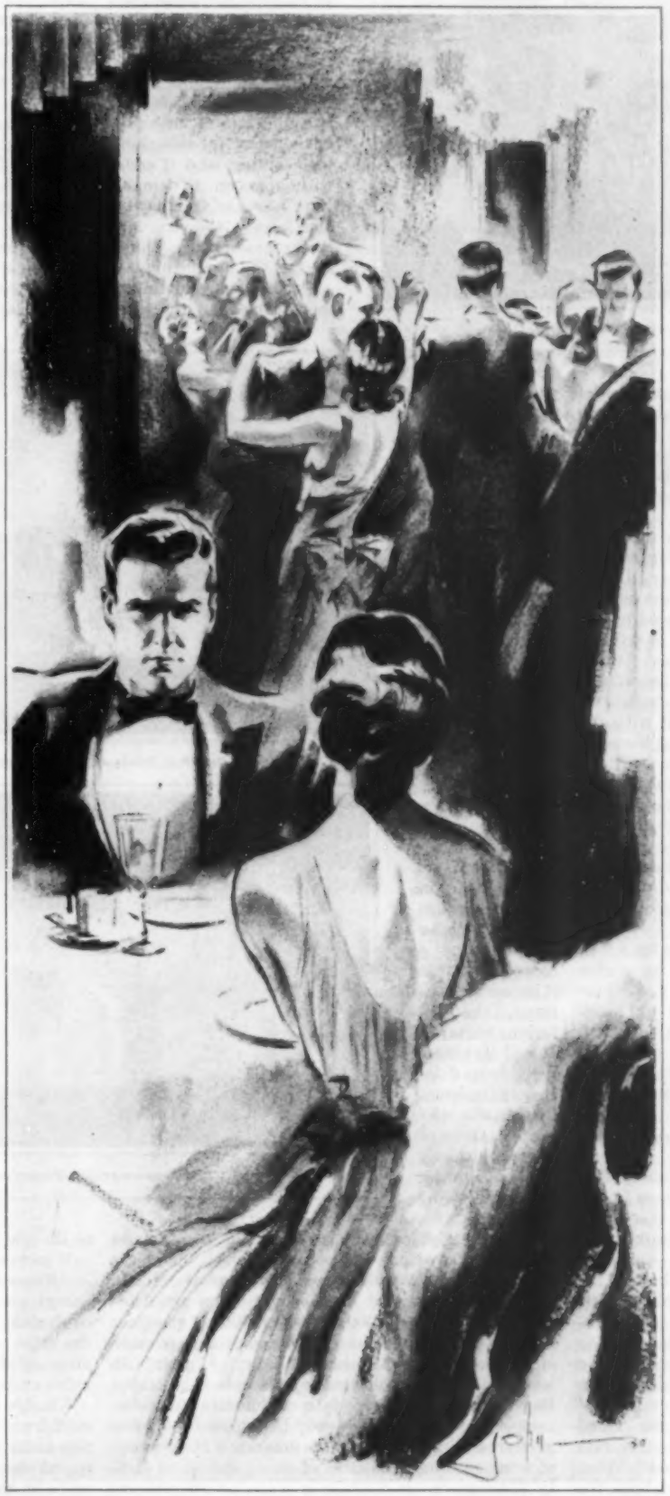
"You were a little angry with him?"

"Not exactly angry. But maybe I was, after all. He should have told me those things. I told him all about everything I did."

"There was, then, just a little coolness between you?"

"I guess there was, sir. Anyway, I made up my mind I wouldn't call him first. It was his place to call me, wasn't it? When he hadn't called at midnight, I felt sure he had gone away on the trip."

"You were surprised, then, when you got that first light on your switchboard? That flash from his apartment that you tried to answer?"



"It's Foolish, Dear," the Girl Said Repeatedly, "to Let This Thing Weigh So Heavily Upon You"

(Continued on Page 46)

Seventeen Billion Gallons

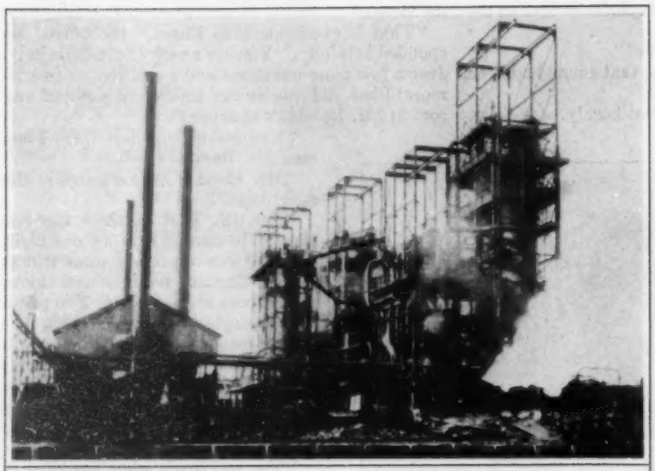


PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y.

The Present Sohio Cracking Unit at Cleveland, Ohio

IT IS necessary to use figures with the abandon of an astronomer to set down in terms the growth of the gasoline business in this country. And when the thing is set down it seems on a par with those incomprehensible computations having to do with the velocity of light rays or the distance between the earth and Aldebaran.

The first gasoline I ever saw in quantity was at an Eastern refinery somewhat more than forty years ago. It was a waste product, thrown away. It had no value and no uses. Kerosene was what the refiners were after in those days. Gasoline, produced by the lighter vapors rising during the processes of refining crude petroleum, was a nuisance, an outlaw. It was explosive and dangerous. It annoyed the refiners exceedingly. They cursed it with vehemence, and oil men are vehement cursers. It interfered with the orderly conduct of the business of getting kerosene for the lamps of the world. The miserable stuff was dumped on the ground or burned. There was nothing else to do with it. I reckon that 45.6 per cent of all the profanity around the refineries of those days had its genesis in this gosh-durned gasoline that gummed things up by being a constant source of danger in the way of fire and explosive slaughter, and persisted in appearing every time they set out to make a mess of good, marketable kerosene.

Then, in 1892, there appeared a vehicle for which the power of progress was furnished by an engine that utilized gasoline as the impelling fuel. This pariah of the oil trade actually stepped in and motivated a cumbersome carriage at a speed of, say, twenty miles an hour without the aid of horses, steam or any other object or element whatsoever. It was incredible, but it was true none the less.

The New Emperor of Transportania

THE outlaw, gasoline, turned respectable at that moment and demanded an honest place in the commodity family of the world. By 1900 there were 8000 registered automobiles in this country that moved about by virtue of the powers concealed within the former outcast, gasoline. Instead of throwing gasoline away, the refiners sold 260,000,000 gallons of it that year.

Sold it, you understand. Got real money for the stuff they formerly discarded—this gasoline that was such a condemned nuisance when it gummed up kerosene production by persisting to rise in the refinery stills, along with naphtha, before the valued kerosene made any movement toward getting into the game. Well, what do you think of that? What would you have thought of it if you had been the refiners and had sold, for cash or its equivalent, 260,000,000 gallons of stuff that, only a few years before, wasn't worth a nickel an oceanful?

Not being in business for any other purpose than to make money, you know what the refiners thought. They thought there might be value in this pediculous gasoline after all, and they began to conserve it instead of cussing it. They felt that something might be coming—which showed a commendable intuition on their part, for something was coming, and it came with a sweep of demand that was the foundation and, largely, the structure of the enormous oil business of the present day.

I do not know how many more cars than the 8000 gasoline-impelled cars of 1900 there were in 1901, but I do know that in this year of 1930 there are 26,500,000 of them in the United States and about 9,000,000 more in the rest of the world, of which a great proportion were made in this country. Also, I know that the gasoline engines of this country will use this year 17,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline, for gasoline, from its pariah state in the late 80's, has risen to such an eminence as a commodity that it is now the emperor of the utilitarian universe. It and its amazingly fecund father, petroleum, dominate the motivation of the world, by land and water largely, and by air entirely.

Another Variant of the Competition is the Price War

The Consumer Got Five-Cent Gas in the Price War

Seventeen billion gallons of gasoline to be made and used this year in this country alone! There is a figure to juggle with; for, besides the great amount of money represented by the production and consumption of these 17,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline, there is for computation the Gargantuan estimate of the power stored within the liquid. Power! It would take a string of figures as long as from Baffin Bay to Pensacola to put into arithmetical form the sum of the energy that would be released if all this gas were utilized to its ultimate potency, if 100 per cent of what gasoline is capable of doing should be done by gasoline.

T. A. Boyd, one of the great gasoline authorities of the country, illustrated this vast potential power of gasoline, brought this extremely technical subject to familiar terms, when he said, writing of the power contained in one gallon of gasoline—one gallon, not a hundred or a thousand—in his book, Gasoline; What Everyone Should Know About It: "There is enough heat produced when a gallon of gasoline burns to raise the temperature of 15,000 gallons of water one degree. This may not seem like such a large figure, because we are not accustomed to thinking in terms of heat."

450 Miles to the Gallon!

IT IS a large figure, but that illustration was merely the beginning of Mr. Boyd's explanation of what a gallon of gasoline really could do if all its power could be utilized. He continues: "Converted completely into work, this amount of heat energy is equivalent to the effort expended in lifting 50,000 tons of coal, or 1000 carloads, a foot off the ground. It is enough to elevate more than a carload of coal to the very top of the Woolworth Building, which towers 792 feet above the pavement. In fact, it is enough to lift the entire Woolworth Building five and one-half inches above its foundation.

"Expressed in terms of the automobile, the heat energy produced by burning a gallon of gasoline is equivalent to the work done in raising a Ford car ten miles vertically in the air, or in propelling it a distance of 450 miles along a paved road at twenty miles an hour."

Charles F. Kettering, one of our greatest gasoline engineers, described the enormous power pent up in this amazing fluid by picturing an automobile being towed along the road by a thread of gasoline so tiny as to be almost incalculably small. Imagine, if you are so minded, a gallon of gasoline stretched out to the length of 450 miles—and that will take some

# of Gas—By Samuel G. Blythe

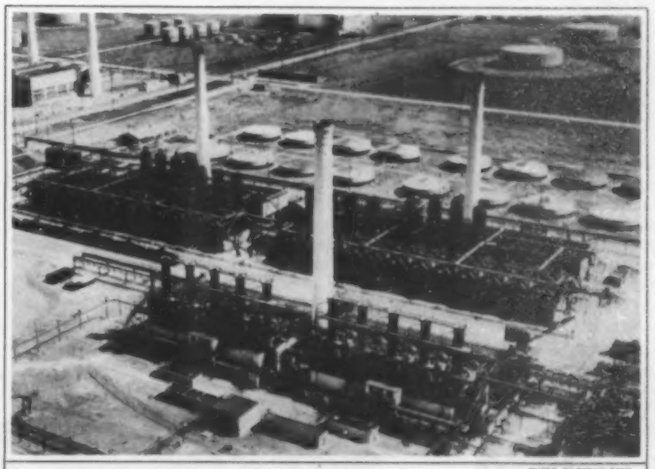
imagining, for the thread of it would be so small as to defy measurement. But there it is, and Mr. Kettering, having laid his thread of gas, compares the strength, the pull, of that thread with the tensile strength of steel.

Power Going to Waste

STEEL is one of our synonyms for strength. In our physics days in school they told us that piano wires have a tensile strength of about 200,000 pounds to the square inch. A piano wire would be an enormous cable, and not a very strong one, compared to Kettering's thread of gasoline, for this minute thread contains the energy, if utilized to its last ounce, to move an automobile weighing 1750 pounds for 450 miles along a paved road at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The energy stored in one gallon of gasoline has a tensile strength of more than twenty times that of steel—more than 4,000,000 pounds to the square inch.

To put it another way, the gallon of gas an automobile owner buys at a filling station has latent explosive power three times more powerful than TNT, six times more powerful than nitroglycerin, eight times more powerful than dynamite, and fifteen times more powerful than black powder, weight for weight. And gasoline is one of our most familiar commodities. Think of the energy stored in those 17,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline we shall use this year! Enough to blow the continent to bits.

Do we utilize that power? We do not—not 5 per cent of it. Three and one-half per cent would be nearer to the mark. The average mileage of our automobiles today, per gallon, is about fifteen miles, somewhat less rather than more. That makes the conversion value of gasoline, as we utilize it, about 3½ per cent. In reporting on this phase of its investigation activities, the Federal Oil Conservation Board points out that if we succeed in doubling the miles per gallon in our motive use of gasoline we shall utilize about 7 or 8 per cent of the potential energy at hand in each gallon of gas, and says that the ultimate to be expected is not more than 15 per cent. Of course this subject of utilization of more of the power that exists is, and will be, the constant subject of study with all gasoline engineers and many scientists, but the chances are that 90 per cent of the power available will go unused for a long time to come, thrown away and dissipated in friction.



PHOTO, BY BROWN BROS.

A Texas Plant With a Capacity of 13,500 Barrels Daily

These Prices Were Very Nourishing to the Consumer

Eight-Cent Gas in California

Large money begets large ideas. The total investment of the oil industry in the United States in 1906 was $800,000,000; quite a tidy sum, at that. The total investment of the oil industry in the United States at the beginning of 1930 was $12,000,000,000, which makes the $800,000,000 of twenty-four years ago seem like small change. The development of the automobile opened a road to the oil men that led to enormous opportunity and incalculable wealth. There was more oil beneath the ground than the wildest dreamers among them had predicted, and atop that earth was a constantly increasing multitude of motor cars to utilize a product of that oil—gasoline.

So they went to it, feverishly drilling for oil and feverishly extending their plants for refining it. The prodigality of their explorations, exploitations, manufacturings and marketings became almost fantastic. One example of many may be given. In the oil furore in Mexico, between 1920 and 1924, eighteen ten-inch pipe lines and fourteen eight-inch pipe lines were laid between the oil fields in Mexico and Tampico. These pipe lines had a capacity of 1,085,000 barrels of oil a day, although the production of the field was but 400,000 barrels a day. Now the production of that Mexican district is but 98,000 barrels a day, with refineries and pipe lines there capable of handling 1,000,000 barrels a day, and $200,000,000, or thereabouts, gone to that bourn from which no dollar returns.

So it went, until the present enormous structure was built up, which, however great the demands of the 35,000,000 gasoline-using automobiles of the world may be, no matter how extended the other uses of petroleum are, for fuel and what not, has a capacity far exceeding the demands made upon it not only because of competitive overproduction but also because of the continual discovery of new and deeper oil fields and the improvements in both producing the oil and manufacturing the products of it.

There are three methods of producing gasoline from crude oil now in common use, which are known as the straight-run, the cracking and the casing-head processes. The straight-run process is the oldest of the three and was in universal use until about fifteen years ago. It consists in the distillation of the crude oil in great stills by the application of gradually increasing and intense heat. Petroleum is the mixture of various hydrocarbons which boil and vaporize at different and more fervid temperatures. The lightest of these—gasoline and naphtha—vaporize quickest, and then comes the kerosene, and after that the heavier oils which eventually become lubricants—paraffin, and what not. The vapors are condensed and the condensed fluid is the completed product.

Extracting Gasoline From the Air

FIFTEEN years ago the cracking process was invented. This consists in taking the crude oil after it has gone through the initial refining processes and has emitted its quota of the various vapors, and subjecting it to tremendous heat and pressure. The heat and pressure crack the oil and take from it gasoline that did not vaporize in the straight-run process, thus increasing the yield of the fuel oil about 50 per cent, and at the same time conserving crude oil, formerly treated only by the straight-run processes, that much. It is estimated by the American Petroleum Institute that cracked gasoline now supplies fuel for about 12,000,000 automobiles.

Casing-head gasoline is made at the wells and is gasoline extracted by a complicated process of washing and distillation from the natural gas that is the accompaniment of a flowing well. This process is of recent development, but is a most valuable factor in the production of gasoline, for, until it was perfected, trillions of cubic feet of gas, each cubic foot containing its quota of valuable gasoline, went off into the air, absolutely wasted.

These processes—cracking and casing-head—increased the yield of gasoline from each barrel of oil

(Continued on Page 105)

THE SQUAW WOMAN

He Saw Her, Clearly Defined, Yet Remote, as the Hawk-Beaked Birch-Bark Answered to the Tug of the Current and Swept in a Graceful Curve About the Far-Off Bend of the River. He Caught the Flash of Her Wet Paddle in the Sunlight

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IX

DARROW, trudging homeward with an altogether satisfactory weariness in his bones, unconsciously quickened his pace as he mounted the spruce ridge that overlooked Camp Reliance. When he stopped for a moment, to study the group of buildings nestling in the hollow between the birch-fringed lake and the dark-shadowed hinterland, they made him think, as he had done many a time before, of a crouching brown mother hen surrounded by a cluster of white chicks. He even waited, without quite knowing it, for some glimpse of a figure moving about between his skeletonlike *starchigan* and his canoe shed.

His glance went on to the boat landing and the poplar grove between the clearing and the outer rock point where Claire liked to watch the waters of Lake Sequomack. But he could decipher no trace of life there.

It struck him as odd, when he started on again, that there should be no sign of smoke going up from the lodge chimney. He was equally puzzled by the silence of the camp as he rounded his earth-banked storehouse. He remembered how Claire had studied that strongly fortified cache hole, frowning over the hasp and staple in its heavily timbered door and saying she had understood that buildings were never locked on the frontier, where hearts were always noble and hands were always warm. He had explained, after wincing at the barb in her question, that the place had been designed not to keep out human beings but to protect possessions, wearily freighted there, from four-footed varmints, since the carcajou and the lynx and even the wandering black bear of the north were all ingenious and conscienceless thieves.

But his frown deepened as he stepped into the lodge and found it empty—empty with an entirely new sort of emptiness that hung like a weight on his heart. He looked into the kitchen, wondering why it stood so tomblike in its silence. Before invading the bedroom, with its thick-barred door slightly ajar, he hesitated and called out a solemn "Are you there?" But once inside, he stood arrested again by both the prolonged silence and some poignant aroma of the feminine still lingering there. Even the clothing hanging on the wall held some ghostly and haunting perfume of womanhood. And that room seemed, of a sudden, an abysmally empty place.

He noticed, on the way out, that one of his rifles was missing from its place on the gun rack of buck horns ingeniously laced together. But that fact seemed of small importance, until a more deliberate survey of the lake front showed him that one of the smaller birch-barks was also gone. He stood studying the footprints in the beach sand, piecing together the story they told. But he still refused to believe what he read there, returning slowly to the lodge and searching about for some message that might throw light on the mystery. Yet he found none. All he found was the slowly accruing evidence that his camp mate had gathered together food and equipment for traveling light and taken her departure.

"She's gone," he said aloud, forcing himself to face a fact that stood more and more a humiliation to him. For she must indeed have hated him and everything about that camp of his, before facing a trackless wilderness that was still unknown to her.

But it was more than unknown to her, he suddenly remembered. It was a place of continuous peril for any such woman. An outsider, unused to its ways, could starve even in the midst of its plenty. It was a maze of waterways bristling with uncharted rapids and unforeseen blind alleys, with vaguely marked portages and dubious trail forks, crowded with every assortment of danger, where a false turn could leave one hopelessly lost, where even a hand hurt or a foot injury could leave one helpless, where there was no succor and no refuge. And being a woman, she had forgotten her promise and broken her pledge. She had taken her life in her own hands and fled at the first chance. Women, apparently, had a habit of doing things like that.

Yet it was, he knew, as suicidal as though she had committed hara-kiri on his doorstep. It showed him, plainly enough, the prodigiousness of her hate. She preferred, obviously, peril and hunger and forest solitude to the thought of his blundering presence. But it was his duty to find her, whether she asked it or not. And if she was to be found at all, she must be found promptly.

She would head only one way, he concluded as he hurriedly threw together what he needed for the open trail. She would try to go out by the same route they had come in. Yet she would be lucky, he told himself as he pushed off in his lightly loaded canoe, if she even found the outlet to Lake Sequomack and got as far as the Pickerel River portage. And later on, if she missed the turn into the Watap and swung over to Lake Laferte and bore on to the Smoky River, she would be racing, without knowing it, straight into

the jaws of disaster. And if a wind came up in any of the bigger lakes, she would probably capsize and go down with no one to hear her last gurgling calls for help. She might, of course, if her food lasted long enough, eventually wander on into the Laird Point region, with a chance of being picked up by one of Indian Laird's broken-spirited Chippewaians. That would mean food and shelter again, of a sort, and contact once more with a white man, if Indian Laird could still be reckoned as such. But even that deliverance would be a doubtful benefit. And the fugitive, without maps and guidance, had scarcely one chance in a thousand of reaching that meager encampment. Traveling at any point of the compass, he remembered, she could get well lost within an hour's time from the lodge landing.

Darrow, heading for the portage, forgot his weariness. At the head of Lake Sequomack, however, he discovered traces of her, clear and unmistakable. She had gone first with her dunnage, he could see, and had come back for her canoe. And the birch-bark, obviously, had not been easy for her to manage. He could read the trail record of where she had staggered from side to side toward the far end of the portage, where she had rested and gone on again. She had gone on again, spurred forward by a deep and abiding hate for the man she was leaving behind her. And he found, after bucking the current of Pickerel River, that she had made the right detour and carried over into Twisted Lake, where she had stopped to eat before setting out again.

He also found, after once more picking up her trail on the Moosehead Lake portage, that she was much cleverer than he had imagined. She had impressed him as only indifferently interested in the route, as they journeyed in toward Camp Reliance. But she had misled him on that point. For all the while, apparently, she had been storing away in her memory every move and turn and channel mark. And there were other matters, doubtlessly, in which she had just as successfully deceived him. For it is not decreed, he frowningly concluded, that any woman should be completely understood by any man.

She was, he acknowledged, off to a good start. But that initial triumph of hers, he knew, could only add to the final hazard surrounding her. Sometime soon, he told himself as he forged on by river and lake and reed-fringed lagoon, she would take the inevitable false step that would lead her into the inevitable morass of uncertainties. Yet she had succeeded in groping her way, he found, to the island-studded end of Lac du Bois, had maneuvered the portage to Big Squaw River and had headed in the right direction for Little Thunder Lake. But fresh as were the tracks of the fugitive, he could get no glimpse of her.

It was on the far side of the Little Thunder portage that Darrow, frustrated by the thinning light, slept for three short hours. But before the brief northern night was entirely over he was on his way again, rounding headlands of misty spruce and ghostlike points of white birch, lunging onward as the sun came up and the valley fogs lifted and the high-arching northern sky deepened from topaz to azure and from azure to a brooding canopy of delft blue.

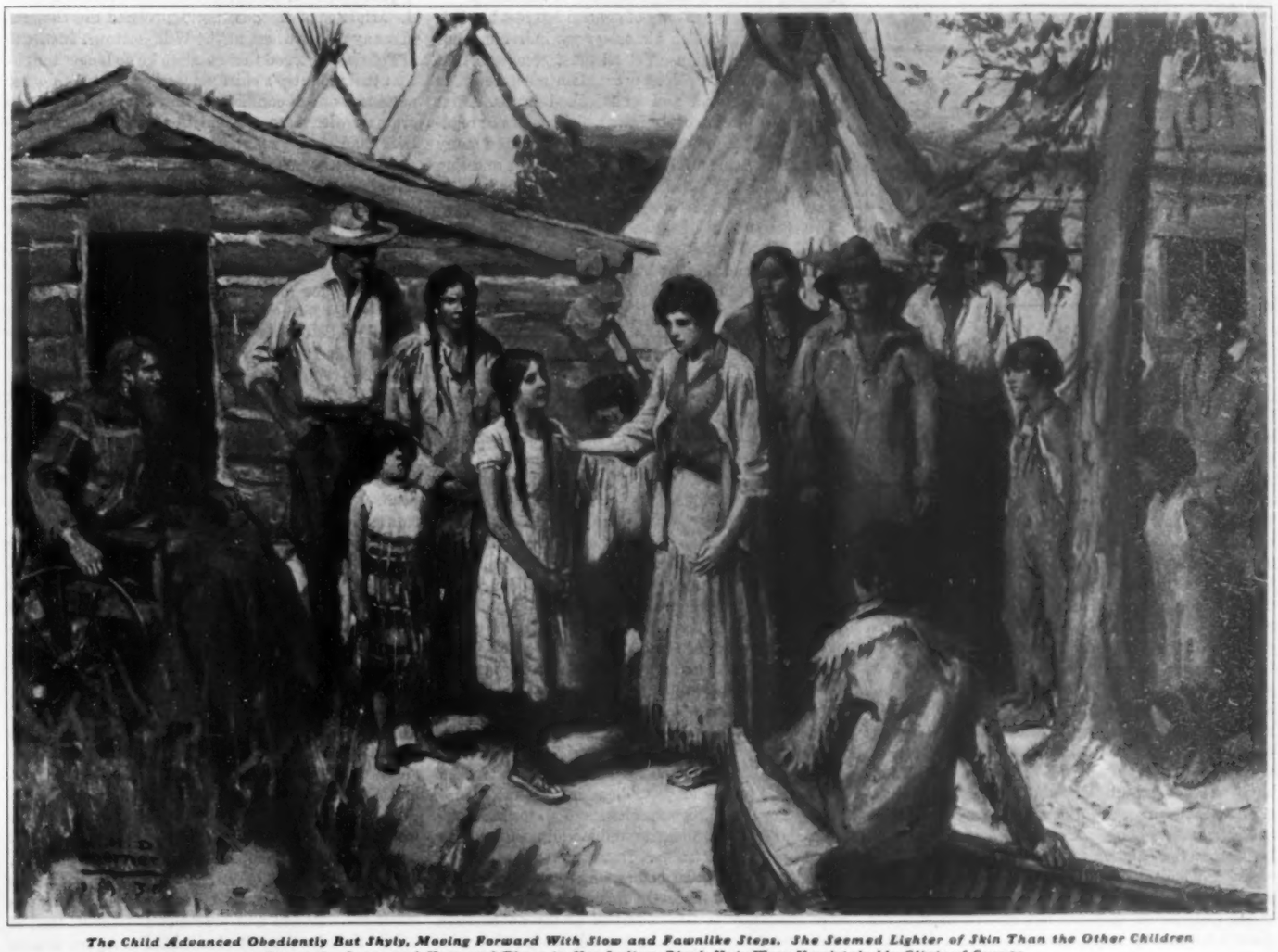
By noon he reached the Watap, but could find no track of a *voyageur* along the lily pads of that narrow and sluggish stream. So he retraced his way, skirting on until he came to the Lake Laferte portage. There, as he had feared, she had taken the wrong trail toward the Smoky. That turbulent river, catching her up on its deceptively favoring current, would sweep her southeastward for thirty or forty miles and then carry her almost due north again. After that, she would be nearing the Smoky Rapids. And what might happen after the rapids, he preferred not to picture.

His hope rose, however, when, on a rocky point a little back from the water's edge, he found one of Claire's camp fires, with warmth still in the core of its ashes. She had stopped and eaten there. He could even see where, sometime earlier in the day, she had stretched out on the mossy slope for a few luxurious minutes of rest.

That seemed to bring her closer to him. He started after her with quickened strokes, staring anxiously ahead as he rounded each rocky bend of the river. He raced on for an hour, without thinking of rest. For a kenneled anxiety kept eating at his heart. Ahead of them, coming closer and closer, were the rapids, the twisted and turbulent rapids which even the Indians refused to run. If she failed to see and remember the portage head, it would be only too easy to sweep past the last point of possible escape. And once in the oily slide of water that roughened to a twisting runway of rock and foam, there was nothing to be done. A quick and horrible death awaited her. He even pictured a white and battered body being tossed from rock fang to rock fang, being flung from gravel bar to gravel bar, being eddied languidly about some backwater pool where a sightless face stared up at a serenely indifferent sky of delft blue.

That thought sent him racing on again with his jaw set and thin rivulets of sweat running down his face. There was still time, he argued as he studied vague landmark after landmark, the ten-year-old fish rack where wandering Knife-blade Indians had once smoked their conneys, the eroded headland of red granite and diorite that looked like an owl's beak.

(Continued on Page 121)



The Child Advanced Obediently But Shyly, Moving Forward With Slow and Fawnlike Steps. She Seemed Lighter of Skin Than the Other Children About the Camp and Here and There in Her Indian-Black Hair Were Unmistakable Glints of Copper

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4, 1930

IT IS probably quite unnecessary to announce to our readers that with this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the use of a new type face begins—a larger and clearer face. The change is put into effect largely to make the magazine easier to read, but the Editors feel that an improvement in appearance has been achieved at the same time.

The Day's Work

RECENTLY the routine announcement was made that Dr. Roscoe R. Spencer, of the United States Public Health Service, was awarded the Gold Medal by the American Medical Association in annual session at Detroit for original work in the preparation of a vaccine against Rocky Mountain spotted fever. This is a disease of the northwestern part of the country, conveyed to man by bites of wood ticks which appear with the first warm days of spring; sheep herders being especially exposed to these ticks. In some localities the disease is mild, while in others it is fatal. In one large locality the disease caused the death of 85 per cent of the adults who contracted it in the twelve years 1917–28.

In that locality Doctor Spencer had searched for a preventive inoculation year after year, until he found one in 1924. Until that year sixteen laboratory workers were exposed to the disease, and, of these, six contracted it and died. But since 1924 there have been fifty-nine laboratory workers, all of whom have received inoculation, and among these there have been seven cases, all of whom recovered except one, who received only one of the two requisite doses. In a general population of about 15,000 people, 1992 received inoculation, and among these there were five mild cases, all of whom recovered. But among those of the population who did not receive inoculation there were twenty severe cases, seventeen of whom died.

Preventive medical work of this kind goes on constantly and in many different directions. Not always, but every now and then, the scientific workers pay a heavy price. Such was the case last winter, when so-called parrot fever began to spread. These workers, however, do not think of themselves as heroes or martyrs. They are eager to volunteer for dangerous service. They regard it as part of their duty and brush aside their valor by saying that it is all in the day's work. Their modesty is to be admired and their spirit is one which pushes mankind ever forward. But it is also in the general interest to point out from time to time that these quiet, for the most part self-effacing, laboratory workers have about them as splendid qualities of courage and heroism as any of the most romantic headline figures.

Highway Safety

IT IS doubtful if any subject holds more interest for the general run of people, especially after a summer spent so largely in the open, than that of highway safety. It is true that most of us feel that an accident is something which may happen to the other fellow, but does not concern us. Yet in 1929 more than 31,000 people met death through the agency of the automobile and about 1,000,000 suffered more or less disabling injuries in that way. Highway accidents, therefore, are to be fought, or rather prevented, with as much care and pains as a great plague. It becomes one of the major enterprises of the public authorities and of the various private or voluntary associations involved to keep down and, if possible, to reduce the percentage of accidents.

The subject is not only of general interest but it is one concerning which almost every individual has very positive opinions. Yet all must recognize that the approach to accident prevention must be made under four general and well-defined heads. First comes the question of the laws which govern or regulate automobile operation, including speed and many other matters. There is the very important question of the uniformity of such laws and the equally vital issue of their enforcement. In the second place, there is the engineering aspect, covering design, construction and condition of streets and highways. In the third place, there is the psychological or strictly human side. This refers to the individual driver or pedestrian, his ability, physical condition, state of mind, and his carefulness or lack thereof. Nearly all surveys reveal that the greatest single cause of accidents centers about such related matters as recklessness, inattention and failure to give the right of way. Finally, the fourth great approach to the subject lies in the condition of the automobile itself.

No editorial or article, or series of articles, can grapple satisfactorily with such an intricate subject. Obviously the problem has no single solution. It must be attacked from four different directions and simultaneously. It is essential to educate children and adults alike in safety, to weed out incompetent drivers and to punish the willful and dangerous ones. It is also essential to build, as rapidly as economic means permit, the safest of highways and streets. But both of these are fabulous and colossal tasks. To rebuild the highway and street system of the country is undertaking enough, but to make each of tens of millions of drivers fit for his or her job is perhaps the most arduous human undertaking in the whole history of mankind.

No such difficulty should attend the first and fourth approaches to this subject. There is no sound excuse for the slowness of communities and states in bringing about modern understandable and uniform laws regulating motor traffic. But we have expressed ourselves on this point before, and as strongly as we knew how at the time. On this occasion we wish to refer especially to the condition of the automobile itself and to commend as warmly as possible the recommendation of the committee on motor-vehicle maintenance of the last session of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety that registration be refused to mechanically defective vehicles. It was shown at this meeting that fifteen per cent of fatal accidents are caused by mechanical defects, such as faulty brakes, headlights and steering mechanism. Yet these defects can be remedied in comparatively short order in hundreds of thousands of places throughout the country. They do not require the entire reëducation of the human race or the entire rebuilding of the country.

The committee of the National Conference suggested that a certificate of inspection of the car itself be required before the issuance of license plates, either for all cars or only for old and repurchased ones. Not only are the roads filled with worn-out cars fit only for the junk heap but also with newer ones in unsafe condition because of neglect. The committee recommends that every state have an adequate highway patrol force whose members are trained to recognize symptoms of mechanical defects and able to make simple tests to indicate whether further attention is needed.

If the states cannot handle the problem of highway safety, there is sure to be further Federal encroachment and centralization. Here is a modern test of the ability of the states to keep such rights and functions as are left to them. There is no good reason why they should not take steps to eliminate dangerously defective automobiles from their highways.

False Nationalism

PROFESSOR BURNS, of Scotland, former British Minister of Reconstruction, echoed the thought in many minds when, at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, he urged that children be no longer taught that their country's chief point of contact with other nations is one of conflict. If they could be taught to grow up with a sense of indebtedness to other countries than their own and with a knowledge of what their country has done for others, then they might not always be suspicious of the "wretched foreigners." It is true, of course, that civilization is not a local product, but is the result of much international intercourse and has advanced despite many wars. All of us are largely indebted to one country for art, to another for music, to another for science, "and even to the Arabs for the numerals with which we calculate the cost of groceries."

Professor Burns, in speaking of suspicion of the foreigner, remarked that "you have got that bad in America." We have our share, no doubt, of false and exaggerated nationalism. Prejudice and ignorance have not been banished from our midst. On the other hand, many of our people have long been slavish and subservient in their admiration of everything European. Very considerable elements regard as beneath contempt either culture or scenery which is essentially American. One extreme is as unhappy as the other; we need a delicate balance. Neither Anglophiles nor Anglophobes are wanted. The snob who looks down upon all American customs, and the crude American tourist abroad who belittles and ridicules foreign customs and manners, are both hindrances to the right sort of feeling.

Just because we avoid involving ourselves in alien European complications does not prove that we are suspicious of foreigners, nor does it indicate any suspicion on our part if we determine what elements of racial and national origin we desire to admit to these shores. There are values in this country which the world needs to have preserved, but which would disappear in the complete victory of internationalism. Nationalism is a matter of degree; it can be the vehicle of world progress or it can be carried too far. When we begin to regard all our institutions, customs and practices as perfect, then it will be time for the rest of mankind to regard us as a menace.

An Examination for Parents

By Christian Gauss

Dean of the College, Princeton University

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

In Addition to the Examinations Which the Colleges Now Give to Candidates They Should Give One Also to the Candidates' Parents

IN A DISCUSSION of what should constitute the proper method of selecting candidates for admission to college, I made the suggestion a few years ago that in addition to the examinations which the colleges now give to candidates they should give one also to the candidates' parents. Some people found the notion odd. It was, however, received with an encouraging amount of veiled enthusiasm by high-school principals, head masters and deans. They said that the idea was an excellent one and would result in much good, but when it came to putting it into practice they basely deserted and, like the men in the Biblical parable, with one accord began to make excuses. Yet their only objection was that the project was impracticable. They probably felt as did a friend of mine, the ablest director of admissions that I know. When I urged him to make the experiment he shook his head sadly. He admitted that you could make no safe prediction of a candidate's success or happiness upon a campus unless you knew some things about his parents; but he added: "It would be my last experiment. After I had subjected my first class of parents to such an examination, I should have to withdraw to the cyclone cellar. My limited usefulness would be at an end."

I had realized when I made the suggestion that probably no college would have the spirit to adopt it. I had hoped, however, that some parents would take it seriously. They did. Unfortunately, as usually happens in such cases, they were not the parents who most needed to do so.

Recently in gathering material on the question of why students fail, I wrote to about twenty-five college presidents and deans for their opinions. Among the various causes for such failure, nearly all of them included as more or less important a category which they designated variously as "poor upbringing," "troubles at home," "unsatisfactory relations to parents." Quite clearly the parent is occasionally responsible for the failure of his son or daughter at college. For that reason, in spite of the difficulties, I am returning to my earlier proposal.

As a matter of fact, colleges do even now make certain inquiries about the candidate's parents. On his matriculation slip he is supposed to give his father's name, to indicate his business or profession, whether he was a college graduate and, if so, of what college. None of these facts are, however, significant for our purposes. The reason the colleges have not resorted to a full-length examination is probably that they are afraid the parents would consider the process inquisitorial. "It is trouble enough to have to examine the sons," my friend, the director of admissions, had told me. "No one pair of American parents would ever consent to be examined by a group of academic aliens. They have no recognized superiors."

Responsibility on the Moral Side

SINCE, clearly, many boys do fail because of parental shortcomings, it would seem fair that parents should be examined, if only, as it were, confidentially. Since, also, self-examination is the most profitable, it would be best and would really obviate every objection if parents examined themselves. In order to facilitate the process I have, therefore, prepared the following examination, which the father or mother who has a child in school or college may take in the privacy of his or her own home.

Every schoolmaster and dean realizes that there are certain fathers and mothers who might be classed as conscientious objectors to all educational constraints. They object consistently to every move of the school or college. But if we waive this small, intractable group and assume that there are fathers and mothers self-sacrificing enough to subject themselves to the hard tests of success in parenthood, what questions would schools and colleges ask them, if they dared?

Such examinations, like all others, should be fair and not too personal. Let the parent, therefore, reassure himself. It would not be necessary to ask him to pass tests on the Latin, or the algebra, or the French, or even the American history which he had in school and has probably forgotten. His son, in all human probability, can pass these much better than he can. The parent's responsibility for a son or daughter in school or college does not lie primarily on the intellectual side. If the boy was born with fair intelligence and has been submitted to normal and not freak processes of schooling, this is about all that the college would here demand. The parent could, of course, have done a great deal more in the way of reading with his son and providing that kind of background which gives him a deep-seated respect for cultural values and the higher things in civilization.

The college would not wish, however, in a first examination, to be exacting; and I, for one, would be willing to confine myself to what I regard as the primary responsibility of parents for the success of their children in school and college. That, as I see it, is simply this: Father and mother, the family, are responsible for a boy's moral and physical welfare and his social education. If they have done their full duty by him he will, when he enters school or college, have acquired a sense of life's primary loyalties and will be able to handle himself in the ordinary and usual situations which arise under conditions of group life.

Every head master and dean has seen a number of really pathetic cases of homesickness. I can remember, in my first year as an instructor in a Middle

(Continued on Page 40)

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY A. S. FOSTER

"Am I Too Late for Mickey Mouse?"

Decadence

WHEN I was six I took a chair
Each afternoon at three,
And stitched with slow New England care
The patchwork on my knee.

The needle squealed in little screams
Along its placid course;
I did my stint of narrow seams
With earnestness and force.

And now I cannot darn a sock—
Who used, a child of six,
To sit each day at three o'clock
And stitch and stitch . . . and stitch!

—Patience Eden.

Modernized Quotations

GIVE me liberty or give me a deferred sentence.

A stitch in time saves indecent exposure.

I only regret that I have but one life to give to armament reduction.

Let me write a nation's songs and I care not who wrote the ones I cribbed them from.

—STANLEY S. SCHNETZLER.

An Intellectual Affair

I LOVED you for your brilliant brain;
This fact I stubbornly maintain.

Though I remember not a word
Of all the witty talk I heard,
Somehow my memory keenly grips
The changing motion of
your lips.

You saw truth deeply, as
a seer. . . .
What truth, I now forget,
my dear;
And yet for this I learned
to prize
Your eyelashes and flashing eyes.

For creeds it held, forgotten
now,
I still recall your shapely
brow.
The frauds you sniffed at,
I suppose,
Endeared to me your handsome nose.

And when, with a bewildered air,
You ran your fingers through
your hair,
It rose with such dark eloquence,
My wish to smooth it grew
intense.

I find it strange my memory places
Such emphasis on our embraces,
And with a careless gesture scatters
To blank oblivion weightier matters.

It was your power of persuasion
Dominating my evasion.
It was the way your logic lorded
Over scruples, small and sordid.

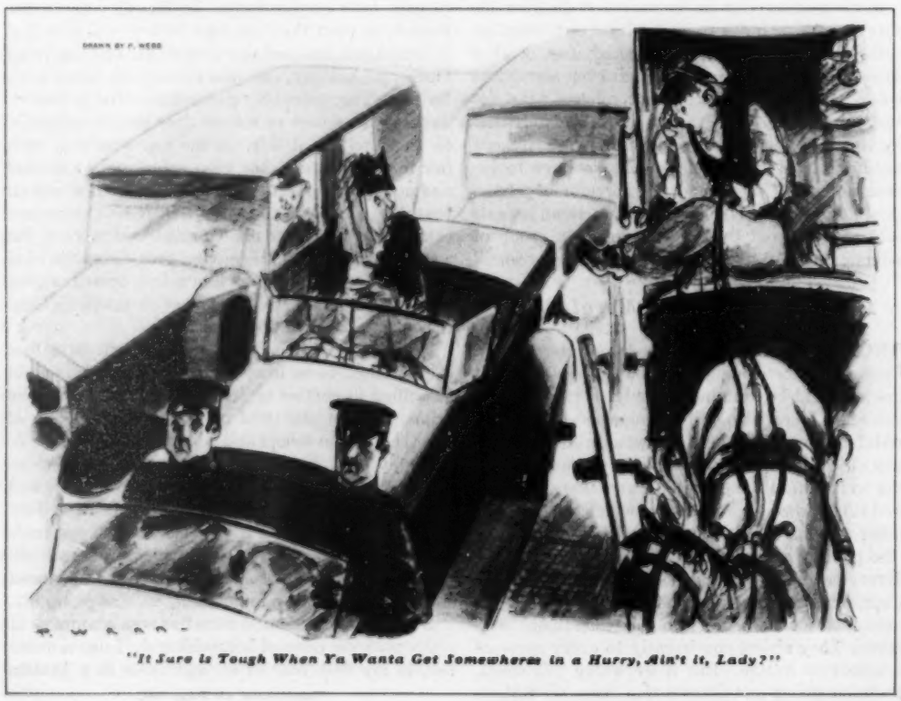
It was your mighty intellect,
Ruthless and not too circumspect,
That made love seem no accidental
Sex affair, but mostly mental.

Yet this I add, in simple truth:
You were, indeed, a handsome youth!

—Angela Cypher.

DRAWN BY COURTNEY DUNKEL

"And Don't Forget, I'm the One Who Wears the Pants in This House"



DRAWN BY F. WEBB

"It Sure is Tough When Ya Wanta Get Somewhere in a Hurry, Ain't it, Lady?"

Non-Start Record Smashed

AT 10:35 P.M. the declarer leads a four of spades. The trick goes to the ace held by Mr. Wilfred Zilch, and the great endurance test is on, folks!

Zilch takes it easy at first, like the veteran he is. For the first five minutes he confines himself to motionless study of his hand; but his practiced ear is cocked for signs of restlessness. At the first shuffle of a foot, Zilch cants his head to one side and thoughtfully thumbs his cards over, one by one. He is holding the cigar carefully in reserve.

10:41½. The cigar has come into play at last! It starts its trip from the right-hand corner of the mouth at a rolling creep. Zilch has tilted his head back and is studying the ceiling decorations. He is still well within himself and going confidently. The cigar takes three minutes and twenty-seven seconds for the traverse. This may be an all-time record; the boys are looking it up. Zilch is in no hurry to start the cigar on the return trip. It's in small details like this that his mastery is apparent. He spends the next minute and a half squinting at his cards, with his head leaned far over to the right to keep the smoke out of his eyes.

The cigar completes its circuit at 10:48. The tension is piling up now! Zilch realizes it's time to make his first daring move. He draws a card from his hand! There is a gasp from the players and lookers-on!

(Continued on Page 133)

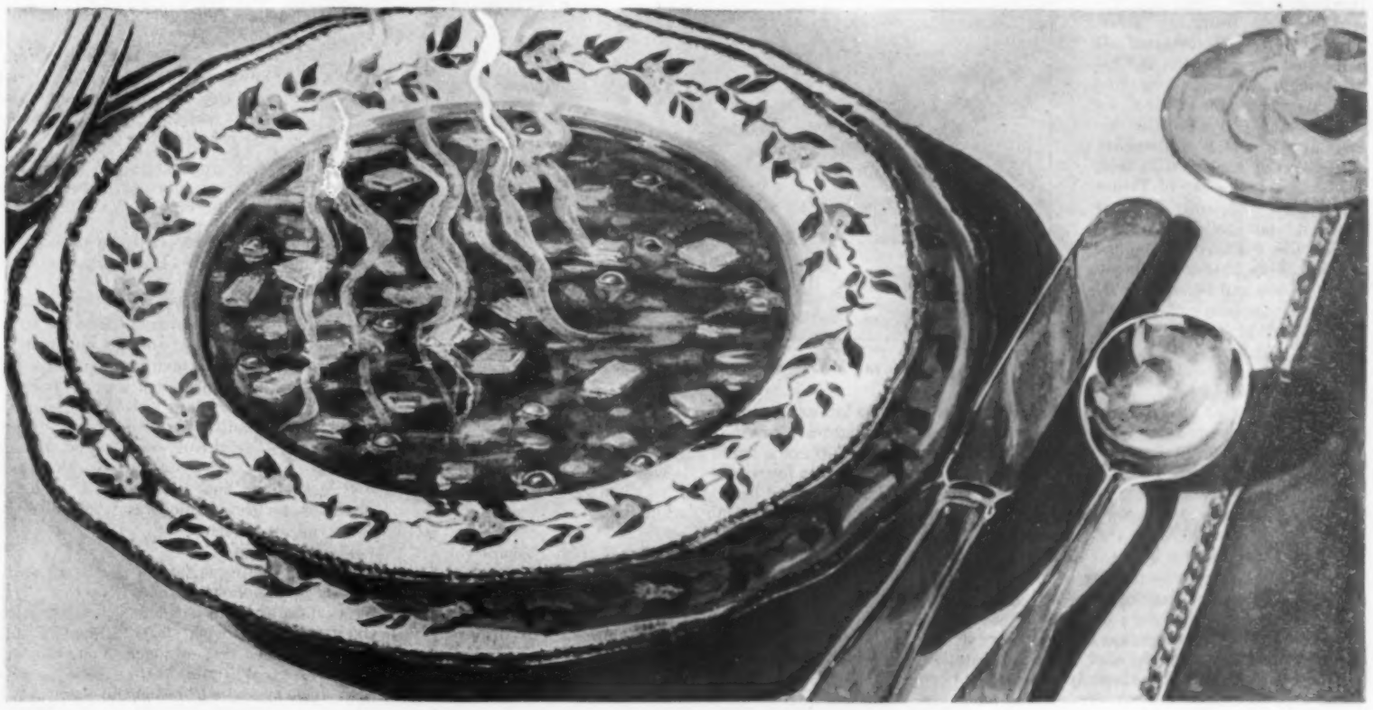
"So good it *must* be Campbell's!"

Surveyed throughout the nation
Is the label Red-and-White—
Bright flag of health and sunshine
On soups for our delight

That's a very likely thought to come to a woman's mind . . . For instinctively she has selected Campbell's as her standard and she judges soup by it . . . She realizes that Campbell's are the greatest soup-chefs, in the greatest soup-kitchens in the world . . . She knows that only in Campbell's Soups does she obtain her complete satisfaction in delicious quality and flavor. No wonder she selects Campbell's Vegetable Soup as her luncheon or supper. 15 vegetables in the finest Vegetable Soup that ever reached your lips . . . And you have 20 other fascinating Campbell's choices. 12 cents a can.

Your choice
Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

RIVER TO THE SEA

XIII

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

IT WAS strange to think of Beale as having "killed his man." The very phrase was incongruous, like something out of an implausible tale. It was unbelievable; but if believable, then murder took on a mild aspect as a fault one might have to put up with in one's friends. Ken's reaction astonished him, pulling him closer to the web of actual life than he had ever been before.

Clayton Beale had beaten up a man who had gone to the hospital for several weeks, been discharged in the care of Madeleine Beale Steele, and subsequently died of his injuries. Those were the facts; two people had known them, and now three. He was the third. If he did not call up the police at once he himself could be arrested and tried as an accessory. Yet he laughed at the mere thought of doing any such thing.

He had no feeling of horror toward the old man or of guilt regarding his own stand in the matter. It wasn't even a stand; it was an attitude which went without saying, automatically taken for granted by his mind. What he really felt in regard to the entire revelation—not only of Beale's guilt but of his daughter's surprising philosophy of abnegation—was pride, a sense of intimate inclusion, of acceptance into a circle within a circle.

That didn't express it either—not altogether. During the weeks which followed, two issues emerged, and it took a lot of thinking to sort them out, disentangle one from the other. There was Log House itself. It had stood for mystery, for bewilderment, for tantalizing cross currents of cause and effect, for the peculiar power of the unknown. All was now revealed, and yet the charm still held. Within the fastnesses of Yellow Mountain the ungainly structure retained the spell of a secret place, with a difference; he had become of the fiber of the secret.

But above and beyond the intimacy to which he had been admitted and of which he took frequent advantage—an intimacy as intrinsic as that of a familiar chair—loomed this other thing, this sense of rebirth close to the center of the web of life. He had caught the feeling elusively once before, though in the negative, when Beale had sprung his theory of the phantom stranger. Now it came as a positive current; destroying preconceptions, sweeping shibboleths away. Life isn't something you read about, much less is it what the lawyers ordain; it's one's personal collision with the denial of the obvious, like—like swallowing murder as if it were a gnat! Or Brown's lovable offspring. Or—or Lorry.

From such an atmosphere of subtle forces in prolonged suspension it became natural that Lorry should not be missed as one would miss a foot, for instance, or the crank to a self-starterless car. In a world of the mind where elements were at war, she had moved as an element; she was gone as the moon is hidden or the sun withdrawn. Inevitably she would come back.

"Where Lifts the Breeze, Where Lifts the Breeze, There My Soul on Wing!"

He himself, without being aware of the process in the slightest degree, became absorbed by this broad assumption of a perennial return, with its concomitant disdain for words. He ceased to speak of her or even to think of her except as a conscious absence—an emptiness of the spirit while shadowed by a cloud. But a letter from his sister jolted him back to his original conception of Lorry as an extremely sentient bit of flesh and blood, one hesitant foot on the threshold of triumph, the other dragging the ball and chain of youthful inexperience.

He frowned at the news that she had moved, but he could not restrain a half-hearted smile at his sister's right-about turn in regard to his own attitude and intentions. Without acknowledging defeat, like a cyclone last felt from the west, she blew with equal force from the east.

"I don't know what you can be thinking of," she wrote, "messing around with a lot of old sticks and pictures when a little sense would tell you five minutes with Lorry might be worth your whole collection. At least, there are a lot of men who think it would be cheap at the price. That's what made her go, I think. Though she insisted on sharing one-half the expense of this modest establishment, she couldn't possibly fix it so I would get one-tenth of the telephone service."

He felt an odd qualm, almost as sharp a revulsion as had come to him when Lorry told of Bot Smith's asking her to marry him. His first impulse was to start for town, but what could he do if he went? He would have either to play the bulldozer, and incidentally take on the duties of a perpetual escort, or present himself in the rôle of a dog in the manger, thus adding one more to the nuisances which apparently were already at Lorry's heels. Besides, that was no way to give her a chance, or himself either. If he missed her already, what was the use of putting himself unnecessarily in the position to miss her more? He watched the advent of spring with mixed feelings. Here and there patchwork fields were bursting into green. The unbroken brown of the pasture lands was paling, blushing and paling again with all the glories of Joseph's coat. Lastly the whole of Yellow Mountain put on a silken coverlet of tender leaves, covering its nakedness for a return engagement in resurrection.

He was startled into action, however, upon chancing to read a notice that Lorry's show was in its last two weeks. He wired her promptly:

DO NOT AGREE TO GO ON ROAD AT ANY PRICE STOP BETTER TAKE A GOOD REST STOP PLEASE INFORM ME OF PLANS

He addressed the message in care of Mrs. Darling and sat back to wait.

No answer came. At first he attached little importance to silence; then, before he knew it, he was attaching too much. His imagination led him off at more than one tangent, but every time he came to the point of doing something about it his pride would step in to arrest him. Perhaps already she needed him no longer and was taking this way to show it. But when he realized forty-eight hours had passed since the show had closed, he grew panicky and rushed to the telephone to call up his sister:

"Where's Lorry, Edie?"

"I don't know; I suppose she's at her apartment. Do you want the telephone number?"

He hesitated for an instant. "No. I tell you what I wish you'd do, Edie; I wish you'd call her up, find out her plans and then ring me back. You can have the charge reversed. Will you do that, Edie?"

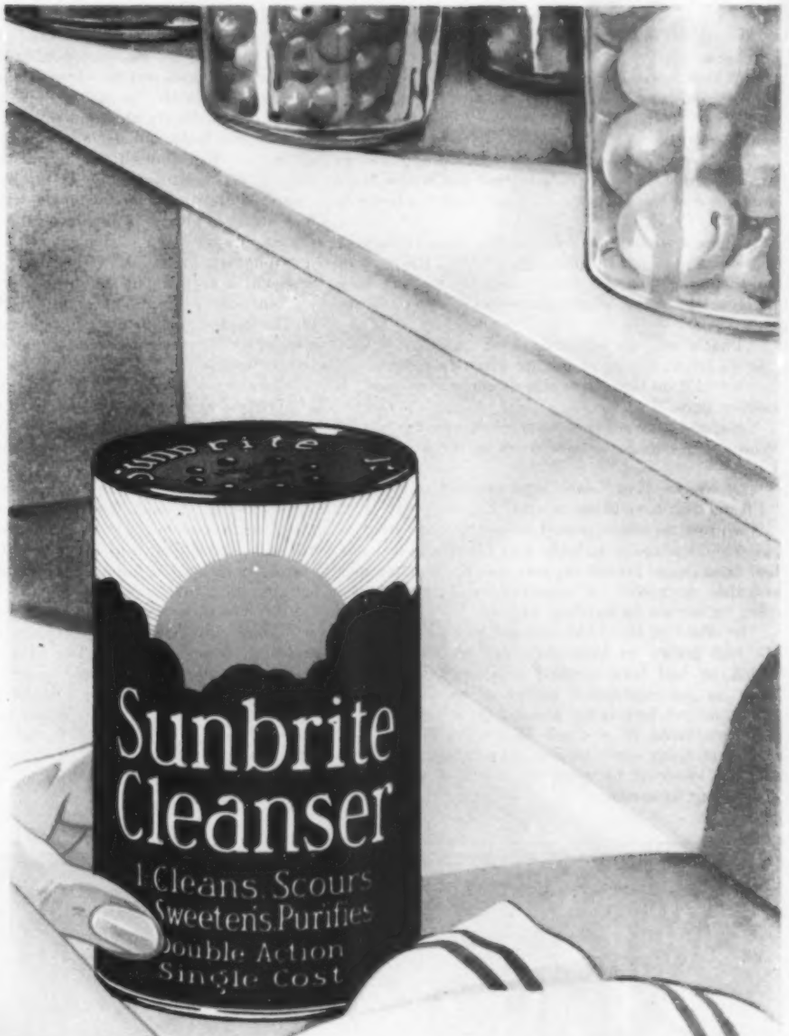
"All right," she agreed without enthusiasm. A few minutes later she was talking to him again: "She's

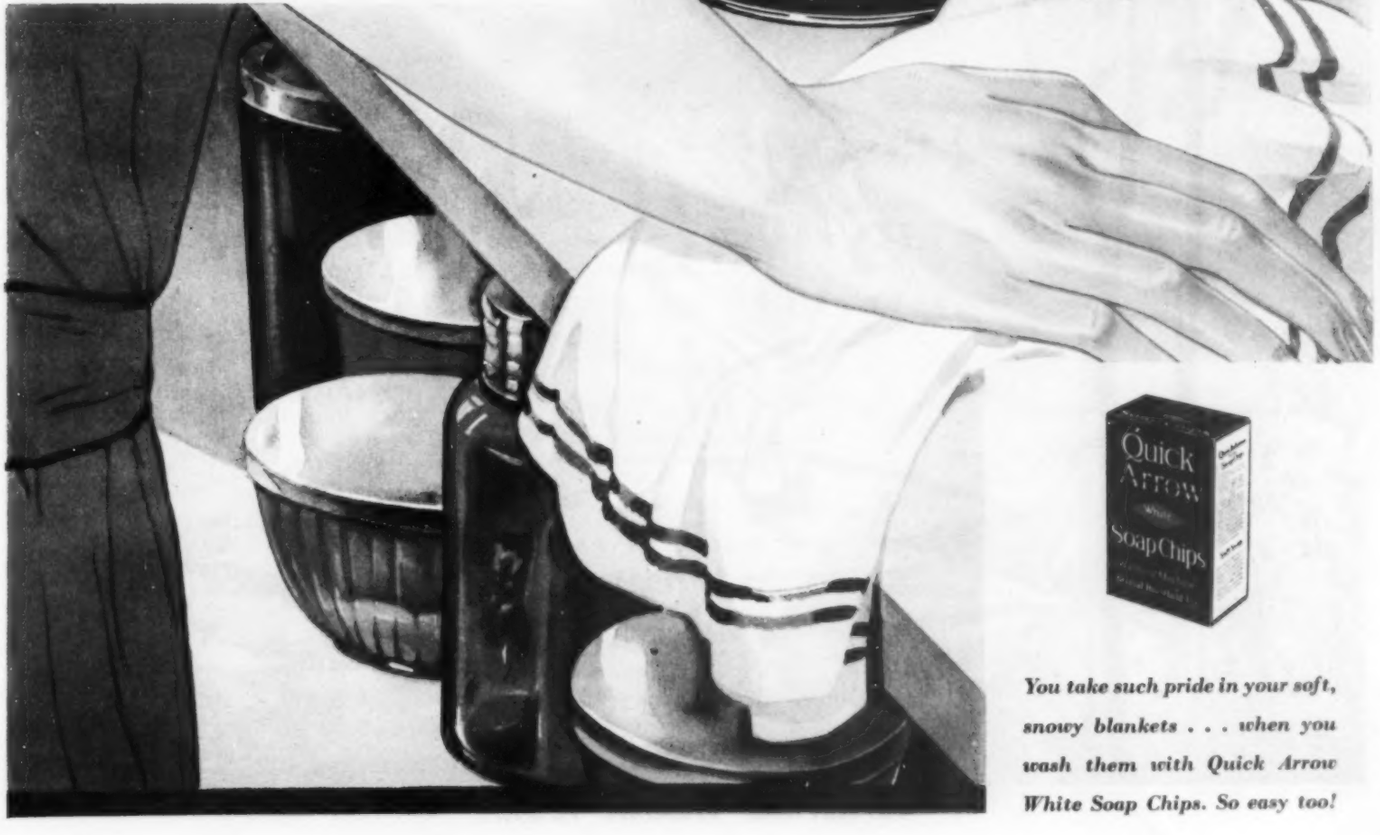
(Continued on Page 30)

The spic-span City of Sunbrite

"I ALWAYS have lots of Sunbrite on hand for housecleaning. Sunbrite's wonderful for dirt, of course. But it's especially good for musty, out-of-the-way corners that need airing out. Scrubbing a closet or pantry with Sunbrite is like letting in sunshine!"... "Double-action" Sunbrite does double duty for you at housecleaning time. As it cleans, it freshens and sweetens and *purifies* —with no extra work. You can see how this saves time and hands. And cuts cost. Order a supply of Sunbrite for housecleaning today.

Swift & Company





You take such pride in your soft, snowy blankets . . . when you wash them with Quick Arrow White Soap Chips. So easy too!

(Continued from Page 28)

evidently left town; her number has been temporarily disconnected."

"Where has she gone? She must have left a forwarding address."

"With the telephone company?" inquired Mrs. Darling dryly.

"No, no; of course not. I tell you, Edie; please go around there. Please try and find out where she's gone, and in the meantime I'll get ready to come to town."

"There's no fool like a young fool, Ken, though all the world may put it differently. What's the good of your coming to town now? Because it's the only place in the world where she certainly isn't, I suppose."

"That's so," he admitted with humility. "Will you go anyway, and phone me what they say?"

"Yes, I'll do that. But what's come over you? A sudden flight?"

"No, no! I've got to keep track of her, haven't I? Who got her to go to New York in the first place? I did."

"Of course, Ken," said Mrs. Darling soothingly. "I'll find out something or other."

Two restless hours passed before he was called to the telephone again, to learn that Lorry's apartment had been closed for the summer, her maid dismissed, and that she herself had gone her way without bothering to leave a forwarding address.

The effect of this news puzzled and amazed him. He had grown to look upon the winter calm in which he had been cradled into peaceful somnolence as an established refuge of no fragile construction, yet here it lay about him in splinters, a bowl shattered by a single blow. To feel the necessity of doing something at once, when there was nothing whatever he could do, was a new and disheartening sensation.

Perhaps she had gone to Yellow Mountain! Why hadn't he thought of that before? He rushed over there, but Log House was peculiarly deserted. The children had gone out on some errand of the spring, perhaps to watch the agonizingly slow metamorphosis of strawberry blossoms into fruit; and, wonder of wonders, Beale himself was nowhere around. For an instant Ken thought the large studio had grown vast in its emptiness, but as his lips parted for a shout, Madeleine turned from the window where she had been standing. Immediately her presence filled the room.

"What has happened?" she asked, with a promptness which unbalanced his senses, already dazed.

"Nothing," he said uncertainly, glancing around for the least sign that Lorry had been there—a glove, a quickly discarded hat, a dropped handkerchief or the omnipresent pocketbook.

"You're not yourself at all. What have you lost?"

"Lorry," he blurted, only to correct himself. "No, no; I don't mean that, of course. I mean she's left town without telling anybody where she was going."

Madeleine moved slowly to sit with her side to the piano, her bare elbow propped against its frame, her cheek resting lightly on her spaced fingers. Something in her pose, in the untroubled steadfastness of her gaze, enveloped him in its own calm. He sank gratefully into a chair, his arms relaxed, his legs comfortably extended.

"Try not to worry about people, Ken," she began in a tone matched to the serenity in her eyes; "I mean, about what they do. The advice is foolish, but I give it to you just the same. Lorry's been gone a long time. What matters isn't in the least where she is, but that she's still gone. When she comes back, that will be important too. Nothing in between matters—nothing. That's hard to find out about people, harder to learn, and hardest of all to believe, but it's true."

"I don't know why," said Ken, "but I feel better already."

"I hoped you would, and the why is another thing that doesn't matter."

"You know," he explained, frowning, "I'm not in the least in love with Lorry."

She remained unstirred. "Why should you be? Love isn't an obligation, an alms to the needy, or even food to the starving; it's a trap into which you do or don't fall."

"Not a trap," he asserted, lying very still in his chair. "I could be in love with you, deliberately. I mean I could move toward it with my eyes open, as certain of what would happen to me as if I were to plunge into the pool above the dam at the foot of Bouncing Brook."

"Cold water," she murmured unwaveringly, "cold as ice, winter and summer."

"But you aren't angry," he stated.

"No—because you didn't move. If your little finger had twitched I would have been angry."

"That's because it was my mind talking. I was answering you; trying to show you where you could be wrong. Since reason tells me I could be in love with you, and since it's true, it must be the same with lots of other people."

She smiled at him, a slow noninclusive smile of tolerance for the unborn. "Yes," she admitted, "lots of people go in for that sort of love. It's like going in for polo, or illustrative art, or for making a living at writing. Some of them do the thing quite well."

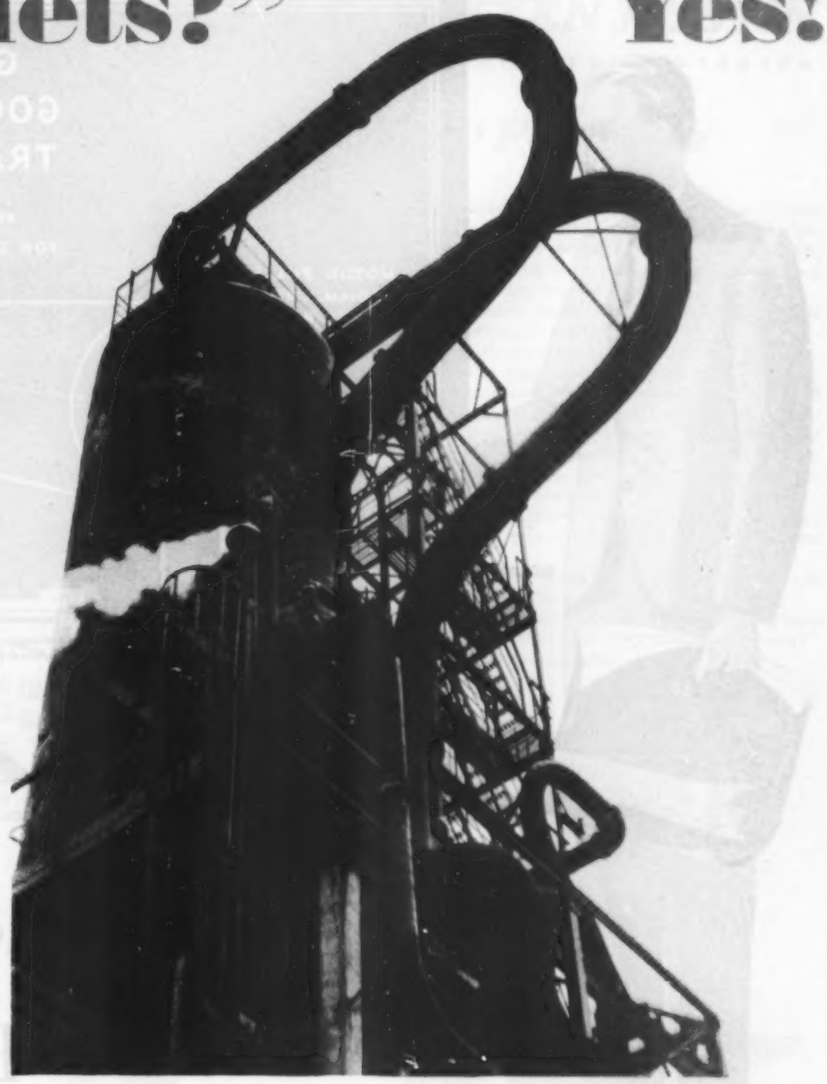
She turned to the piano and began to play. At first he thought the notes carried the burden of her mood, a triumphant assertion of skill never sold for money. Then he tried to find in them the interpretation of a great emotion—love, with its victories, defeat and vengeance. But presently he realized that she had merely fled to mountain tops where he could

(Continued on Page 75)

"Your Hair's Shorter," He Remarked. "You've Cut It"

"Oil magnets?" Yes!

The important thing for you to know about oil is not what crude it was made from, but that it was correctly made to fit your engine.



You wouldn't expect to hear that there was such a thing as an "oil magnet." Yet when you see these vacuum towers rising 80 feet into the air at the Mobiloil plant, you learn with surprise that they actually *are* "oil magnets."

With utmost precision, these giant vacuum towers draw out the choicest lubricating stock from the selected crudes used in the making of Mobiloil.

Mobiloil quality is the result of just such modern methods as this.

Oil made from selected crudes by these towers is vastly different from the oil you would get out of the bottom of an old-fashioned still.

In heat resistance alone, oil from the Mobiloil vacuum towers shows an improvement of 20° to 30° over an oil made the old-fashioned way. That's why Mobiloil lasts longer. That's why it shows less tendency to gum and to form hard carbon in your cylinders. That's why it has richer lubricating quality — which keeps down wear in your engine.

These vacuum towers enter into the making of every grade of Mobiloil.

There is no one crude in the world which contains all the properties, in correct proportion, to make a perfect lubricant for all types of engines. Mobiloil is made from the world's choicest crudes. *But a modern lubricant can be made to fit modern engines only by modern processes.*

Motor oil is made—not found.

Consult the Mobiloil Chart on this page. It will quickly tell you the type of Mobiloil made to fit your engine.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

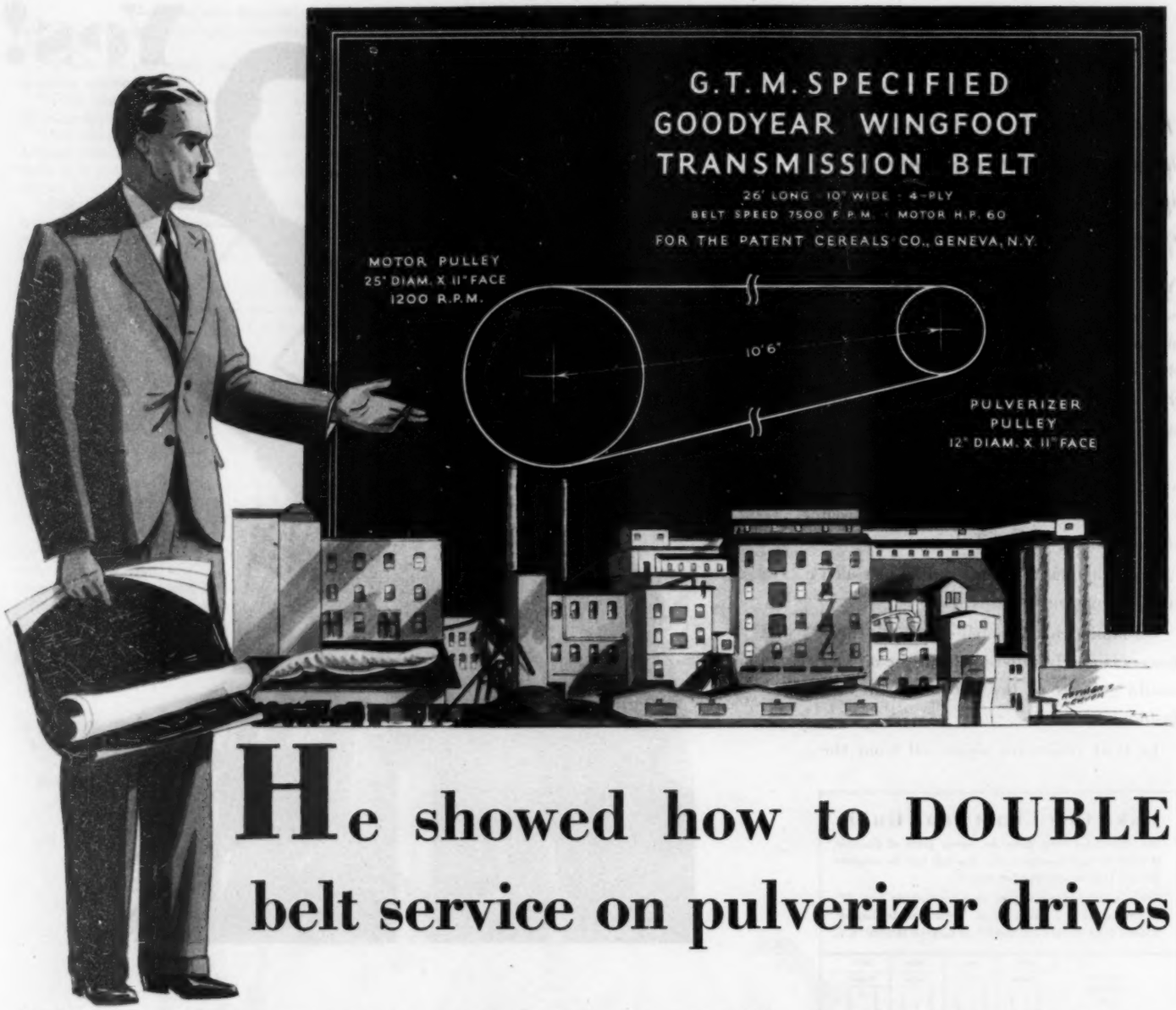
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Black Hawk	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
De Soto	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash-Twin Ig. 6, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'dor 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

Motor Oil is MADE . . . not FOUND!

Mobiloil

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil



He showed how to DOUBLE belt service on pulverizer drives

A BELT speed of 7500 feet per minute had to be maintained on the grain pulverizers at the plant of The Patent Cereals Company, Geneva, N. Y. At this strenuous pace ordinary belts lasted about 8 months. Then they gave up. Costs were high and trouble was frequent when, several years ago, the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—walked in on the job.

What he shot at was greatly improved service from belting. It was no easy task. But he did know belting and he knew manufacturing plants. He studied the pulverizer drives carefully. He weighed all factors. Then, and only then, he specified Goodyear Wingfoot Transmission Belting, 4 ply, 10 inches wide, in 26 foot lengths, made endless.

Did he make good? That accurately applied belting gives more than double service! Not 8 but 18 months of work is the result today! "We have standardized on Goodyear," is the eloquent comment of Mr. George S. Trant, Vice President and General Manager.

The G.T.M. will not rashly predict results from his work. But if he tells you he can do a certain thing, he is pretty likely to deliver. Have you a tough job? Are your costs high? If so, you should ask the G.T.M. to apply his skill with Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods — Hose, Belting, Molded Goods, and Packing — to your operation. He can save money for you as he has for others. For complete data, just write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

BELTS
•••
MOLDED GOODS
•••
HOSE
•••
PACKING

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

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THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

In the Workers' Paradise

1917.

A BLEAK November day. Ivan Ivanovitch Kozlov, normally machine minder in one of Moscow's many factories, carrying now the rifle with which he had become moderately expert in the street fighting, hurried homeward. Behind him he could still hear the thrilling mass voice of the mob filling the huge Red Square under the high wall of the Kremlin:

"Long live the Soviets! Long live the government of soldiers, workers and peasants! Death to the *bourjoui!* Long live Lenin! Long live the proletarian dictatorship!"

"My Mother Was a Princess. She Went and Lived as a Peasant for the Cause"

His throat was hoarse from shouting it. He could shout no more, had remembered suddenly that Maria Petrovna would be desperately anxious about him. He must take her the immense news, must tell his little Nadeshda, his yet younger little Nikolai, that now Russia belonged to them—to their class alone, reigning with limitless power as the Czars had ruled. He imagined their bewilderedly delighted, privation-thin faces. And Maria Petrovna would be happy too. For her, no more of the increasingly hopeless misery of these war years, no more shivering long hours in bread queues and finding an empty shop at the end. For him, no more wretchedly paid long hours of dreary toil in factories owned by plump *bourjoui* who always had enough to eat and warm clothes to wear, insolent in their possession of the earth. Now it was the turn of his class. Now each factory would belong to its own workers. Ha-ha! He laughed in the thought of it.

The revolution was won. Not the sham revolution of last March, which had merely swept away the Czars, but the real revolution of the soldiers, workers and peasants, intoxicatingly conquerors of a *bourjoui* world stuffed with riches. Comrade Lenin had overthrown the traitorously counter-revolutionary Kerensky Government in Petrograd, the government which wanted the workers to go on shedding their blood in the capitalists' war. Now there would be immediate peace, immediate plenty, immediate universal happiness. There was no doubt of it. The proletariat were masters. In every other country the proletariat would imitate their Russian comrades, would similarly break their chains. The whole world would make a revolution. *Tovarishch* Zorinsky, leader of the secret conspiracy in their factory since long before the war, had proved it over and over again. He was a clever one, was Zorinsky, had fought at the Moscow barricades in 1905, had even once met Comrade Lenin.

All the street cars had stopped running. He had to walk the whole way through thoroughfares where every shop was shuttered, where windows were shattered with bullets, and here and there dead men lay huddled. It was dusk when he reached his home; a tumble-down tenement building around a courtyard.

He ascended the staircase, entered the squalid apartment which was his. His aged mother, Fedora Mikhailovna, sat crouched by the stove, getting all she could of its meager warmth. She had been an invalid since she had collapsed in a bread queue two winters ago. Her mind was dulled. She was capable now only of renewing the taper in the icon corner. She looked up at him.

"Hurrah, *matushka!*" he cried to her, flourishing his rifle. "We have won! The proletariat are the dictators! Now you shall have all the good things in the world to eat! We are the masters!"

She crossed herself with a shaking hand. "God has answered my prayers for you, Ivan Ivanovitch. They said you were dead. Bad things have been happening ——"

He laughed. "Not bad things, little mother—good things!" He turned as Maria Petrovna hurried from the adjoining little kitchen, threw herself into his arms hysterically.

"Ivan! You are safe—you are safe!" Her peasant-woman face was irradiated with her anxious love for him, her husband.

He laughed again, joyously. "We have won, little sweetheart! We have won! The workers have won! Now we are the masters! Think of it! It has all happened just as Comrade Lenin said it would! It's our government now! Everything is ours—everything! The factories, the rich houses—everything! Everything! Now we shall have everything we want!"

She kissed him. "That's fine, but I can't think of that now; I can think only that you've come back, Ivan Ivanovitch!"

Behind her stood little Nadeshda, nearly eight years old, and Nikolai, just over six.

He put down his rifle, snatched Nadeshda up in his arms.

"*Grashdanka!* Citizeness!" he cried to her. "That is what you are now, little one! Citizeness! Do you understand?" The serious little face looked at him wonderingly. "You are a proletariat citizeness, and all Russia belongs to you!"

Little Nikolai tugged at him wistfully. "And doesn't it belong to me too?"

He laughed, set down Nadeshda to caress him.

"Yes, little comrade! It belongs to you too—to all the comrades—to all the proletariat! Now all of us are going to be happy always! No more *bourjoui!* No more being hungry and cold. Everything we want! Say 'Long live Lenin! Down with the *bourjoui!* All power to the proletariat!'—both of you—like good little revolutionaries!"

They echoed him in their infant voices, "Long live Lenin! Down with the *bourjoui!* All power to the proletariat!"

Maria Petrovna stood contemplating the three of them with shining eyes.

"Is it true, Ivan Ivanovitch? Shall we now have everything we want? No more waiting in queues?"

(Continued on Page 37)

And Comrade Lenin Was Ill. It Was Known, With Dismay or With Malicious Delight, All Over the Workers' Paradise That Lenin Had Created

. . . it had to come

LOWBOY—A distinguished example of early American cabinet design. Harmonizes beautifully with any surroundings. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. More selective and sensitive than any set hitherto offered to the public.

HIGHBOY—Two-door cabinet of early American design. Dignified, distinctive. Rich brown walnut with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Fitted with tone control. Remote control optional at an additional cost.

RADIO - PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—Rich brown walnut with satin finish. Door-type. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Has tone control and new, improved electrical phonograph reproduction. Remote control optional at additional cost. Equipped with home recording feature permitting the recording of music or voice at home.

A RADIO to cope with modern broadcasting conditions . . . . . a General Electric Radio

More powerful stations are bidding for your attention.

More beautiful, more interesting national programs worthy of clearer and better reception.

These new conditions had to be met. The old-time sets were inadequate. Broadcasting activities had outgrown the ordinary radio set.

So, out of the "House of Magic," has come this new type radio. More sensitive, more selective than ever before.

A set to meet the new demand of radio listeners, a demand created by modern broadcasting conditions.

For the first time—a super-heterodyne circuit using screen-grid tubes —A FULL RANGE RADIO.

That gives new standard of performance. Radio reception of a quality never before attained.

Full Range Sensitivity—Low powered or distant stations too faint for the ordinary set are brought in clearly and distinctly by the ultra-sensitivity of General Electric Radio.

Full Range Selectivity—Stations so near in wave-length that they scrambled in together on previous sets are readily and definitely separated by the selectivity of the General Electric Radio. The rich low notes, too low for less sensitive sets and the silvery top notes of the scale which were either missing or "misty" are received with the same clarity and fidelity as the rest of the music on the General Electric Radio.

So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.

Full Range Tone—General Electric Radio tone is a revelation in richness and accuracy. It is of even purity throughout the scale.

The Highboy and the Radio-Phonograph Combination are fitted with tone control. This allows the listener to balance the high and low notes to his individual taste. These models may be equipped with a new improved remote control feature, with an additional cost.

Famous furniture designers have provided the prevailing motif of the General Electric Radio Cabinets.

They are distinctive without being extreme.

The Meaning Behind The Monogram

The General Electric Monogram is a pledge of performance, an assurance of service. Just as hundreds of thousands of housewives gained a new, a greater satisfaction from their General Electric Refrigerators, their General Electric Cleaners, General Electric Sunlamps, and their General Electric Mazda Lamps—so will you find greater satisfaction and perfect performance from your General Electric Radio.

The General Electric Monogram guarantees—assures.

Your General Electric Radio Dealer has been chosen because of his ability to serve you. He is competent to install and service your General Electric Radio—he will gladly demonstrate to you the unquestionable superiority of this modern receiving set.

If you desire further information write Merchandise Department, Section R-6210, General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

"RCA Radiotrons bring out the full tone beauty"

says

E. F. McDONALD, Jr.

President

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION

"WE are proud of the new Zenith Radio. It is engineered and built on the basis of RCA Radiotron characteristics—and tested with RCA Radiotrons. RCA Radiotrons bring out the full beauty of Zenith tone . . . For the full thrill of Zenith performance we urge all Zenith owners to use RCA Radiotrons. Zenith dealers are instructed that the dependable performance of RCA Radiotrons makes them the logical choice for initial equipment and replacement purposes."

RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new.

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC.
HARRISON, N. J.

This is the 23rd in a series of endorsements of RCA Radiotrons by the leading radio set manufacturers.

RCA Radiotrons

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO

(Continued from Page 33)

"It is true, Maria Petrovna—quite true! Don't you understand it is we who are the masters now? Soon everything will be put straight; there will be plenty for everybody. We'll go and live in a fine *bourjoui* house! We just take what we want. Rob the robbers, as Comrade Lenin says!" He laughed. "Already some of the comrades are looting." He took some jewelry from his pocket. "I got these from a house where a bunch of cadets were shooting at us."

Maria Petrovna pushed away the handful of golden trinkets he held out to her. "But that isn't right, Ivan Ivanovitch! God forbids us to steal!"

"Bah!" he laughed. "Don't let me hear any more of those superstitions! We have deposed the *bourjoui* God. He doesn't exist any more."

Old Fedora Mikhailovna muttered from beside the stove, to herself rather than to them:

"Ivan Ivanovitch is back. Tomorrow I will light another taper in the icon corner."

1923.

DIM electric lights insufficiently illumined the squalid factory where the machinery hummed and clanked. Ivan Ivanovitch ached with fatigue, cursed in bad temper. They were on piecework, and the piecework rates had just been reduced. So "they" had decreed. Some of the comrades had protested yesterday. Today the leaders had not appeared. Everyone knew what had happened. The Gay-Pay-Oo had got them. Stroganov, the boss in the Party cell, had harangued the rest in the clubroom draped with red cloth and adorned with a picture of Lenin. He had explained that it was counter-revolutionary treachery to the proletariat to rebel against the state trusts created in the interests of the workers. Someone had cried out that the right to strike had been restored. Comrade Stroganov had replied that only strikes authorized by the trade-union were permitted. The trade-union did not authorize this indiscipline.

Of course not; it never did. The trade-union worked hand in glove with the Party. It was all very well for Stroganov to talk like that. Stroganov was in the Party. He, Ivan Ivanovitch, had several times tried to join the Party himself. But always his stupid head had failed to master the *politgramota*, the long Communist catechism which was the essential preliminary even before you could ask the necessary Party members to back you as a candidate. All but a very few of the workers had similarly failed. They were lucky, those fellows in the Party. They could do pretty well what they liked. Of course, "they" were down on them hard when they were caught out thieving; it was worse for them then than for nonparty comrades. But Communists didn't often get caught out.

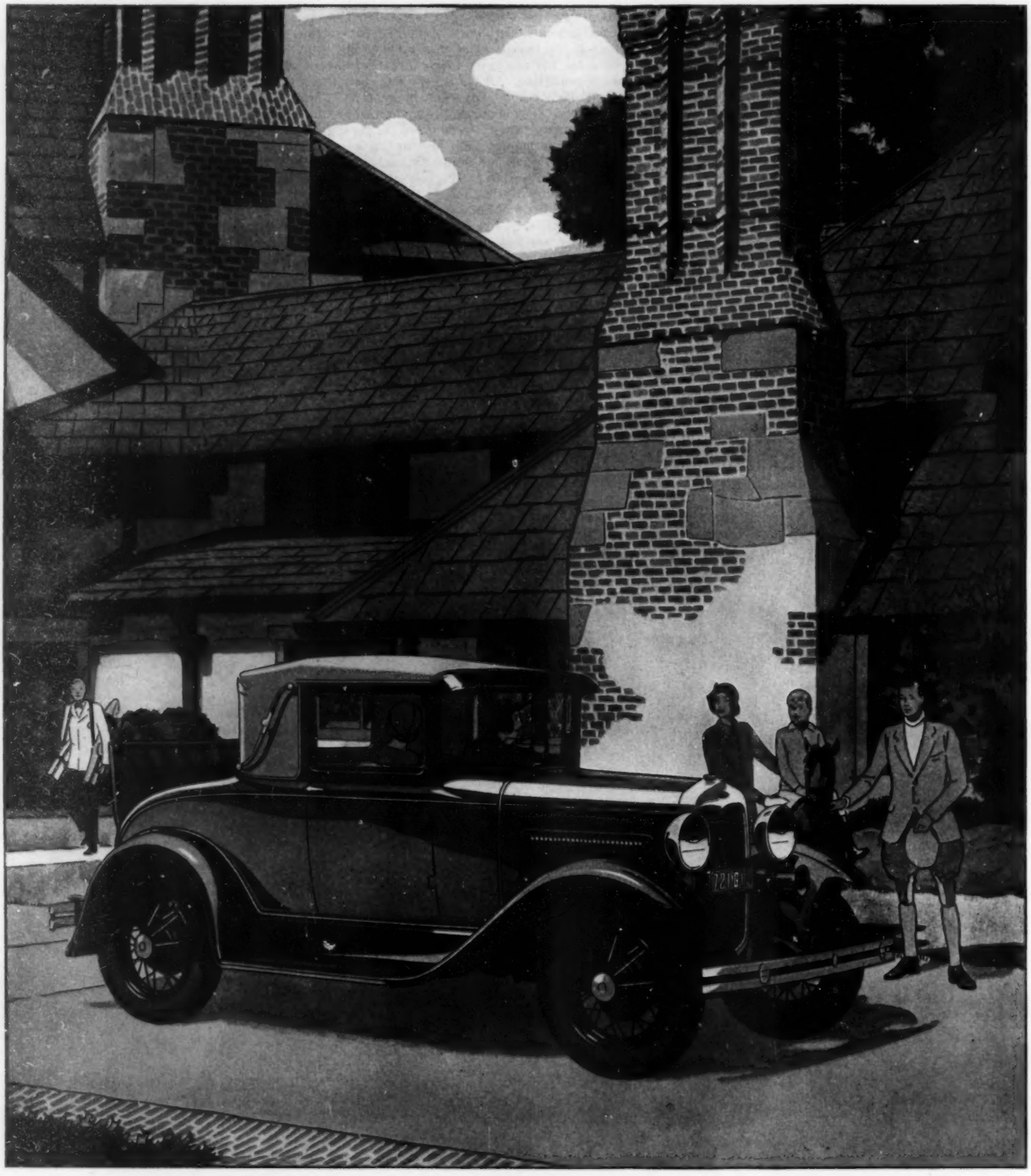
He consoled himself with the thought that one day little Nadeshda and little Nikolai would both be in the Party. They both went to school now and knew the *politgramota* by heart. Also they were both Pioneers. Yes, it would be better for them than for him, who had been too old to learn. And doubtless it was right what Comarde Stroganov said. They were the proletariat. They owned everything. If they struck nowadays they struck at themselves. Yes. That was right. Presently all would be well—when the revolution had triumphed all over the world. For the moment they must make sacrifices, put up with wages only 60 per cent of those they had earned before the war. It was true that no one did so much work now. The government was always complaining about lessened production. The comrades spent half their time idling about the factory, arguing, attending meetings. Also the old machinery was always breaking down. During that short period when the workers had believed the factories were their own, to do as they liked with, it had been much damaged.

The hooter went at last—sometimes "they" arranged that all the factory hooters should play a monstrous deafening tune together, first one and then another, on different notes, like the bells playing the Internationale in the Kremlin. But this was merely the welcome signal to cease work. He was thankful there was no meeting tonight. He would not have to go to the club and listen to orators eternally explaining that the proletariat were the masters, eternally explaining Communist theories in long words he only half understood. He would be able to go straight home. He wondered if Maria Petrovna had had to wait long in the queues today, if she had managed to buy enough food.

Things were still bad. But they were nothing like so bad as they had been in the first terrible four years of the revolution, when property in everything had been abolished and all shops had been closed. It was a miracle that they had lived through the famine, caused by the obstinate peasants and the blockade of capitalist England, implacably hating the workers' revolution. Then Lenin had instituted the N. E. P., the New Economic Policy. Once more shops had opened. Once more one could buy something—if one had the money. And Nepmen became rich. Of course, Nepmen were not allowed civil rights, any more than the priests or *bourjouis*, and they were constantly being imprisoned and shot. That was only right. They were parasites on the Communist state. But they were very useful. Maria Petrovna had become quite hysterical when she saw the first shops open again. If only the Textile Trust would pay wages with some punctuality they could be almost happy. Wages were chronically months in arrear. Maria Petrovna was always taking out some little article and selling it. He hurried out of the factory gates quickly, lest he should be called back for some suddenly decreed meeting or other. None of the comrades loitered. All were similarly nervous. It was all very well to be one of the proletariat, owners of everything. These perpetual meetings to discuss the management of the factory were a great nuisance. More especially as they never had any effect. The Communists

(Continued on Page 54)

Not the Sham Revolution of Last March, Which Had Merely Swept Away the Czars, But the Real Revolution of the Soldiers, Workers and Peasants, Intoxicatingly Conquerors of a Bourjoui World Stuffed With Riches



THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE (***with rumble seat***) The new Ford is distinguished by its beauty of line and color, mechanical reliability, and good performance. Among the features that make it a "value far above the price" are—silent, fully enclosed four-wheel brakes . . . four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers . . . Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield . . . five steel-spoke wheels . . . aluminum pistons . . . chrome silicon alloy valves . . . more than twenty ball and roller bearings . . . Rustless Steel for many bright exterior metal parts . . . quick acceleration . . . ease of control . . . 55 to 65 miles an hour . . . low first cost and low cost of up-keep . . . reliability and long life. All Ford cars are offered in a variety of colors. Rumble seat is standard equipment in the Sport Coupe and Cabriolet. Most closed types have adjustable front seats.

Meeting the Needs of Millions of People

BECAUSE the automobile is such an important factor in the lives and prosperity of so many people, the purpose of the Ford Motor Company is something more than the mere manufacture of a motor car.

There is no service in simply setting up a machine or a plant and letting it turn out goods. The service extends into every detail of the business—design, production, the wages paid and the selling price. All are a part of the plan.

The Ford Motor Company looks upon itself as charged with making an automobile that will meet the needs of millions of people—and providing it at a low price. That is its mission. That is its duty and its obligation to the public.

The search for better ways of doing things is never-ending. There is ceaseless, untiring effort to find new methods and new machines that will save steps and time in manufacturing. The Ford plants are, in reality, a great mechanical university, dedicated to the advancement of industry. Many manufacturers come to see and share the progress made.

The greatest progress comes by never standing still. Today's methods, however successful, can never be taken as wholly right. They represent simply the best efforts of the moment. Tomorrow must bring an improvement in the methods of the day before. Hard work usually finds the way.

Once it was thought impossible to cast gray iron by the endless chain method. All precedent was against it and every previous experiment had failed. Many men had shut their minds to the possibility of change. But fair prices to the public demanded that wasteful methods be eliminated in this operation. Finally the way was found, and old methods gave place to new.

A better way of making axle shafts saved thirty-six million dollars in four years. A new method of cutting crankcases reduced the cost by $500,000 a year. The perfection of a new machine saved a similar amount on such a little thing as one bolt. Then electric welding was developed to make many bolts unnecessary, and to increase structural strength.

Just a little while ago, an endless chain conveyor almost four miles long was installed at the Rouge plant. This conveyor has a daily capacity of 300,000 parts weighing more than 2,000,000 pounds. By substituting the tireless, unvarying machine for tasks formerly done by hand, it has made the day's work easier for thousands of workers, and saved time and money in the manufacture of the car. All of these things are done in the interest and the service of the public—so that the benefits of reliable, economical transportation may be placed within the means of every one.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

AN EXAMINATION FOR PARENTS

(Continued from Page 25)

Western college, having had turned over to me a sixteen-year-old lad who had brilliantly completed his course in a high school of the Far West. The family was fairly well-to-do; his room had been engaged and he had arrived at the university, but his landlady reported that though his trunk had been received, he refused to open it. He was homesick and already planning to take the long trip back to the Coast. I was detailed to try to persuade him to remain, and took him in the evening to a students' restaurant which, to most prospective freshmen, would have been highly diverting with the crowd and hubbub of the opening of college. It did not cheer him; tears rolled down his cheeks, and he left town the next morning. This boy was not to be a college failure. He is now a highly successful lawyer. He had lived in an atmosphere of friendliness and sympathetic encouragement all his life, but he was then too young and the transition too abrupt. He returned the following year, laughed at his own childishness, and his record at college was as brilliant as had been his record in school.

Does the Boy Know His Place?

Cases in which a boy or girl suffers from such homesickness in the first days in a strange environment do not indicate parental failure. Quite the contrary. It will later be evident that we shall make much of loyalty. In such instances this rudimentary virtue, without which no one can really succeed in the group life of school or university, has been strongly developed. The first wrenches in the process of adaptation to a new environment will be particularly painful to those already adapted to an old one, but the sense of loyalty is fortunately transferable, and if the school does not sin against the already deep-rooted sense of what is fair and just, such new arrivals soon become its moral backbone. Let us merely admit then, preliminarily, that the homesick boy or girl, strange as it may seem, does not usually fall in the overcoddled class, and that the primary responsibility of the family has been to bring its son up in such fashion that with the normal amount of attention that can be given to the newcomer, a properly conducted school may expect him to become a responsible member of his new community.

Before we take up specific questions, and while we are still limiting the scope of the parental test, let us explain one further fact which should be clear, but unfortunately is not. Self-satisfied parents have the notion that school and college life is one long uninterrupted heyday. It is only necessary to get the boy in and, like the hero or heroine in novels, he will live happily ever after. This is too often a cruel misconception. There are many cases of unhappy, unadaptable boys in school and college. In schools they are classed as problem boys, and in colleges usually as psychopathic cases.

The unhappiness of this too large group is not caused in any sense by the curriculum and the heavy exactions of teachers and professors. As a matter of fact, for such a boy, work in and for his classes may be the one slight source of satisfaction. Even where they pass their courses these boys constitute the most distressing class of failures, and nearly all such cases of failure are rooted in mistakes made by parents in preschool years or in the years of early schooling.

There is one invariable test as to whether or not a parent has succeeded with what we have called the social education of a child. It is simply this: Does the boy know his place? The whole problem of the unadaptable boy is often just that. In some cases he has never been given any place in his family or his neighborhood. In other cases conditions in the family have been so uncertain and shifting and his social education so desultory that he does not know what his place is or where he belongs. A boy whose home training has been satisfactory will know his place in the family, his place in a group of boys or girls of his own age and his place among his elders, and just what in all three of these situations he may legitimately expect and what may legitimately be expected of him.

The Child of Impersonal Parents

Ultraconservative parents may derive a little more aid and comfort from my statement that their child should know his place than I really intended they should. For a boy to know this it is necessary that his parents also should know it, and in a family the relationship is, of course, one of mutuality. You cannot set a five-year-old boy on a chair in a corner and order him to be good the livelong day and punish him when he is not. This simply means that you have not yet given him a place in the general family life, for bringing him into which you are responsible. You cannot spend your winters at Palm Beach or in Europe, turn him over to nurses and expect him to be devoted to you. In the premises he will probably feel that he owes more in obedience and devotion to the nurse, if she is a good one, than to you. It is only right that he should. He is loyal when he does so. You have, as yet, given him no place in the family.

In order that the parent should have a fair idea of the boy's part in the group life about him, he should, of course, fairly early and consistently assure himself of just where his particular son stands in comparison to other boys, first on the physical and then on the intellectual side. This question has so many ramifications, is so fundamental in the training of the boy at home, in indicating to him his proper forms of work and of recreation, and later in helping him to choose the proper school and career for himself, that I am inclined to place it first and in the following form:

I. Have you a fair idea of how your son stands in comparison with other boys, physically and intellectually?

It is clear, of course, on the physical side that a child with a weak heart should not be forced, and indeed should not be allowed, to engage in the more

(Continued on Page 43)

Quite Clearly the Parent is Occasionally Responsible for the Failure of His Son or Daughter at College

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

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Replace with this Wheeling Garbage Can

This rugged member of the Wheeling Hand-Dipped family is a special this month with thousands of dealers. It is offered you at a low price as a demonstration of Wheeling Hand-Dipped quality. It is rust-proof, leak-proof and of such stoutness that you may expect of it years of use. One of its features is the patented cover which locks into position by raising the bail. Your dealer will deliver one of these to your home.

Merchants are still known by the goods they sell—window after window shows Wheeling metalware made of COP-R-LOY and Hand-Dipped in pure molten zinc.

Such displays mark stores where attention to high quality and more serviceable merchandise is invariably the policy—the stores which hold the confidence of wise buyers in every community.

They offer you opportunity to examine pails, tubs, ash and garbage cans, rubbish burners and other items of Wheeling metalware which stand pre-eminent in the industry.

You will find in each article the quality ordinarily associated with things of much higher cost—qualities that insure sanitary, rust and leak-proof service through years to come.

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CORRUGATING COMPANY
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METALWARE

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EXCLUSIVELY WHEELING RAW MATERIALS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERY PRODUCT

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VACATIONS are over. Brisk Fall days are here! We can't blame things on the weather any longer. The United States, as rich, bountiful and fundamentally sound as ever has been marking time. It's time we made things happen.

Think of 122,000,000 people in the United States with needs to be satisfied, desires to be fulfilled, dreams to be realized. *Let's go!* Let's celebrate Prosperity Week right now. Idle money will retard prosperity more than idle hands. Buy now. Prices are lower, values are greater today than they have been in years. You hire people, you start factories, you keep the wheels turning, you help yourself when you buy something and *you get what you want* with it all.

Get plenty of wholesome entertainment, too. It's a fundamental need—the difference between monotony and satisfaction in life. *There's* one dollar as big as a rainbow today and there are many others just as big. Motion Pictures were never better or bigger bargains than they are today. *Let's go!*

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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 40)

violent forms of exercise that are ordinarily excellent for normal children. He should, therefore, be examined occasionally by a family physician, and in particular should be so examined before being sent away to school or college. In case, however, a physician finds him normal, the school or college should be allowed to follow its ordinary course with him. Though not generally recognized, the principle is equally true on the intellectual side. A boy who has no particular intellectual gifts should not be goaded on into a college at all, or into a college-preparatory school. This is, of course, the most frequent way of deliberately courting failure. Any school or college teacher can cite hundreds of cases in which parents, forgetful of this principle, are forever nagging their son because he does not stand at the head of the class or take honors like Jim Smith, the neighbor's boy, when that expectation is totally unfair to him in view of his intellectual limitations, and they should be gratified and congratulate him upon having done his work conscientiously if he manages to stand anywhere near the average of his class.

The second question is of a different sort.

II. Can you get along with your child's other parent?

This question may strike parents unaccustomed to examination, even self-examination, as a trifle impertinent. It is not so intended. As a matter of fact, nearly all colleges that have studied this problem have discovered that as a class the children of nagging and divorced parents are far and away the least happy group, and in general the least successful in making the normal and necessary adaptations to group life.

Schoolmasters very frequently discuss this matter in private, and it would reduce problem and psychopathic cases if parents themselves did so more frequently. Two masters of schools which are fortunately able to restrict their enrollment, recently told me that they had had so much trouble with sons of divorce as a class that in order to improve morale in their schools they were planning to exclude such boys. This would, of course, not solve the problem, and would be an additional act of cruelty toward a class already socially handicapped. Anyone familiar with divorce and its effects upon some children can, however, understand why harassed and distraught school-teachers should occasionally consider such action.

Anyone who wishes to carry this question back to its fundamentals will also remember that a boy's first loyalties are to his family. Out of the character of the life in his own home he derives his first notions of social allegiance. Father and mother are his earliest and most enduring patterns of behavior. Where they cannot agree, where they are forever squabbling and contending between themselves, his notions of what one owes to others and of what one has a right to expect from them are likely to be vitiated at their source. It is for this reason that through no inherent fault of his own he is likely to be less coöperative and to become the lone-wolf type of unhappy boy.

The next two questions are rather closely allied and unfortunately not mutually exclusive.

III. Are you self-indulgent?

IV. Are you overindulgent to your children?

After a little soul searching some parents may find it necessary to answer both in the affirmative. It is necessary to ask Question III because schools, and this includes colleges, occasionally encounter persons who feel that their son or daughter exists only as a sort of consolation prize which life has given them. As they see it, their child's only place or purpose in the world economy is to make things easier for its parents. It is one of the cruelest paradoxes that precisely these parents, who deserve least thanks and sympathy, demand them most, and most insistently, of their children. I should ask the question, therefore, because there are parents, particularly mothers, who find that when they themselves have a slight cold or indigestion or only a faint onset of boredom it is sufficient cause to call the son or daughter back from school to provide company and solace. Children suffering under such a handicap cannot be expected to take their own purposes or college work as seriously as others who have been taught to understand that they have a place and function of their own in the world, which they must prepare themselves to occupy.

Question IV, on overindulgence, has to be asked because overcoddling of sons on the part of mothers sometimes results in making a mamma's boy and sissy of a young lad. This is likely to make him unadaptable and unhappy in any group, in school or later life. Even where the boy is blessed with sufficient good sense drawn from other than family sources to resist excessive maternal solicitude, the mother, with querulous pleas, requests and complaints, is quite certain to make heavy drafts upon the limited time of advisers, teachers and administrative officers. Where they are called upon to satisfy any large number of such parents, they must inevitably neglect the much larger number of young men who have been taught that degree of self-reliance which the school has a right to expect. To make the purport of this question clearer, it is perhaps necessary to ask as a subquestion:

(a) Have you self-sacrifice enough to remain away on occasions when not wanted, or do you have to be told?

Such occasions would include times like the opening of college, particularly a man's college, and periods of club or fraternity elections, during which the presence of oversolicitous mothers is likely to be an embarrassment to their sons. American fathers are more apt to understand this and are likely to be overindulgent only on the financial side. They frequently give their sons too much money and nothing else. As a subheading, more particularly for them, it is therefore proper to ask also:

(b) Are you willing to give time to your son, to write him an occasional letter, or to come to the school if called upon?

Head masters can tell of the unhappy plight of boys who are made self-conscious by the fact that they have never received a letter from their fathers while at school, and even college deans can cite cases where, when a son was in serious difficulties, a letter to a father brought not even an acknowledgment.

The overindulgent attitude, particularly of mothers, often begets a state of mind which makes another question necessary:

V. Can you trust any schoolmaster?

A parent who cannot do so—and there are such parents—should, of course, not intrust to any school or college the education of so precious a son. A boy cannot possibly be loyal to both his school and his family if the family is forever knocking the school, its officers and teachers, and dinning into him how incompetent and unfair all its processes are. Once parents have chosen a school or college for a son, they, as well as the boy, should remain loyal to that choice, or if that is impossible, they should have him withdrawn.

The next question falls under a slightly different head:

VI. Can you trust your son?

Parents who cannot are worse for the boy than no parents at all, and a detriment not only to the son but to the school or college. Many of them, and this is more frequent among fathers, ask for confidential reports on a son's conduct, and there are extreme instances where they have hired outsiders to spy upon him. If you have allowed your relations with your son to reach this stage, it is much safer to drop out of the picture altogether and leave him and his school to fight it out.

The next question is one which is highly important, since it involves a principle which strangely enough many parents do not understand:

VII. Can you get along with your son's friends?

The principle here involved is perhaps more frequently violated than any other. I realize that a boy's choice of friends is often unintelligible to his parents. They cannot understand what he can possibly find interesting about Jim Jones. They criticize Jim in his presence and explain in minute detail how much finer a fellow Reginald Safford is, especially if Reginald's family happens to be socially more prominent. Nothing makes a son more resentful or is more likely to vitiate his own relations to his family, for this is really a condemnation of the boy's own character, and where parents try to make him forsake the friend of his choice they are asking him to overthrow much that is valuable in his own moral nature.

Philosophers like the late Josiah Royce are, I believe, correct when they find in loyalty the central core of our morality. It is for this reason that the attempt to force a boy to forsake one of his chosen friends rarely succeeds and merely weakens his allegiance to the parents who are trying to prevail upon him to do so. If it does really succeed it is usually disastrous. A boy very frequently does not approve of everything that his friend does. He will often help him in a pinch where the friend has done something of which he thoroughly disapproves. I realize how troublesome a question this is to parents and how important proper associates are in school and college. A boy should, however, always be encouraged to remain loyal to the friends that he has. Loyalty, as we have indicated, is transferable, and on the whole the most precious moral possession of the young. They must, however, be allowed a certain freedom to exercise it in their own way and up to the limit of their own code.

If there were any one general injunction which I would feel fairly safe in issuing, it would be: Do not criticize your son's friends.

Though the next questions are not quite so important, I would ask them in the examination because the son's teachers or professors will discover the answers anyway, and it is better that

"Art Williams, who owns enough gilt edge bonds to paper his house, hain't been out o' Bloom Center in ten years.

•

"Claimed he couldn' be sure o' gittin' his rocky fords fresh any place else.

•

"Last month he left a han'ful in his other suit by accident. Found 'em only yestiday and on account o' this here cellophane wrap they wuz as fresh as ever.

•

"Art's a changed man now an' is plannin' a trip to Mandalay to see what a flyin' fish really looks like."

•

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Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

In

"LITTLE ACCIDENT"

This sterling young artist needs no introduction to lovers of moving-pictures, and you will thoroughly enjoy him in that delightful comedy-drama "Little Accident," which UNIVERSAL has produced in dialogue and sound. ANITA PAGE, celebrated and beautiful, will co-star.

"East is West," that remarkably successful drama of the Chinese practice of selling young girls into bondage, from the story by Samuel Shipman, is under way at UNIVERSAL CITY with this superb cast: "Ming Toy," LUPE VELEZ; "Billy Benson," LEWIS AYRES, who won fame in that master war epic "All Quiet on the Western Front", "Charlie Yong," JEAN HERSHOLT; "Lo Sang Kee," E. ALLYN WARREN. Direction by Monta Bell.

John Willard's creepy play, under its screen title of "The Cat Creeps," is in production at UNIVERSAL CITY under the direction of Rupert Julian. The cast is notable and includes HELEN TWELVETREES, LILYAN TASHMAN, JEAN HERSHOLT, RAYMOND HACKETT, MONTAGUE LOVE, NEIL HAMILTON and others.

◆ ◆

"All Quiet on the Western Front" To be perpetuated by Student Federation

In response to a request from E. R. Morrow, president of the National Student Federation of America, I have made this world-famed war epic film available in all University Centers on Armistice Day for the next four years. "This picture," said Mr. Morrow," is of prime importance to University students. It portrays a period in world history when the Universities were drained of their young men. Its moving realism makes it worthy of constant revival. It must not die."

"UNIVERSAL PICTURES" means the best in story, players, settings and direction. Steady effort to improve and please the public is its guiding principle. It is well worth your while to keep your eyes on UNIVERSAL PICTURES.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
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they and the parents should know them sooner than later:

VIII. Is your home really a home, or is it a hush house or a hospital?

Unfortunately, in our time there are parents who have no home. They live in summer or winter hotels or on Mediterranean cruises. The son is likely by some subtle form of contagion to inherit this migratory instinct and will probably become a "week-ender." The situation is almost as bad where they do possess what might be called a home from the contractor's or real-estate agent's standpoint only. If this is a place in which the young are forbidden to make a noise, where whistling is always a sin, and where the atmosphere is always what you might expect it to be if someone were sick in the next room, the son's allegiance to his home is likely to be weak and he will spend such free time as he may have in houses that are really more nearly homes, or in places where the regulations are less exacting and the privileges more extended.

The next question is closely allied:

IX. Do you share any hobbies with your son?

Head masters and college officials sometimes find that there is no bond of understanding whatever between father and son. This makes it difficult for the parent to keep in touch with the boy, and the son rarely goes to his father for advice. They may both be deeply interested in each other. Such distance never exists where son and father play together or share a hobby. Where father, mother and son have read the same books—books in the picking of which the son's preferences were consulted—they usually understand each other much better, and where father and son have a common workshop—make ship models together, for instance—or even have stamp or coin collections, or go off on fishing trips, a more profitable type of relationship has been created.

The next question is really so important and so frequently overlooked that in order to obtain a correct answer we must resort to what amounts almost to devious procedure:

X. *(a)* Have you any bad habits, such as smoking, drinking, gambling?

This question in any given case would be answered by the father. It would then have to be followed by:

(b) What are they?

This complementary question would have to be answered by the mother. In addition, the respondents should be instructed to frame their replies to include answers to the following as well:

(c) Do you try to hide them from your son?

(d) Do you believe he does not know them?

No matter what the boy's scholastic aptitude test may show, you are underrating his intelligence and preventing frank and sympathetic relations if you do not make a clean breast of it. If you are ashamed of these practices and do not wish to have him indulge in them, you should yourself make the same effort to correct them that you expect of him.

The remaining three questions are fairly simple:

XI. Do you frequently suspect your son of being abnormal?

This is altogether too frequent a parental fallacy. Parents should, of course, assure themselves, as has been indicated in Question I, of the relative physical and intellectual rating of the boy. Having done this, they should remember that the normal range of variation among boys is very wide, and if he is really fit to be in school or college at all the chances are overwhelming that in all human probability he is not abnormal but that in case his parents are forever suspecting that he is, he may become so.

XII. Do you believe your son is a genius?

In case you do, every head master and director of admissions that I know would advise you not to send him to school or college. The boy doesn't really need it, and if you do insist upon sending him on this assumption, the undiscriminating and heartless school or college will probably not agree with you.

XIII. Have you read many books on education, and if so, which ones, and to what school of educational theory do you belong?

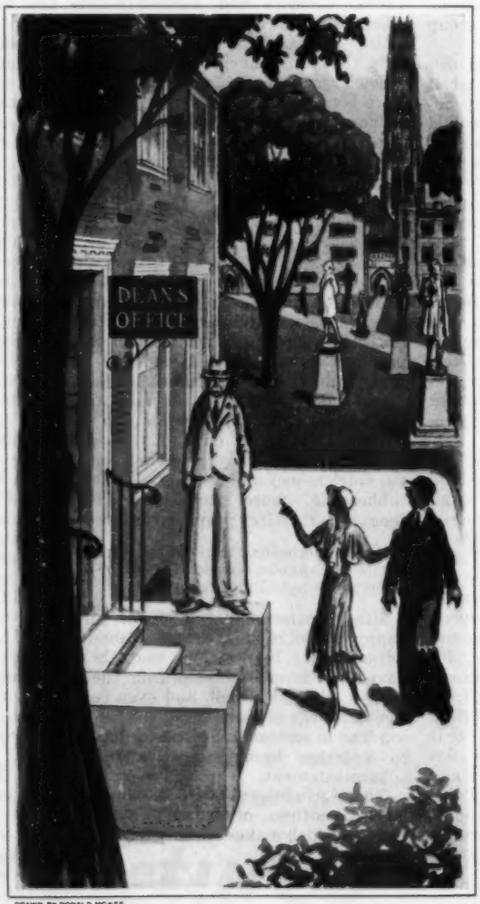
This last is really what boys in school call a catch question. It looks as though in case you answer yes it would be to your credit. As a matter of fact, as I see it, the chances of a boy's success in school or college would be more favorable if you had not read many books on education. This is one thing which you can safely leave to professional educators. Certain parents, and this is always more particularly true of maternal parents, become so interested in educational theories that the son's important place in the process tends to become obscured. They are bound and determined to prove some educational theory upon him and are more interested in this experiment than in having their boy roundly and soundly educated.

I have for purposes of simplification in nearly all cases used only the one word, son, to designate the child concerned. It is, however, one of the advantages of this type of test that it is reversible. Daughter can in every case be substituted for son and mother for father and it will still work equally well.

The examination as a whole would then read as follows:

I. Have you a fair idea of how your son stands in comparison with other boys, physically and mentally?
II. Can you get along with your child's other parent?
III. Are you self-indulgent?
IV. Are you overindulgent to your children?
  (a) Have you self-sacrifice enough to remain away on occasions when not wanted, or do you have to be told?
  (b) Are you willing to give time to your son, to write him an occasional letter, or to come to the school or college if called upon?
V. Can you trust any schoolmaster?
VI. Can you trust your son?
VII. Can you get along with your son's friends?
VIII. Is your home really a home, or is it a hush house or a hospital?
IX. Do you share any hobbies with your son?
X. *(a)* Have you any bad habits, such as smoking, drinking, gambling?
  (b) What are they? (To be answered by the other parent.)
  (c) Do you try to hide them from your son?
  (d) Do you believe he does not know them?
XI. Do you frequently suspect your son of being abnormal?
XII. Do you believe your son is a genius?
XIII. Have you read many books on education, and if so, which ones, and to what school of educational theory do you belong?

As examinations for parents are still in the experimental stage, the reader will readily recognize that this one is far from perfect. Above all, it is much too short. The parent who attempts to take it conscientiously will find many questions which in his own case can quite properly be added. It is designed merely to encourage him to indulge in a little more self-criticism than is prevalent. If with the help of this poor start he will cultivate such a habit, I am sure that, like all better examinations, it will teach him something not only to his own advantage but also to the advantage of his son.



DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Young Visitor: "And What's This a Statue Of?" "That's no Statue—it's a Stude Who's Just Been Expelled"

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A WORD

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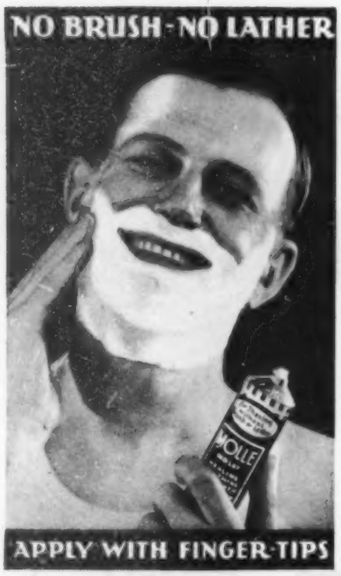

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AFTERMATH

(Continued from Page 19)

"Yes, sir. I was surprised, and I guess that was why I was startled too."

"Now, about that light. Could anyone tell how long it had been lit when you discovered it?"

"I couldn't have been in the basement more than ten minutes."

"I don't mean that, my dear. Tell us, instead, how the light works."

"When the receiver is lifted it flashes. Then it stays on flash until the operator at the board plugs in to answer."

"It does not go out when the receiver is placed back on the hook by the party who called; in this case, Mr. Randall?"

"No, sir. We have an automatic attachment ——"

"Was the receiver on the hook when you entered Mr. Randall's apartment?"

"I didn't look, sir. But it must have been, because it was when I plugged in and rang him."

"Very well, Miss Flond, and thank you. I hope I haven't placed too great a strain upon you. That will be all." To the Court: "I surrender the witness, Your Honor."

Eleanor Flond glanced uncertainly at the counsel for the defense. The man smiled kindly upon her and shook his head negatively. "No questions," he snapped.

Kelden, there in the jury box, let his eyes follow the girl as she left the stand and took her seat outside the rail. She was such a slip of a thing—so dainty, so frank, so obviously curious and young and sweet—that she brought to the trial a new interest for him. She seemed a defenseless little thing there on the witness stand, and he felt a higher regard for the prosecutor for the manner in which he had spared her feelings. As he watched, she dabbed her lovely big eyes with a tiny handkerchief.

Those seated in the courtroom stared at her in morbid interest, but she did not shift her glance. The thing had been an ordeal for her and she had stood it with courage and commendable composure.

Throughout the trial she remained in her place, at the request of the prosecutor and the defense counsel. They felt that something might arise to make her presence desirable. Kelden felt that, had this not been the case, the girl never would have remained in that sordid atmosphere. His interest in her expanded to admiration and, quite without his knowledge, the seed of romance took root and grew on toward its inevitable bloom of love.

II

THIS process of cultivation was in no wise lessened by the attitude of the girl as Harry Wirt took the stand in his own defense. Kelden could see sympathy in her eyes as the sorry tale of the defendant was unfolded, then ripped to pieces under the lashing tongue of the prosecutor.

"You realize, Mr. Wirt, that you are being tried for your life?" the official demanded.

"I know it. I'm telling the truth"—desultorily. "I don't expect you to believe me, but it's true just the same."

"What I believe is quite irrelevant," the prosecutor snapped. "It's what the jury believes that counts. These twelve jurors, intelligent, true, and sympathetic to the slightest thing in your favor, will weigh the evidence and return their verdict upon its merits. You ask them to believe this quite fantastic tale you relate?"

"It's the truth"—sullenly.

"Let's run over it again," the prosecutor suggested. "Perhaps I can refresh your memory a bit as we go."

"All right."

"You said that you loved this Spong woman?"

"I loved her."

"Had you any suspicions that she was other than you believed her to be?"

"Not at first."

"But you grew suspicious as time went on?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"Just little things. Once she told me she was going a certain place for dinner. I found out she never went there, but she lied to me when I asked her next day."

"Oh, she lied to you?"

"She lied to me"—listlessly.

"Then, if she lied to you, she might lie to the jury too?"

No answer. A silence that was sullen and angry and hopeless. The defense counsel objected to the question and was sustained. The prosecutor grinned and glanced suggestively at the jury.

"Was that all the ground you had for suspicion?"

"No. A friend told me that he had seen her out with another man."

"What other man?"

"Randall."

"Then you hated Randall, eh?"

Another objection sustained and another sly glance at the jury.

"Very well, we'll put that another way. You were jealous of Randall?"

Objection, with an ensuing legal wrangle as to relevancy.

"I'm establishing the motive for this crime, Your Honor," the prosecutor argued harshly. "The learned counsel for the defense is quibbling. It is a perfectly relevant question and objectionable to the defense only because it discloses guilt."

The court reprimanded the prosecutor, but overruled the objection. Defense took an exception.

"Now, Wirt," the prosecutor snarled, "answer my question: You were jealous of Randall, weren't you?"

"I suppose I was."

"I demand that you answer directly. Were you jealous of Randall, or were you not?"

"I was. I hate a philanderer."

"Was Randall a philanderer?"

"He certainly was, and you can prove that."

"Then it naturally follows that you hated Randall! That's right, isn't it?"

Sullen and angry silence during a battle between the lawyers in which the prosecutor was accused of putting words into the mouth of the witness. The court reprimanded both attorneys and pleaded for order and a proper pursual of testimony and legal procedure. The prosecutor smiled again at the jury.

"Very well, Wirt," he went on at long last. "You admit that you were suspicious of the Spong woman. You also admit that you loved her. You also admit that you were jealous of Randall. Thus far we are correct, eh?"

"Yes."

"Now, because of your suspicions, you checked up on the woman?"

"I did."

"You bribed an elevator boy in her home?"

"I gave him two dollars."

"You bribed him to violate her confidence, didn't you? Paid him money for a woman's secret? That's what it amounts to, doesn't it? I wish, Wirt, you'd answer my questions directly and not try to throw before these intelligent jurors ridiculous implications."

"I'm answering your questions."

"Then you bribed this ignorant servant to divulge the secret of a woman. Yes, or no?"

"I gave him two dollars to tell me where Miss Spong had gone."

The prosecutor shrugged and glanced at the jury. "Exactly," he grunted. Then he paused to sip a glass of water and let the facts he had brought out impress themselves through the emphasis of silence.

"Now let's go on a bit further," he said sharply, when ready to proceed. "Knowing that this Spong woman went to Randall's apartment, you followed her there?"

"Yes, I followed her."

"Suspicious of her and hating him, as you've already admitted here under oath, you followed her to his place. Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to be certain ——"

"Certain of what?"

"I didn't want to accuse her until I was sure."

"Sure of what?"

"Sure she was playing double with me."

"I see. Now let's go a bit further with that and see what the facts are. When you got to the Randall apartment house, what did you do?"

"I walked into the hall and up the stairs to his apartment."

"Walked in, or sneaked in, Wirt?"

"Walked."

"Did you see anybody in the hall?"

"No."

"Did you walk so that you wouldn't be seen?"

"Well ——"

"Yes or no, Wirt. Don't throw dust in the eyes of the jury."

"I hoped nobody would see me."

"Why? What were you ashamed of?"

"Nothing, but I loved her."

"Isn't it the truth that your passage through that hall was so timed as to escape attention? Yes or no, Wirt."

"Yes."

"Now think well, Wirt. Remember you are on trial for your life. We want no undue pressure brought upon you; no duress under cross-examination. I recall to your mind the following things you already have said to be true:

"First, you loved this Spong woman. Second, you were suspicious of her. Third, you were jealous of Randall. Fourth, you hate a philanderer and knew Randall to be a philanderer, so you hated him. Fifth, you bribed an ignorant servant for the secret of a woman. Sixth, you followed that woman to Randall's apartment. Seventh, you sneaked into the building and up to his rooms. All these things we know, now, from your own lips."

The prosecutor had counted the points off on the fingers of his hand and his intonations were resonant with significant suggestion to the jury.

"Knowing those seven things from your own lips," he bellowed, "I ask you this: Why did you insist upon seeing Randall and the woman together; at the same time?"

"I wanted to let them know I was wise to them. I wanted to tell her just what I thought of her, and of him too. Then break off everything."

"You wanted to shame them with their own deceit?"

(Continued on Page 48)

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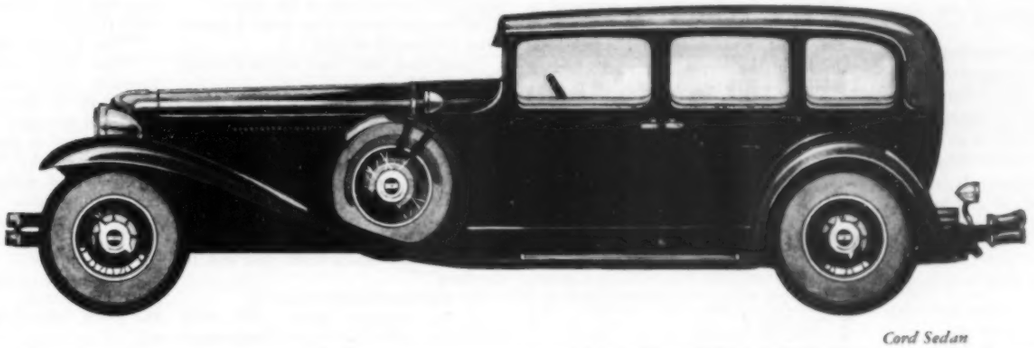

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(Continued from Page 46)

"Yes. I wanted ——"

"You went there to shame them, Wirt, and sneaked in? You ask this jury to believe that?"

"I was going to ——"

"Wait! Let's not leave that point yet a while, Wirt. You tell this intelligent jury that you went publicly to shame these two people, yet sneaked in on them and in every way possible avoided publicity?" He laughed sneeringly. "I'm afraid you'll have to make yourself a little clearer on that!"

"You make it look worse than it is."

"Perhaps so, Wirt, though heaven only knows how I could. But I want no advantage of you. I seek merely the truth. If this line of questioning is hard for you, let's try another that may be easier. What happened after you had sneaked to Randall's door?"

"I knocked. I heard voices inside, and I knocked."

"Did someone answer?"

"No. I heard people moving about inside, but they did not come to the door."

"What did you do then?"

"I knocked again."

"Then did some more people move around?"

"Yes. That is, the same people kept moving."

"How do you know they were the same people? The door was closed, wasn't it? Can you see through a door?"

"No. I figured they were the same people."

"It's better to tell the truth than figure when you are under oath, Wirt. All right, you knocked a second time and there was more movement, but no direct answer to your knock. Then what?"

"I realized that maybe he was sneaking the girl out the back way. I ran through the hall and caught Miss Spong just as she was trying to get down the back stairs."

"Yes? Then what did you do?"

"I caught her by the arm and she argued with me. Fought against me. I held her and accused her. I called her nasty names, I'm afraid. We had a scene."

"Where was Randall all this time?"

"He had ducked back into his apartment."

"What did you do then?"

"I went to the front door of the apartment to get in."

"Why? To embarrass him publicly again, in the solitude of his home?"

"I wanted to tell him what I knew; what I thought of him."

"Just that, eh? You weren't angry with him?"

"Certainly I was. I would have punched his ——"

"Then you went there to do bodily harm to Walter Randall, for whose murder you are now being tried?"

"I guess I did. I had been drinking a little. But I never would have killed him, and I never did."

"What happened when you got to the door?"

"It was open and I went in."

"A few seconds before, that very same door had resisted you, but now it was conveniently open?"

"It was open. It was more than a few seconds that we were there in the back hall."

"Very well, you went into the apartment. Where was Mr. Randall's peculiar pistol when you went in? Did he threaten you with it?"

"I never saw the pistol. I never saw Randall that night at all, alive. When I went in he was stretched across the bed, dead. I thought Miss Spong had done it ——"

"Now wait a minute, Wirt. Not too fast. The first time you stood outside that door you heard people moving about behind it? Is that right?"

"That's right."

"You heard them so clearly you sensed what they were doing; right?"

"Yes. I knew he was sneaking her out the back door."

"Were they shouting?"

"No."

"Talking real loud?"

"No."

"Stomping their feet?"

"No."

"Yet you heard them clearly?"

"Yes. Clearly enough."

"You know Randall was alive then?"

"Yes."

"At no time, then, between the minute you heard Randall moving about and the moment you found him dead, were you more than a few feet from that thin door?"

"No. Just around the hall."

"Yet you heard no shot?"

"I never heard the shot."

"You could hear soft footsteps through that door, but couldn't hear a pistol shot?"

"I never heard the shot."

"How do you account for such a thing?"

"I just never thought of it before."

"Now that you do think of it, doesn't it strike you as a bit queer?"

"The way you put it, it does."

"Then you would have us believe that Randall was murdered by a third party while you and Miss Spong were arguing in the back hall?"

"He must have been."

"But still you heard no shot?"

"We were excited and arguing."

"Answer my question. Though you were not fifty feet—no, twenty feet—away from the point where the shot was fired, you did not hear it?"

"I didn't hear it."

"But earlier, Wirt—a very few minutes earlier—you were able to hear so slight a sound as footsteps through the same door?"

"Yes, I heard the footsteps."

"But no pistol shot?"

"No. I didn't hear the pistol shot."

"You have heard Miss Spong's testimony that Randall was alive and let her out the back way?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"You heard her testify that she and Randall were there alone when you knocked; that there was no third party with them?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"One thing more, Wirt, and I'm through with you: After discovering the body of Randall, as you claim, what did you do?"

"I wanted to protect Miss Spong. I don't know why, but I wanted to. I loved her, I guess. She swore she never killed him, but she had lied to me before and I was sure she did then. We talked a long time, then I went out for some liquor."

"The State claims you went out to get rid of that gun. Come, now, tell us the truth. That's what you did, isn't it?"

"I never even saw the gun. I went out for liquor, and when I came back I sort of let down, I guess. I was in horror. I drank so much I don't remember what happened until the police had me."

"That's all, Your Honor. I surrender the witness and pronounce the case of the State to be closed."

During all this, Howard Kelden in the jury box and Eleanor Flond in the

(Continued on Page 50)

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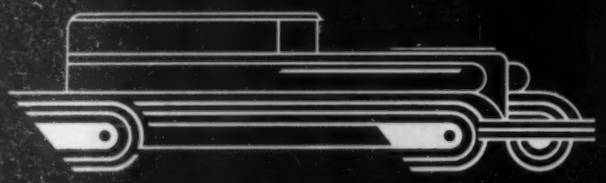

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(Continued from Page 48)

spectators' seats reacted quietly. The girl was obviously torn by emotion as she heard her former sweetheart proved a philanderer. She shuddered faintly as the damning evidence was piled up to blacken his character

Kelden saw this. His heart went out to her. She was so small, so gentle, so completely out of place in this sordid business of violent death and moral cowardice. He felt a proprietary sense toward her; longed to comfort and sustain her, to share with her some of the burden she so gallantly bore.

III

BY THESE emotions he was impelled, when the trial had ended in the conviction of Wirt and his sentence to death, to call Eleanor Flond on the telephone.

"Maybe you won't remember me," he said into the transmitter, "and maybe you'll think I'm presuming a good deal in calling you up. But I feel as though I know you so well. I'm Howard Kelden, Juror No. 8—that is, I was. You know, in the Wirt trial."

"I'd know which one you were if I saw you, I guess," Eleanor answered. "I don't think I'll ever forget anything about that horrible trial."

"You were very brave," Kelden told her.

"I told only what I knew," the girl said slowly.

"Of course, but that is often hard to do, especially with those lawyers picking away at you; and your heart heavy as well."

"I'm foolish to care, I suppose, after what came out at the trial."

"Not foolish, Miss Flond," Kelden defended. "I think that's one of the big reasons I called up to talk with you. A girl like yourself might get a very wrong impression from such an unhappy experience."

"I can hardly believe yet that Walter was that way."

"You are the trusting sort," Kelden declared stoutly, "and it's an outrage that you should have been deceived. I hope you won't let it ruin your faith in life and people."

"I'm trying not to, but ——"

"Will you prove it by letting me call this evening, Miss Flond? All during the trial I promised myself I would request the privilege."

"I haven't much of a place to receive callers," she hesitated. "I just rent a little room, you know. My salary isn't the kind that supports apartments and limousines."

"Couldn't I take you to dinner?"

"Why—well, that would be very nice, of course, Mr. Kelden. But ——"

"I'll be there, Miss Flond. What time and where can we meet? Shall I come to the Embassy for you?"

"Oh, really, I'd like to make myself presentable first, Mr. Kelden. You see, I finish work at three in the afternoon. I work from seven to three on this shift; next week from three to eleven, then from eleven to seven for a week. I'll have plenty of time before dinner. Where would you like to go?"

"I thought perhaps you'd have a suggestion?"

"Oh, any place will do. Not too expensive. I think it's so silly to waste money on things when you can get just as good for so much less. Do you know where the Creston Restaurant is?"

"No, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I don't. I can find it all right."

"It's just a little place," Miss Flond pointed out, "but the food is really very good and we can talk there. There's so much to talk about"—she laughed nervously—"now that the trial is over and all those terrible things are common property."

"Is the restaurant listed in the phone book? I can get the address out of that."

They met.

"Of course I remember you." Miss Flond smiled. "To tell the honest truth, when I agreed to meet you here, I hoped that you would be the one I would find waiting. I saw you there in the jury box every day during the trial, and on the way down here I recalled the faces of all the jurors. I told myself that I hoped you would prove to be Mr. Kelden."

"That's mighty sweet of you, Miss Flond. You certainly flatter me. But that doesn't alter the fact that I like it."

They joined in laughter.

"I shudder when I think of poor Mr. Wirt. He's in the death house, isn't he?" Eleanor asked.

"That's where he is. Of course, it's no easy thing to send a man to his death, but one has to think of the rights of society."

"All you did was your duty," she consoled him. "I guess he is guilty all right."

"Not a doubt in the world. The way the prosecutor reconstructed the case made everything as clear as a bell. The wound that killed Randall was from an ancient derringer pistol, Randall's own gun. Experts proved that. They traced the ownership of the gun for years back. What difference does it make that it never was found? Wirt simply got rid of it while Randall lay dead. Some day it may turn up and prove everything. Such a pistol, with such an odd number, will always identify itself."

"Odd number?"

"Of course. Don't you remember X123X?"

"You are remembering too well, Mr. Kelden," she protested kindly. "You did your duty fearlessly and well. It would be better to dismiss the unpleasantness from your mind. I'm sure that the judge would have prevented any injustice to Mr. Wirt." She smiled up at him.

"It's like you to say that," he answered. "You're so thoughtful and gentle. I've got to admit that my responsibility as a juror gives me some uncomfortable nights. I guess I need your sympathy a little."

He squeezed her hand and she seemed not to mind.

"You're the prettiest thing I've ever seen," he burst forth emotionally. "I never thought I'd get the courage so soon to tell you that, but it's true."

"Thank you," she answered quietly. "Of course, I'm not at all. But I'll repeat what you just said. You flatter me; still I like it."

IV

ON THE night that Harry Wirt went to his death for the slaying of Walter Randall, Eleanor Flond and Howard Kelden dined together as usual. But there was an ineradicable shadow across the juror's demeanor. Music did not dispel his gloom. Refreshments failed to moisten his dry lips or ease the tension in his throat.

"It's foolish, dear," the girl said repeatedly, "to let this thing weigh so heavily upon you. After all, you did only your duty. Lots of guilty men go to the chair without confessing."

"What he says about the gun never having been found is nothing that means much, I suppose," Kelden ventured. "He threw it away, disposed of

(Continued on Page 52)

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. . . this thing called ULTRA-VIOLET

IN 1801 JOHANN WILHELM RITTER, a German physicist, made a most interesting discovery. While exploring the theories of Sir Isaac Newton and others—that light was a series of waves (similar to waves upon the water) in the ether, and that color was caused by a difference in the lengths of these waves—Ritter found waves even shorter than the visible violet. Invisible waves so short that it would take 70,000 of them to make an inch. And thus he laid the foundation for the mighty development which scientific research has since weaned from the rainbow-hued sun in the interests of better living . . . this thing called Ultra-Violet radiation.

Like visible light waves, and the infra-red and wireless waves, Ultra-Violet waves also have their function in the scheme of things. Apparently that function, in human beings, is to stir up the skin until it becomes a living laboratory, producing substances that go through the body, building up bone and flesh and keeping the system tuned-up.

Today modern science, measuring these Ultra-Violet waves with the Spectroscope, has divided them, according to length, into three classes: Near Ultra-Violet, Middle Ultra-Violet, and Far Ultra-Violet. Near Ultra-Violet rays—those waves closest to the visible—have some biological value. Far Ultra-Violet, on the contrary, is, in nature, carefully screened out by the atmosphere and never reaches us. (These powerful rays, studied by science through artificial Ultra-Violet sources, are dangerous unless prescribed by a physician and supplied under his supervision.)

According to present knowledge the Middle Ultra-Violet contributes most to better living. This is the Ultra-Violet which tans our skins—which is the dominating factor in producing Vitamin D. This "sunshine vitamin" promotes proper bone growth and blood content, resistance to disease and general well-being . . . And yet the power of ultra-violet penetration, as far as the human skin is concerned, is, at maximum, only about the thickness of this sheet of paper.

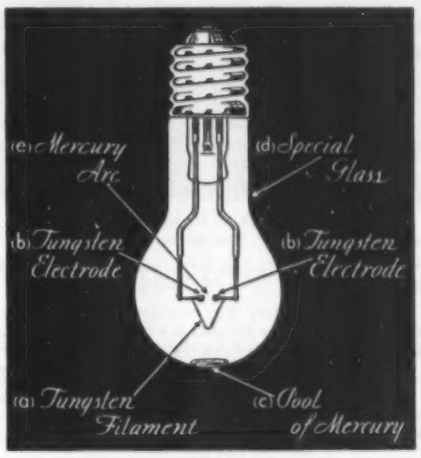
Now the scientists of General Electric Company, after years of research, have made these beneficial Middle Ultra-Violet rays available to the general public in the new G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) Lamp. At a distance of three feet, this source, in a proper reflector, provides the same Ultra-Violet effectiveness as midday midsummer sunlight.

The Type S-1 Lamp is the first generator of Ultra-Violet to be offered to all, which embodies (with an adequate supply of Ultra-Violet radiation) the safety, the simplicity and the economy of the modern MAZDA lamp. Although it resembles a regular MAZDA lamp, the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) Lamp will not fit or operate in an ordinary lamp socket. *It must be used in a special fixture* such as the General Electric Sunlamp or the equipment made by other manufacturers.

This new G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) Lamp is *safe*, because the bulb of special glass filters out the shorter wave lengths which are dangerous. It is *simple*, because it operates without fuss, noise or mechanism, at the touch of your fingers to the switch of the special unit. It is economical, because lamp and transformer (the transformer is part of the necessary special unit) consume only four hundred watts of electricity, and cost, on an average, only three cents per hour to operate.

In presenting, for home use, a safe, convenient way to get all the benefits of Ultra-Violet radiation found in midsummer sunlight, the scientists of General Electric Company have not attempted to provide a cure-all or a substitute, under any circumstances whatsoever, for the services of a physician in case of illness or disease. Used in the proper unit, the General Electric Sunlight (Type S-1) Lamp is for well people—that they may remain well—and retain the vigor, vitality, mental alertness and resistance to disease which Ultra-Violet provides.

In buying a sunlamp of any kind for the dark days of winter ahead, insist that the equipment you select contains the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) Lamp. It is the heart of modern man-made sunshine, and is sold in accordance with the requirements of the Council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association.



Just as a radio tube can ONLY function properly in a set designed for its use, the G. E. Sunlight (Type S-1) Lamp MUST be used in special equipment to obtain ultra-violet radiation.

The Type S-1 Lamp consists of a "V" shaped tungsten filament, two tungsten electrodes, and a pool of free mercury enclosed in a bulb of special glass.

When the current is turned on, the filament is heated immediately to incandescence.

A portion of the mercury vaporizes and an arc is formed between the electrodes. The light emitted is filtered by the special glass which transmits the most desirable ultra-violet rays to you.

The Incandescent Lamp Department
of General Electric Company
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

GENERAL ELECTRIC
SUNLIGHT (TYPE S-1) LAMP

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

534

THIS ONE OIL FILLS THREE NEEDS . . .

Cleans

Lubricates

Protects

Perhaps you think a good job of lubrication is all that you can ask of any oil.

Lubrication experts say *no*. To meet the full requirements of general household and office use, oil should do *three* different things.

It must *clean* bearings and moving parts—*work out* sticky "gum" formed by the combination of dirt and dust with the old oil. It must *lubricate*, covering every point of friction with a lasting *film*. Then it must *protect* against rust and tarnish.

Three-in-One Oil does all these important jobs at once. And because it is blended by a scientific process from three different oils—*animal*, *mineral* and *vegetable*—it does each job better than any single-element oil ever can. Yet it fills all these needs at less cost, for 3-in-One is so economical. A little goes a long way. And a few frequent drops add years of service to any device.

All good stores have 3-in-One in handy cans and bottles. Always look for this red trade-mark

FREE SAMPLE: Write for sample of 3-in-One Oil and "Dictionary of Uses." Address Dept. 34.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William Street, New York
Factories: Rahway, N. J. • Montreal, Que.

3-in-One Oil
CLEANS - LUBRICATES - PREVENTS RUST

(Continued from Page 50)

it surely and completely, and well he knows it. His only chance for reprieve is to make people doubt his guilt because the weapon is missing."

"Of course," the girl snapped, in an effort to reassure him. "I'm sure you're wasting your sympathy, sweetheart. Forget it all and be happy with me."

There was a lapse of considerable length, during which Kelden glanced repeatedly at the clock, which ticked off the implacable passing of time. This last gruesome event of a case that constituted the biggest thing in their lives lay close to his heart.

About them was a merry group of diners, all heedless of that shrunken man who filled Kelden's thoughts—that man who, even then, might be walking slowly down the corridors of death, his last hope gone, his withered, trembling lips writhing in protest against that which fate had dealt him.

Kelden and his sweetheart rose from the table. They walked slowly onto the street. The theater crowds had thinned but the glare of lights and the incessant roar of traffic enveloped them. The girl clung to the man's arm.

"It hasn't been such a pleasant night for you, dear," she sighed. "Why do people have to endure such things? Innocent people?"

He shrugged. A newsboy was vociferously offering for sale early editions of a tabloid. Kelden purchased one and ran an inquiring eye over its front page.

"What is it, dear?" Eleanor Flond asked softly. "Tell me—was Wirt executed?"

Kelden nodded mutely, then, almost viciously, "Certainly he was executed. It is the law. Why shouldn't he have been executed? He showed mighty little sympathy for Randall, didn't he? I'm going to forget it. So are you, honey. In a month we'll marry, and I want nothing to shadow our happiness."

She squeezed his arm happily enough, but with her other hand reached for the tabloid. He did not resist her. She spread the paper and the two paused under the lights of a motion-picture theater to read:

WIRT PAYS DEATH PENALTY

SLAYER OF RANDALL GOES TO CHAIR PROTESTING INNOCENCE

"FIND THE GUN," HIS CHALLENGE TO SOCIETY

Harry Wirt, convicted of the killing of Walter Randall in a love-nest murder, tonight paid for the deed with his life. The case will be recalled because of the fact that the weapon which was used failed to appear during or after the trial. It was an ancient derringer, which had belonged to the father of the victim for years, and carried the odd number X123X.

At the time of the trial, Wirt stoutly maintained his innocence.

"I did not kill this man," he said. "I admit that I was there in the apartment and that I drank too much. I admit that I was jealous of Miss Spong and Randall. But I never saw the gun.

"I went to the apartment and knocked. As I did so, Randall tried to smuggle the girl out the back door. I thought I loved her at the time and I wanted to be very sure of my identification of her. I ran back into the hall and around the bend to the rear door of the apartment. I found Miss Spong crouched there in a corner. I accused her and we stood there for some time arguing. Just how long, I do not know, but it was a fairly long time.

"Finally I made her come back with me to face Randall and have it out. When we entered the apartment, Randall was spread across the bed, dead. I was afraid Miss Spong had murdered him. We sat there in a stupor for a time. Finally, I went down the stairs to the street, found a taxicab and went to a speak-easy. I got liquor and took it back. We were trying to prepare a defense for Miss Spong. After we started drinking there, I don't remember much. But I never saw the gun and I never killed the man.

"Someone entered the place while we were arguing in the hall. They shot Randall with his own gun and took the weapon with them. Find that gun and you'll find who killed Randall. The man was no good anyway. He played fast and loose with Miss Spong and plenty other women. It was a jealous woman who killed him—some woman who knew of Miss Spong's presence there, and went to avenge her own scorned love. She killed him and got away. I am innocent."

Eleanor Flond read this and permitted Kelden to do the same thing. When they had finished, she quite calmly dropped the newspaper in a trash receiver.

"That," she remarked with profound finality, "is the end of the Wirt case, or the Randall case, so far as we are concerned, Howard. I'm going to make it my business to keep you so happy you'll have no time for sad recollections or silly doubts. You know"—she laughed brightly—"you're an awful boy, Howard. You're always knocking things over, or breaking them, or spilling something. You're just a big, lovable boy, and for the rest of your life I'm going to sort of mother you."

V

SO, OUT of the violent death of two men grew the love of a man and a girl. In spite of his disturbed conscience, Howard Kelden was a very happy man. The girl kept him so; cheered him from morose thoughts and lifted him out of himself. He loved her with consuming intensity. She was just exactly everything the man ever had desired in a woman. And Eleanor Flond was happy too.

Recollection of the trial and its gruesome results faded from their minds, or at least became less poignant. They never mentioned it in their conversations. They were too busily engaged, perhaps, in the purchase of furniture and the selection of a flat. Kelden was a salesman who was industrious and capable, and the future looked bright for them. But Eleanor Flond was by nature prudent and practical, and what he lacked in manual skill she made up in enthusiastic supervision. His clumsiness she offset by her own handicraft and unflagging energy

Every dollar she spent was carefully weighed. She compared prices and quality at vast cost to her tired feet and her aching head; she shopped for the smallest of items, and for the biggest. By so doing, she made it very clear to Kelden that he had chosen a wife wisely. Soon he depended upon her completely.

It was comforting and helpful to have her ever at hand with her ready instructions and her kindly tolerance of his awkwardness.

"Don't try to carry that, dear; you're sure to drop it, and it's filled with breakable things." Or, "Never mind doing that, honey. I shudder at the thought of you driving a nail."

In this way they purchased furniture, found a flat and planned their home. When all was in readiness, they quite calmly selected a day for the wedding and Eleanor gave notice to her employer.

"We won't make any fuss over things," she said. "We'll just be married, move into our lovely new flat, then make a trip home and surprise them all."

Kelden always acquiesced.

"Heaven knows I had little enough before I met you, darling"—Eleanor laughed—"but what there is in my room I'll just move over to the flat on our wedding day. There's a good trunk dad gave me, and Walter Randall gave me a little writing desk once. It would be silly to throw that away, because it'll just fit in that lovely sun room."

"Certainly" — Kelden laughed — "bring it. I'll run over and get it in a taxi."

"Indeed you won't!" Eleanor chuckled. "You're all thumbs, sweetheart. I think I'd better do the moving. The desk isn't made of steel, you know."

They laughed together, but Kelden promised himself that he would surprise the girl. Accordingly, the day before the wedding he went to Eleanor's room. With the help of a taxi driver he got the trunk and the desk. The latter was a light affair, and for convenience they removed its top.

"I'll put those screws back when we get it moved," Kelden said confidently.

The driver helped him place the things in the new flat and left. Kelden found a screw driver and chuckled as he pondered Eleanor's surprise. But he was soon in trouble with the desk. When he moved the top, something hard and metallic clattered inside it. Had he, after all, loosened some part that later would be needed?

He traced the sound. Something had slid inside the wood back of the desk. An inkwell, doubtless. Very carefully he removed the back.

That which came to his inquiring hand left him chilled and speechless. He staggered to the window of his new home and leaned against the sill. This was the sun room, and he found it aptly named. The brilliance of a summer day fell full upon the object he had retrieved from Eleanor's desk. It was a derringer pistol, and on its handle he saw very clearly the number X123X.

Into his reeling mind came the death message of Wirt:

"It was a jealous woman who killed him."

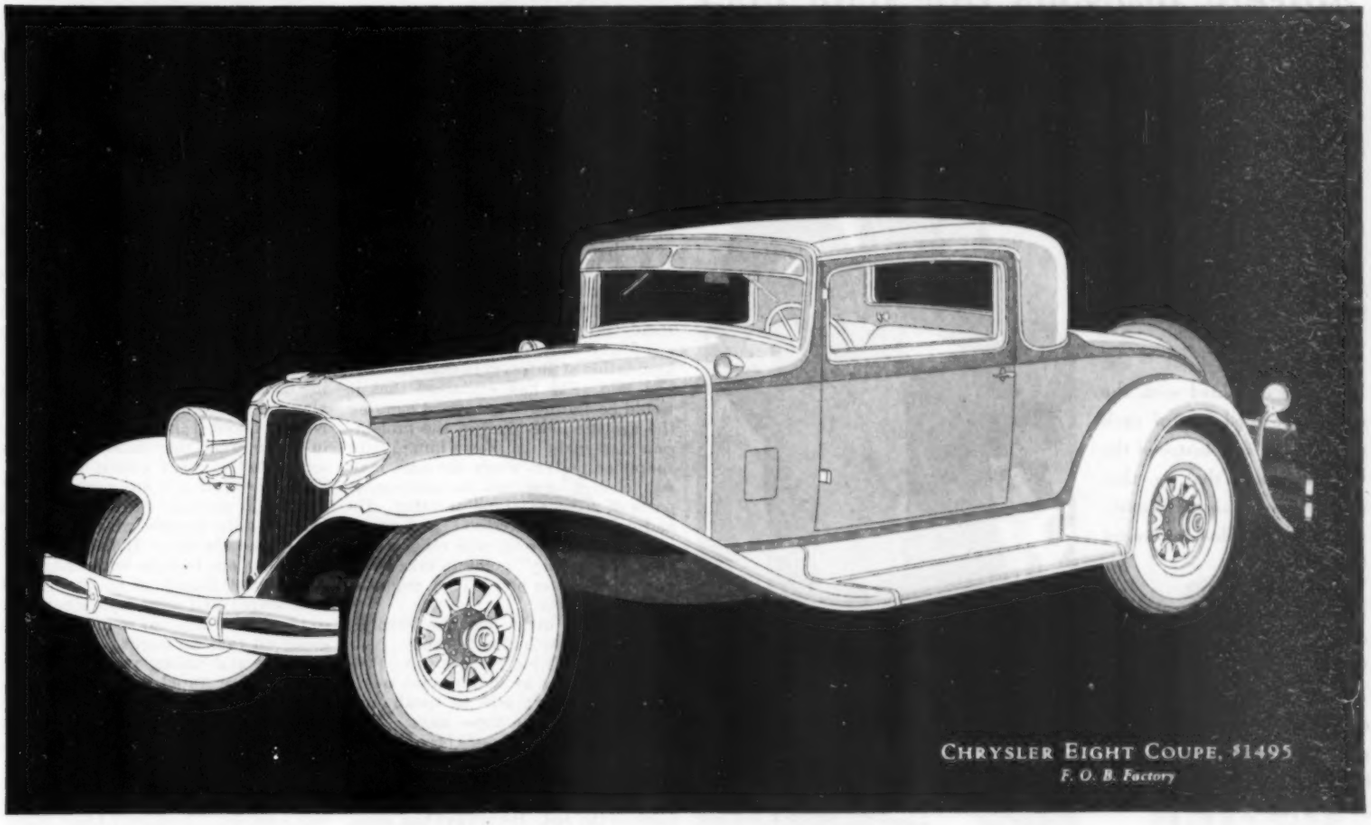
The metal of that ghastly weapon seared Kelden's flesh. How came it in Eleanor's little desk? The desk given her by the very man the pistol had killed?

"A jealous woman." Eleanor had been that on the fatal night. "A scorned woman." She had been that also.

Through Kelden's mind flashed in kaleidoscopic violence a million tiny awakenings, a horde of new understandings. Eleanor's own testimony had been so direct, so straightforward, that none had questioned. But ——

Suddenly Kelden slipped the weapon once again into its hiding place. Very carefully he sealed the desk back. Then he glanced lingeringly upon all the treasures that had been meant to grace his new home; lingeringly, he glanced; finally shuddered and passed silently and forever out of the place.

CHRYSLER STRAIGHT EIGHTS



CHRYSLER EIGHT COUPE, $1495
F. O. B. Factory

DARINGLY DIFFERENT IN DESIGN; TRIUMPHANT IN SMOOTH PERFORMANCE

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Standard Models—Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595. All prices f. o. b. factory.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*Five-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All prices f. o. b. factory. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, trunk rack and bumpers.*

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

EVEN CHRYSLER, with all its long record of great accomplishment, has never before been the center of such admiration as has greeted the new Chrysler Straight Eights.

The public, ever ready to reward outstanding achievement, has applauded their marvelous swiftness and smoothness of performance. It has pronounced them as refreshingly stylish as the newest mode from the Rue de la Paix.

These new Eights have an extremely low center of gravity, which not only enhances their beauty but also contributes greatly to riding steadiness and safety, making it possible to round sharp turns safely at high speeds. And there is, further, the assured security of weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes.

The Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission gives you a quick, quiet gear shift and dual high gears—one gear for city traffic or hill climbing; the other for the open road.

Never has Chrysler leadership in style and performance been more dominant than in these new Eights . . . Eights superbly engineered and built, yet at prices that are surprisingly moderate. Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to have you drive them.

This Seal marks each Selected Bostonian

Men who know the importance of looking their best.. quickly welcome this new idea

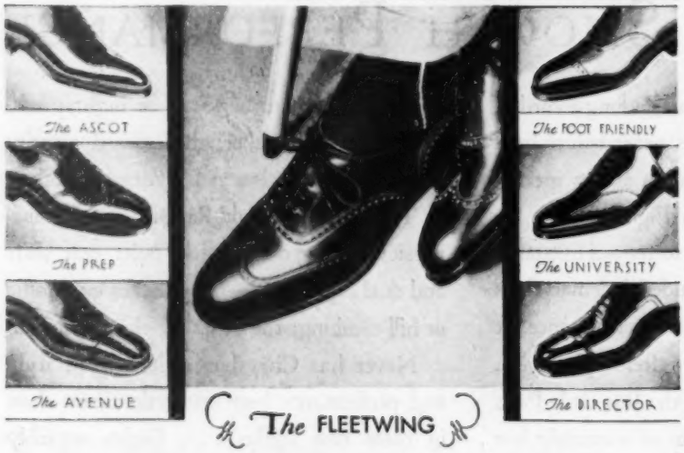
Bostonians Seven Selected Styles

Here is the very cream of correct footwear for Fall. Seven Styles selected from over a hundred new patterns—for your convenience.

You'll be delighted with the distinctive modeling of each design—the rich lustre of the leathers—and that to-the-manner-born air of smartness for which Bostonians are famous.

See these seven smartest shoes of the season today—in the windows of Bostonian dealers. There's a Selected Style for every taste—every age—all priced as pleasingly low as they are exclusively smart. $7 to $10.

Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Company, Whitman, Mass.



The FLEETWING

BOSTONIANS

FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 37)

of the factory cell, in autocratic association with the local trade-union officials and the manager appointed by the state trust, did precisely as they liked. "Who votes against?" No one dared vote against. The management meetings were almost as much a curse as the instruction courses for the liquidation of illiteracy, and the demonstrations, when they had to march for hours about this, that or the other happening in some foreign country.

Comrade Strubin, a Party man who worked at the next loom, caught him up in the stream of workers issuing to the dark, mud-holed street.

"Let us walk along together, *Tovarishtch* Kozlov," he said. The old Russian address by first name and patronymic was dropping out except among close intimates. Everyone was "comrade" or "citizen," and then brusquely the family name. Lately an important commissar had announced even that the family name would be abolished when some more rational system could be devised; perhaps everyone would have a number instead. So Comrade Vera, the earnest girl Party worker who supervised the liquidation of illiteracy in their factory, had said. She had explained that it would be another step toward merging the egoistic individual in the proletarian mass man, had shown him vividly simplified posters where the mass man was cleverly depicted as component parts of some machine or other. He had only half understood, had grumbled about it secretly with other workmen. Were "they" going to take away even their names now? They might as well be convicts.

For some little distance Strubin walked along with him in silence. Ivan wondered what his purpose was. Perhaps something he didn't want overheard. It wasn't safe to speak just what you thought these days. You never knew who had once been caught by the G. P. U. and terrorized into acting as a spy henceforth. Strubin was a cunning young fellow, too, prominent in the cell. He always had some scheme in his head. Not for nothing was he, a Party man, condescending to walk with him. The Party people nearly always kept together. He, Ivan, must be careful that Strubin wasn't going to let him in for something. So he also said nothing. Let Strubin speak first.

Not until the stream of workers had thinned out did Strubin begin to talk.

"I got a divorce today," he remarked.

Ivan was but mildly interested. Strubin was always marrying and getting a divorce; one just went to the registrar and asked for it. It was the easiest thing possible.

"Was that Lydia?" he asked.

Strubin laughed. "No. Lydia was last month. This was Marousia. She doesn't know yet." He laughed again.

"Why do you marry them?" asked Ivan. "You always divorce them a week later."

"It makes it more regular, as I'm a Party man," replied Strubin. "Nowadays it's getting to be a bar to promotion to be marked down as of irregular conduct. I'm going to be a *Narodkom* before I'm through." Ivan smiled at the fantastic boast. Strubin a people's commissar! Strubin continued, "You've never divorced, have you?"

"No," he replied curtly. What was Strubin driving at?

"Bah!" said Strubin. "You're as bad as a *bourjoui*. What's the use of breaking our chains if we can't have all the girls we want? We're all free citizens now, no longer slaves to petty *bourjoui* prejudices. Besides, it's fair for all. The women do just the same." He paused a moment. "I know just the girl for you."

Ivan was obscurely tempted. He hated to be called insultingly a petty *bourjoui*. The idea of divorce, indeed, had often crossed his mind before. A great many of his fellow workers had divorced, particularly those whose wives had grown old and ugly. As for the young people, they were always making new matches, often not bothering to marry at all. Marriage, of course, was only a civil contract, promptly terminable at the wish of either party. He was, perhaps, stupid to stick to Maria Petrovna. She had become very plain featured, worn and haggard, and her temper had become abominable. Also she really was not a good proletarian. Leagued with his half-witted old mother, she insisted on her superstitious icon corner, told him that he could have his Lenin corner in the factory if he liked; she wasn't going to have it in their room. She was always quarreling with Nadeshda and Nikolai about it, holding up her hands in horror when they came home from school full of their atheist doctrines. "Your revolution is just wickedness!" she would scream. Several times she had got into trouble with the house committee about it. It had cost him more than one bribe to hush things up. Yes, he was stupid, all his life he had been stupid, and nowadays, what with so much hardship and so much always going on that he ought to be understanding and taking part in, he felt himself more stupid than ever. It was because he was stupid that he had put up with Maria Petrovna so long. There were plenty of attractive girls about, young ones ——

He spoke out of that confused rush of thoughts. "It's all very well to talk," he said. "You don't know Maria Petrovna. She'd make the devil of a fuss if I brought home another woman to share our room, and you know how hard it is to evict anyone these days. With this housing shortage ——"

"Pooh!" laughed Strubin. "It's easy enough. If Maria Petrovna makes a fuss, denounce her to the house committee for creating a counter-revolutionary disturbance. I did that when Nasha wouldn't go."

Yes. Everything was easy to these smart young fellows of the Party, untroubled by *bourjoui* prejudices. He envied Strubin. If only he weren't himself so stupid, he might also have been in the Party, enjoying all sorts of privileges, doing what he liked. He ought really to emancipate himself. Everybody was emancipated. Over and over again it had been shouted at him that it was the first duty of a proletarian. Once he had made a beginning, perhaps other things would come easier.

"What sort of girl is it, Strubin?" he asked timidly.

"A peach! I'd take up with her myself only"—he coughed—"I'm otherwise engaged."

"Is she in the Party?"

"No. She's nonparty. She takes no interest in politics. That's one reason, of course, why she wouldn't do for

(Continued on Page 56)

Down comes the price

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

now 25¢ a tube

Millions of men with tough beards and tender skins have paid 50¢ a tube for this wonderful shaving cream. To increase users tenfold, we have cut the price in two, confident that tremendous sales will reduce production costs.

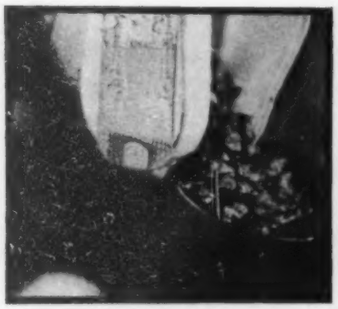
At 25¢, Listerine Shaving Cream is the biggest tube of quality cream at anything near its price. Your first shave will prove how bland and soothing it is, how rich in lather, how thrifty in price.

It takes up water like a new sponge. And *stays* moist like an old one. At the base of the beard it deposits a microscopic film of glycerine on which the razor slides.

Thus friction is reduced. There is no scrape or pull. No heat or harshness. Your skin feels cool and contented, pleasantly protected by this lubricating cream.

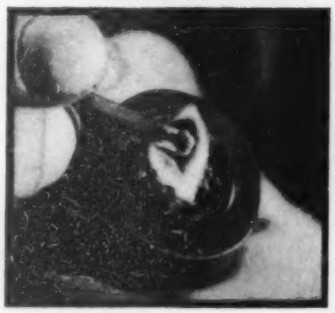
Buy a tube today and save a quarter. We promise you a product in every way worthy of the name, made to highest Listerine standards of purity. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Photograph shows actual size of tube

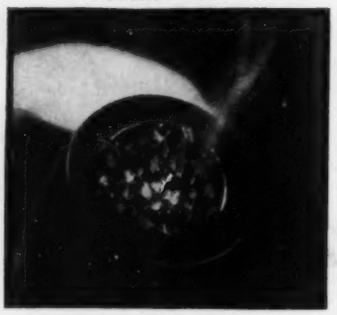


FILL IT

TAMP IT



LIGHT IT



ENJOY IT

Nothing tells the whole truth about tobacco like a good pipe

IN a pipe, tobacco gets its real chance to let you know what sturdy, robust comfort smoking *can* mean. In a pipe, tobacco can breathe and live. It can smolder down evenly and slowly, as it should. Only thus can you get the true relish of good tobacco, the joy of rich, cool smoke.

And another thing, you know probably that the choicest leaves and the choicest blends are selected for pipe tobacco. That's because tobacco *is itself* in a pipe. It can't fool you. Your pipe tells you the full truth about the tobacco you burn.

Get a good pipe and pack some Edgeworth in it—that fine old burley blend whose flavor never changes. After a few pipefuls you'll understand why men throughout the world are Edgeworth's lifelong friends, once they get acquainted. And we'll introduce you. Send us that coupon at the bottom of the page. We'll send you a generous, glad-to-meet-you packet of genuine Edgeworth, free. That's how sure we are you'll like each other.

EDGEWORTH
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Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

* * *

Dixie Spiritual Singers every Monday evening, 10:30 to 11, Eastern Standard Time.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin—Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

Now let the Edgeworth come! E-41

(Continued from Page 54)

me." He rattled it off glibly. "Would you like to see her? I made a date to meet her in a beerhouse not far from here. I told her I might bring a comrade with me."

A vague suspicion stirred in him. Why was Strubin so keen to land this girl on him? He made an excuse.

"I haven't a kopeck on me."

Strubin laughed. "That's all right. I'll stand treat. You're not going to refuse a free drink, are you?"

"That's good of you, Strubin. I haven't had a drink for a week." He certainly wasn't going to refuse that. As for the girl, he'd see about her. Let Maria Petrovna scold if he returned home late. More than five years since he had become one of the proletarian possessors of all Russia, he had stuck to Maria Petrovna. He'd been just stupid. Missing everything. The other comrades jeered at him for being stupid. He deserved it. To hell with *bourjoui* prejudices!

The beerhouse was small and extra dirty-looking. Not at all the sort of place where one would expect Party people to go. He was surprised at Strubin's frequenting it as he followed him in.

The squalid room was empty save for one customer. At a little table sat a young woman, a glass of beer before her, evidently waiting.

"Citizeness Stasia," said Strubin, introducing her to him, and him to her.

He muttered something awkwardly. What did one say in these cases? Did she know that Strubin wanted him to marry her? She was very different from the hard-featured, bobbed-hair, painted girls he always associated with Strubin. There was something soft about her, something almost gentle. Despite the poverty of her clothes, she gave him the impression of not being genuinely proletarian. Her age was perhaps twenty-six or seven. She would have been beautiful had she not been so thin. Her eyes were large, their expression unusual. Subtly she awed him.

"Good health, Comrade Kozlov!" she smiled as he drank the beer Strubin had ordered. Her voice was quiet. For all that she spoke with a vulgar intonation, the accent did not ring quite true to him. Who was this girl? Why did Strubin want him to divorce Maria Petrovna and marry her?

He answered surlily, "Good health, Comrade Stasia!" Devil take the woman, he would show her he wasn't afraid of girls! She was certainly much more attractive than Maria Petrovna. He tried to imagine her with him as his wife.

She ignored him, whispered with Strubin. Strubin's manner had lost its normal cocksure arrogance. One would have thought he was afraid of her. At the same time he was constantly giving sidelong, nervous glances to the door. There was something odd about it all—something very odd. Strubin noisily shouted for more beer. From his pocket he produced a bottle of vodka, poured some into Ivan's glass.

"Beer's no good without vodka to give a kick to it," he said. "Drink up, comrade!"

Ivan drank up. There was certainly a kick to it. This was good. He had not been able to afford to get drunk for months. He remembered, when a child, how his father had taken him to their native village and all the peasants had got drunk—at first dancing and singing, and then dead drunk, lying incapable of movement. If only he had not lost touch with the village, he would go back and be a peasant again. That was the place. Plenty of food. Making their own vodka—no state-monopoly poison for them! This stuff was good though. He drank and drank again. Strubin was pressingly generous.

Through his befuddlement, he thought he saw the girl give Strubin some money as they whispered together. What was up between those two? She wasn't the ordinary sort of girl—not Strubin's sort. How did he know her? Why did he want to marry her to him? Bah, he couldn't bother about that now! "Another drink, comrade?" "Thanks, comrade!" She was a good-looker—something better than he had ever been intimate with in his life. Supposing he did marry her? There was a peculiar thrill in the thought. He wondered if she could cook.

He lost count of time. At last he had become drunkenly voluble, talked boastingly of how he, too, was going to enter the Party, vaunted his ability to pass all their confounded examinations, once he cared to do so.

"I'm the sort they want in the government," he said. "I'm a real worker—one of the real proletariat—nothing *bourjoui* about me!"

Comrade Stasia said little, looked at him with those big strange eyes of hers. He was impressing her, he was sure of it.

Suddenly he heard Strubin saying: "Comrade Kozlov is going to divorce his wife." He laughed. "Why don't you marry him, Comrade Stasia?"

Ivan's head whirled. His heart thumped. This was the moment.

"Would you, Comrade Stasia?" he asked.

Now he had said it!

She hesitated, looking at him strangely. Her face had suddenly gone deathly white. She spoke as though over an almost invincible repugnance, as though she were forced so to speak.

"Yes." She took a deep breath.

That answer sobered him abruptly. To what had he pledged himself? He had a sudden vision of Maria Petrovna, faithful to him all these years, Maria Petrovna who had become a part of his life as he had become a part of hers, stricken with an incredulous despair as he brought in this strange woman to dispossess her. No, he couldn't hurt her like that! It was stupid of him—it was *bourjoui*—but he couldn't. And Nadeshda and Nikolai? What would happen to them? Maria Petrovna would have the right to claim them, take them away. Imagine life without Nadeshda and Nikki! This was madness—a madness he rejected in a revulsion of all himself.

Besides, there was something fishy about it all. Why was this girl willing to marry him whom she had only just met? Why did she want to be registered as his wife, get under his roof? Who was she? Where did she come from? It was all—all—he boggled for a word, found it suddenly.

"No," he said thickly, rising from the table. "There's something—something counter-revolutionary about this!"

He saw Strubin go white in alarm. The girl spoke quickly. There was a strange look in her eyes, a fanaticism.

"Nonsense! I'm as good a Socialist as you—perhaps better! I've given all my life to Socialism!"

And Strubin had said that she took no interest in politics! His brain was too muddled to more than register that contradiction. He could not bother to argue. There was something in all this he did not understand, something he

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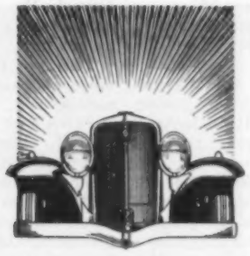

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did not want to understand. He'd no desire to get interviewed by the G. P. U., thank you.

"All right," he said, swaying unsteadily. "All right, but I'm having nothing to do with it. It all looks—looks fishy to me. I'm going home to Maria Petrovna."

He felt for his cap, lurched out of the beerhouse. His gait was still unsteady as he went up the squalid dirty staircase of the tenement building where they now lived. For a little time at the beginning of the revolution they had camped themselves in a fine *bourjoui* apartment along with a crowd of other proletarian families. But it had been too far from the factory, and his mother and Maria Petrovna had grumbled all the time that they were not comfortable. It had been quite a relief when the whole building had been seized for government offices. They had moved back into a workers' quarter, but on account of the housing shortage had had to put up with one small room. They were lucky to have this to themselves, but it afforded barely the nine feet square officially allotted to each person.

Maria Petrovna opened to him as he knocked the regulation five times, differentiating their own summons from those of the other tenants. She was evidently going to berate him angrily. But he seized her and kissed her.

"It's all right, little pigeon!" he said drunkenly. "Never fear. I'm never going to divorce you for any counter-revolutionary!" He cut short Maria Petrovna's sharply incipient cross-examination. "Shut up! I'm drunk! I don't want to have to hit you!"

He went toward his bed in this one room where the children and his mother also slept, flung himself upon it.

He was aroused from deep sleep by a peremptory thundering upon the door. "Open! Open!" cried a voice. "Gay-Pay-Oo!"

Maria Petrovna opened the door, while he sat up in the bed, bewildered, terrified, stricken with panic. They had come to arrest him! A group of the uniformed special police of the G. P. U. entered the room.

"Ivan Ivanovitch Kozlov!" cried the assistant commissar in command. "Dress, citizen! Quickly!"

Protest was useless. With trembling hands, Maria Petrovna helped him to throw on his clothes, flung her arms about his neck, kissed him passionately, sobbingly, in what was only too probably a last farewell.

Nadeshda and Nikolai had awakened, stared in childish horror, fascinated. Old Fedora Mikhailovna knelt before the icon corner, praying, wringing her hands.

The police answered no questions, no entreaties. A revolver pressed against his ribs, he was hurried down the stairs, thrown into a black motor van.

In the Lubiansky headquarters of the terrible G. P. U.—ironically once the offices of a life-insurance company—he was hurried through dimly lit passages somewhere in the rear of the building. A door was unlocked. He was thrown into a dark room. The door was locked again upon him.

For some time he lay quivering, gripped with panic, in a terror that shook him to the core. Why had "they" arrested him? Why? Why? What had he done? Someone had denounced him! Surely he would be shot. The G. P. U. was again shooting everybody! Never would he see Maria Petrovna again! Never would he see darling little Nadeshda, darling little Nikki! He screamed. No one answered. No one came near. The silence was awful.

Then, in that silence, he heard a voice, over and over again, a voice from another cell.

"Don't let me go mad, O God!" it prayed. "Don't let me go mad! Send him mad, God. Don't let me go mad! Send him mad!"

Him? Who was "him"? He remembered that someone had told him that prisoners, almost insane with mental torture in the dungeons of the G. P. U., prayed incessantly to God that He would send Lenin mad instead of them. And Comrade Lenin was ill. It was known, with dismay or with malicious delight, all over the workers' paradise that Lenin had created. It was whispered, moreover, that Lenin had gone mad. The voice went on and on.

"Don't let me go mad, God! Send him mad, God! Send him mad, God. O God, don't let me go mad! Send him mad!"

1927.

IT WAS Sunday. Maria Petrovna had departed to buy some necessaries in the speculators' street market; the goods in the state Coöps were so worthlessly bad, so extortionately dear. Ivan Ivanovitch was reprieved from the factory. He sat on the bed and watched Nadeshda getting herself ready to go out to the anti-God center. Nadeshda was now nearly eighteen. For almost two years she had been a Komsomol—a member of the League of Communist Youth. She was clever, was Nadeshda, had passed her examinations in the elementary school, had won a scholarship. Next week she would commence as a student at the Sverdlov University. Then she would live in a hostel, in complete independence. That would be a good thing. It would end the constant bitter quarrels between her and her mother, perpetually horrified at what the revolution had made of her children now totally alienated from her. He sighed. He could not help loving Nadeshda—though Nadeshda mocked at love as "*bourjoui* sentimentality"—for all that in everything she was so remote from him, walled off unattainably by what she called an ideology the older generation was axiomatically incapable of understanding.

He could indeed hardly realize that this good-looking, strapping young woman—not for nothing had she been assiduous at the Komsomol physical-culture center—was his own daughter. He was naïvely proud of her. Very different was she from the sluttish working-class girls of his own youth. This was what the proletarian dictatorship had produced—hard, self-reliant, smart, her head filled with all sorts of exciting things far beyond his atavistic stupidity. It was wonderful how many big words he had learned since everybody had used them. He admired her fine strong limbs as she stood before a fragment of broken mirror, combing her shock of black bobbed hair. It was all worth while, the privations, the slave-driving in the factories, during these years while the workers' state consolidated itself triumphantly against the ceaseless machinations of a hostile world. Despite his shabbiness, he himself habitually held his head high in the streets, remembering that he was one of the privileged proletariat and not a despicable *bourjoui* or Nepman; only those in the Party above him in the social scale. But Nadeshda, of course, would enter the Party when she passed out of the Komsomol. She would graduate in that mysterious subject she called "litmaths"—everything was in abbreviated half words these days—and get a good job in a government office. She might even become a specialist, with a big salary.

Nadeshda turned to him, rouge puff in hand.

"Where has young Nikolai slipped away to?" she asked severely. "He will be getting himself into trouble with the unit leader if he's not careful. Twice lately he has been absent from the anti-God meetings. It'll be bad for him if he's expelled from the Komsomol. He won't have a chance to enter the university."

"It's no use my talking to him," he replied with dull indifference. "He takes no notice of anything I say. Any more than you do."

She had turned again to the mirror, was rubbing rouge into her cheeks.

"Naturally. We're not *bourjoui*. We're long ago emancipated from the fetish of parental authority. Fine Komsomols we should be if we acknowledged any authority except that of the Party!" She paused to contemplate her make-up. "All the same, you might give him a hint."

A succession of knocks resounded on the outer door. They counted until the number which was their own summons.

"That's Dmitri," said Nadeshda. "Open the door to him. I'm nearly ready."

On the threshold stood an insolently self-assured young man in typically Communist black leather jacket, breeches and spurs. It was Comrade Dmitri Somenov, a Party man employed in the offices of the Politbureau. He walked into the room as if he owned it, ignoring Ivan Kozlov's polite salutation. Manifestly he couldn't bother with mere nonparty people.

"Hallo, Nadeshda!" he said. "Hurry up! I've been waiting for you a devil of a time! We shall be late. I've got to make a speech, you know."

She coolly completed her preparations. "All right, Dmitri. Don't try to bully me. Women are not inferior creatures now, remember. We're all equal comrades together." Ivan admired his daughter's power to stand up for herself. This young revolutionary generation was certainly splendid. You had to treat them with respect.

Comrade Dmitri glanced around the room and scowled. He pointed to the icon corner. "What's that counter-revolutionary rubbish, Citizen Kozlov? Don't you have a Lenin corner here?" There was an authoritative tyranny in his tone.

Nadeshda interposed, "That's mother's doing, Dmitri. It's no use slanging father. He can't help it." She jammed her cloche hat upon her bobbed hair. "I'm ready now. Come along."

She bustled to the door. Ivan clutched at Dmitri, explained humbly that Nadeshda was quite right; he did all he could, but Maria Petrovna was obstinately superstitious.

"She's a free citizen, too, you know, comrade," he said cringingly. "But we're not counter-revolutionary." Dmitri shouldered past him, not deigning to listen.

Left alone, he returned to sit upon the bed in the squalid, untidy room, overcrowded with their odds and ends of possessions. It would be a great thing if Nadeshda married Dmitri. He was high up. On the road to becoming a commissar, very likely. It would be useful to have a connection in the government. One never knew. There was

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Week
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Self-installed electric wiring gone over by electrician.
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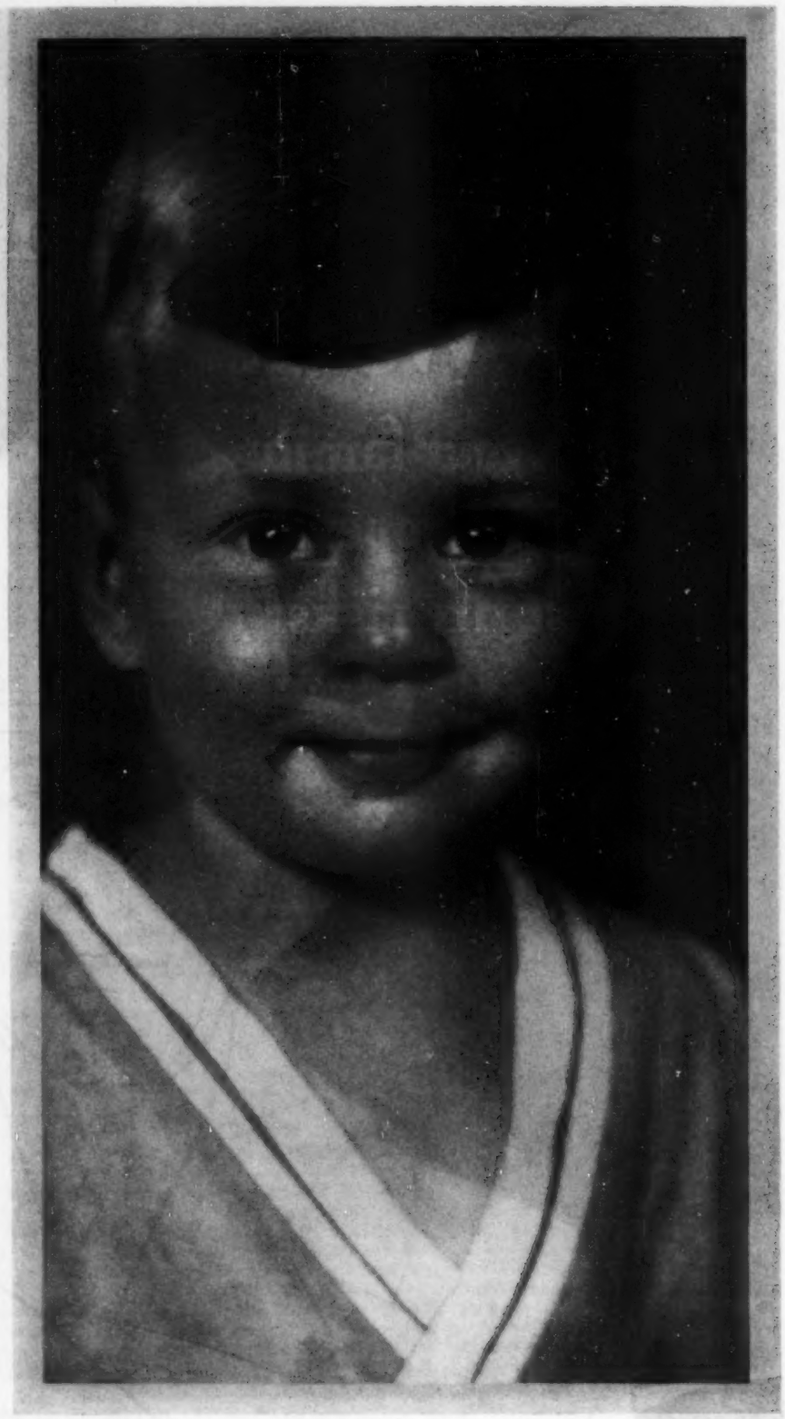

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DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

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always the possibility of being arrested for something—or nothing. He remembered his experience of four years back. He had been lucky. The Gay-Pay-Oo had let him out after six months, satisfied that he really knew nothing. He wondered if "they" had caught that girl whom Strubin had wanted him to marry for some unimaginable reason.

According to his interrogators at the G. P. U., she was an S. R.—a Social Revolutionary of one of the old Socialist Parties—a Menshevik, or something. Anyway she was a counterrevolutionary plotting against the workers' dictatorship and she richly deserved shooting. He had been prudently reticent during those cross-examinations, had played the stupid, had maintained that he had merely got into casual talk with her in a beerhouse with Comrade Strubin. He didn't yet understand what Strubin's game was. Apparently he had not been arrested. Strubin was now quite a superior official in one of the government bureaus, a prominent Party man with whom Ivan Kozlov could have no relations. It had been an incomprehensible business, but so much was incomprehensible these days.

His mind drifted from this topic as he reclined in the rare luxury of complete idleness. Thank God, there was no demonstration today. He wondered if he'd be lucky enough this summer to get a holiday in one of the workers' sanatoria in the country. He had failed each year so far, but he'd put in his application again. The trouble was that so few could go, and the Party people always got first chance. It was a splendid thing to be in the Party—if only he were not so old and stupid! It was all right for the young ones. They'd all got the *politgramota* by heart.

His meditations were broken by the entrance of Nikolai. The boy came in quietly, something odd about him. There was often something odd about Nikolai, now sixteen and a half, and really cleverer than Nadeshda.

"Hallo, father!" he said casually. "Nadeshda gone?"

"Yes. She said you'd get into trouble for missing the meetings at the anti-God center."

Nikolai sat down. He looked at his father, hesitated.

"I'm getting sick of this anti-God propaganda," he said. "I'm a good Komsomol and all that, but it's all so crude. It's just obscenity. It doesn't help one in life, somehow—at least, it doesn't help me." He glanced toward his parent. "As one grows up, father," he said, "there's a lot of things a fellow wants help about. One can't help asking oneself questions."

Ivan was surprised at this unusual confidence from his son, normally so superior in his cocksureness about everything.

"Well, you can ask them at the culture center," he replied. That was a safe answer. Nikolai couldn't snub him for that. "They've got it all worked out—anything you like to ask them. I'm too stupid to understand it, but it's different for you."

Nikolai pondered a moment.

"Yes, that's just it," he said. "They've got it all worked out—they don't believe in a fellow thinking things for himself. Comrade Vashka told me the other day that I was still fettered by *bourjoui* ideology. That's nonsense, of course. I'm a proletarian, through and through. But it seems to me that a proletarian ought to be encouraged to think." He checked, obviously in hesitation, risked it. "Father, a little time ago I met someone—someone who's been helping me to think for myself. Would you mind if I brought her in—she's waiting outside—just to sit down for a minute? There'll be someone else coming for her presently."

Ivan stared at the boy so strangely nervous. What was all this about? Some love affair—these children were always having new love affairs. He might as well have a look at her.

"All right," he said. "I don't care. You youngsters always do as you like. But don't let Maria Petrovna catch any painted hussy here. She'll be at her with a broom."

Nikolai had darted out.

He returned in a few moments with a youngish woman, a scarf around her face as though she had toothache. Once the door was closed, she dropped the scarf. Ivan Kozlov stared at her in amazement. It was Citizeness Stasia!

He jumped to his feet, trembling all over. "Get outside!" He moderated his voice, in terror lest he should be overheard. "How dare you come here, you Menshevik! I don't want any more G. P. U. over you! I'll have nothing to do with any counter-revolutionary! Clear off!"

Nikolai intervened, "Be quiet, father! You don't know what you're talking about. Comrade Dora is no counter-revolutionary. She's as good a Socialist as any of us." Ah, she called herself Comrade Dora now, did she? But he was silenced by the lad's precocious authority. "And she's going to stay here for a few minutes, until someone calls for her. Sit down, Comrade Dora!" The boy indicated a seat on the bed.

"Thank you, Comrade Nikolai," said the young woman. She was much aged in those past four years, was dreadfully thin and haggard. She looked at Ivan. "I'm sorry the Gay-Pay-Oo got you, Comrade Kozlov. I did not intend that." Her voice had nothing of the not quite genuine vulgar intonation he remembered. She spoke like a *bourjoui*.

Ivan sweated in terror of the police. He wondered whether he ought to rush out and denounce her.

"What was the game?" he demanded. "What were you and Strubin making a fool of me for?"

She smiled wearily. "It was Strubin's idea. They were on my track. I had to hide. He thought it would be safest to get married to some ordinary workman."

"You had to hide because you were a counter-revolutionary!" He hated her for that trouble she had got him into, hated her for that six months of panic fear.

She shook her head. "No, comrade. I am not a counter-revolutionary. I and my friends worked for the revolution even before the war. We made the revolution possible. We have given our lives to the revolution—the real revolution of equality and brotherhood."

"Then why are you hiding? Why are you dodging the police now?" He was certain that she was dodging the police.

She looked at him proudly. "Because I am still working to liberate humanity. I am working to free Russia from a slavery more dreadful than anything we old revolutionaries ever imagined. I risk my life in that cause—the cause of freedom for which we went to Siberia in the old days, just as we go now, when we are not shot. What matters it? What matters any sacrifice, so that we give Russia back her soul!"

The woman was a Menshevik, at the very least. He had had a lucky escape that night. He shuddered at the thought of what might have happened.

"And you would have married me?" he said angrily.

She smiled. "Yes, comrade. I would have done even that. My mother was a princess. She went and lived as a peasant for the cause."

Young Nikolai was peering out of the window.

"Here he is!" he said, in a low voice of excitement. "Quick, Comrade Dora! He's got a droshky waiting. Quick! The street is clear!"

He pulled her up from her seat, urged her toward the door. Just as he was going out he turned to his father.

"And see here, father!" he said, in fierce menace. "If you say a word to anyone about this, I'll denounce you to the Gay-Pay-Oo myself; and don't forget that you're only a nonparty workman, while I'm a Komsomol and as good as in the Party. You know what chance you'll have!"

He was gone, following her down the stairs. Ivan stood trembling all over. That was a nasty fright! Supposing they had caught her here—a Menshevik—a cursed counter-revolutionary! He hoped vehemently that "they" would catch her, shoot her. For all that, he wasn't going to say anything. Not he.

1928.

THE year had passed like all the other years. Dreary toil in the factory for starvation wages mulcted of all sorts of voluntary contributions, lengthening queues and hunger in the wintertime, mass demonstrations at all seasons, mass campaigns against this, that and the other, periodic roundings up by the G. P. U., spasmodic intensifications and relaxations of an all-pervading suspicion, a universal fear become normality. Life would have been gray without those excitements, without the perpetual harangues, the eternal processions, the sense that they, the workers, were fighting a desperate but ultimately victorious battle to free the oppressed workers of every other country, to win for them a workers' paradise even as their own.

It was a proletarian holiday. Ivan Ivanovitch prepared himself for the demonstration decreed for it. Two comrades named Sacco and Vanzetti were going to be murdered by the brutal capitalists of America. He had not the least idea who Sacco and Vanzetti were, despite the floods of oratory about them to which he had compulsorily listened in the factory club. He supposed they were two Russians captured by the Whites. It was a cursed nuisance anyway. In the communal kitchen he could hear his wife quarreling with the other women, each using her little primus stove; all of them flatly declined to use the communal cooking range.

Someone turned a key and entered. It was Nadeshda. He hadn't seen her for a long time. She lived in the university students' hostel. There was something strained about her appearance, something abnormal.

"Where's mother?" she asked brusquely.

At that moment Maria Petrovna came in, a steaming kettle in her hand.

"Nadeshda!" she exclaimed.

"Hallo, mother!" There was certainly something abnormal in her devil-may-care attitude. Evidently the girl was ill. Even he could see that. What was amiss?

Maria Petrovna was staring at her. "Nadeshda! You—you are not going to have a baby!"

Nadeshda smiled, a strained smile. "It's all right, mother. It gave me a bit of a shock at first. But I went to Comrade Sonia at the clinic center. She reminded me that this isn't a *bourjoui* country. There's no stigma about it. But as I'm a university student, she advised me to go to the state abortion clinic. I'm entering it tomorrow. Since, naturally, there's always a chance of danger, I thought I'd let you know."

"Nadeshda!" Maria Petrovna could scarcely utter her horror.

"There's no need to throw up your hands, mother. I'm merely stating a fact. We're emancipated nowadays from your old *bourjoui* superstitions. All the girl students have babies—or don't have them." She smiled again queerly. "It's their own affair. This is my affair. It doesn't call for sentimentalism. It's just a matter of physiology." To Ivan, there was something formidable in her hard matter-of-factness. It was a new kind of girl—a kind he was too stupid to understand. Incredible, that she was his daughter! But all this new generation awed him. "By the way, father," she turned to him, "there's another thing I wanted to see you about. Where's Nikolai?"

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "How should I know? He hasn't been home for days. He said he was going to stay with some comrade or other."

Nadeshda frowned. "There are some funny rumors going round about Nikolai. The leader of his unit spoke to me about them. There's a silly suspicion that Nikolai is associating with secret counter-revolutionaries, meeting somewhere out in the country. Of course, I don't believe a word of it. But there's no doubt that Nikolai has been getting terribly slack in his Party work. They say he's nearly always absent from the lectures and things at the centers. He mustn't get turned out of the Komsomol. If he fails to get in the university, he'll have to work in a factory all his life."

Neither Maria Petrovna nor Ivan interrupted her. They were both wondering what really Nikolai was up to. He had been very peculiar of late—moody, always thinking. Ivan knew that he had even been writing poetry—something headed The Mass Man. Nikolai had snatched the paper from him before he had time to read more. Well, he couldn't do anything with Nikolai. Nadeshda ought to know that.

"Nikolai is a clever chap," he said. "He knows what he's doing. Naturally he doesn't confide in us old people."

"I didn't suppose he did," said Nadeshda coolly. "Who would? We young generation have to work out our own lives in this new era. None of the old ideas count any more. All I want you to do is to tell him that they are fussing about him at the unit."

"Let me get you some tea, Nadeshda," said Maria Petrovna. The poor old woman was trembling, could scarcely speak. Silent tears were running down her haggard cheeks. But she did not dare reproach Nadeshda.

Nadeshda opened her hand bag. "Yes, I'd like some. And I've brought you some sugar. A comrade gave it me." She held out half a dozen lumps. Maria Petrovna took them eagerly. Sugar was always fearfully hard to get. "Thank you, Nadeshda. Thank you. You're a good girl, really."

Nadeshda shrugged her shoulders, sat down listlessly. Maria Petrovna

(Continued on Page 64)

A TALE OF THWARTED AMBITION WITH AN UNUSUALLY HAPPY ENDING . . .

ONE of our earlier advertisements in the magazine you are reading was responsible for this tale.

The young wife—the heroine of the story—lives on the same street with most of us. That is, she does her own work. Her husband gets home at quarter past six. And they budget their income, learning, if nothing else, the difference between facts and figures.

Always she found the nice things just out of reach. (*That income!*) Possibly wrong, but hers was a settled conviction that to have a lovely home is a woman's natural right.

But how? (*That income again!*) Sometimes even the cheeriest soul gets discouraged.

Then she saw the advertisement mentioned above, and investigated Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. Their low price and appealing beauty rather took her breath away. (But facts, facing you, are not to be denied.)

Naturally an artistic little person, she quickly selected Congoleum Rugs in patterns and colors to match the decorations and furnishings of the different rooms. Then she got busy at home—very. A flying paint brush, a flicking needle, a deft touch here and there, furniture moved around—everything just seemed to fall naturally into the new arrangement. Finally, the Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs in place.

At quarter past six her husband came home and for a moment thought he was in the wrong house—absolutely.

It was a great evening!

Her name? Well, confidentially . . . her name is *Legion*.

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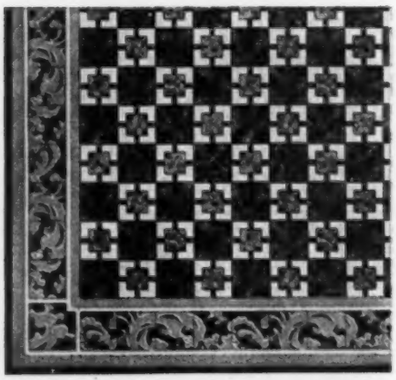
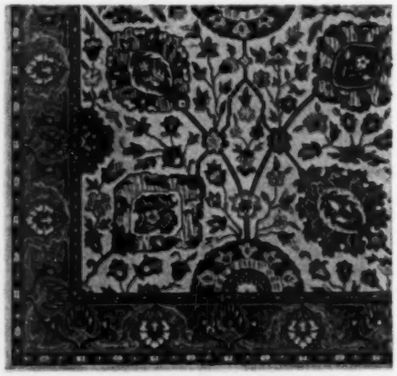
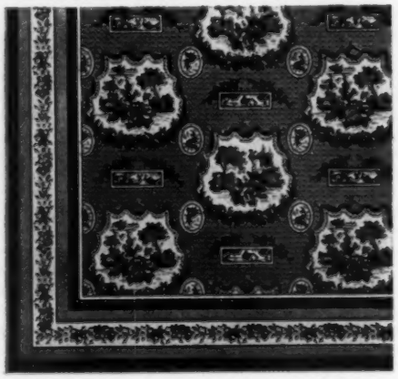


"OLYMPIA"—This rug presents a new handling of classic motifs. A Grecian sea-wave border. Tiles of ivory and Aegean green marble —a blend of colors that has a practical quality, as well as beauty. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 623.*



"TURKAN"—The soft colors of the desert symbolizing the red-yellow sunrise and purple blue shadows of the waste places, blended into Oriental figurings, give this rug rare distinction. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 621.*



"ARCADIA"—For dining rooms, bedrooms and kitchens especially, Arcadia's soft, gray blue is an ideal color. This pattern, inspired by a set of Dresden China is one of the loveliest and daintiest you've ever seen. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 618.*

"MECCA"—An interesting grouping of Mohammedan prayer rugs such as are carried by pilgrims on their journeys to Mecca. Rug No. 615. Only in genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs can you obtain this distinctive design.

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(Continued from Page 61)

busied herself with the samovar. "Of course, it isn't real tea, Nadeshda. But you don't expect that."

"Hardly, mother. We're not Nepmen. It's scandalous the way the Nepmen live. I suppose the Party knows best, but I think they ought to shoot them all. They ought to prohibit private trading entirely, and ration everybody, like they did at the beginning of the revolution."

"Don't say that, Nadeshda," said Maria Petrovna. "You don't remember how terrible it was then—you were too young. If it hadn't been for the speculators we should have starved."

"It was because you old-fashioned people dealt with the speculators that we had to make a temporary retreat," retorted Nadeshda. "It undermined all Communist principles. If nobody had bought from them, they couldn't have traded. Lenin had to retreat because he found it was hopeless to do anything with your generation. You'll never be real revolutionaries. Your old superstitious rubbish there"—she jerked toward the icon corner—"is proof of it. But soon the new order will be established everywhere. We millions of young people have been educated to carry it out all over the world."

"How you do talk, Nadeshda," said the old woman quaveringly. "I don't understand half you say."

There was a repeated knock at the door. Ivan went to open it. Young Kostiya Mirsky, one of Nikolai's friends, stood on the threshold. His face was white.

"Nikolai! Have you heard?" he stammered.

Ivan Ivanovitch drew him into the room, shut the door to the staircase.

"What is it? What's happened to him?"

"He's shot. Three days ago. The Gay-Pay-Oo caught him with several other Komsomols, plotting counter-revolution with some Menshevik woman; they met in a hut, a little way out in the country." Young Mirsky was breathless. "I've just heard it."

There was a thud on the floor. Ivan looked round. It was Maria Petrovna, in a faint.

As he bent down to his wife, Ivan's mind worked rapidly as to his own position in this happening. Three days ago! And he and the rest of the family had not yet been arrested! He breathed in relief. Perhaps then they would not be arrested at all. The G. P. U. was satisfied that they were not accomplices.

Nadeshda's face had gone hard. "Plotting counter-revolution, you say? Serves him right!"

"Nadeshda!" He could not help that protest. "You forget he's your brother!"

"Brother!" she said, in bitter scorn. "I have no brother who was a counter-revolutionary. We of the Party know no family. We know only comrades in the world revolution. And we exterminate traitors."

He shuddered. Never would he understand these young people.

Young Mirsky shuffled irresolutely. He was plainly uncomfortable in this potentially dangerous company.

"Well, I'll be going," he said. "I thought you'd like to know. It's a bad business. Who'd have thought that Nikolai would be a counter-revolutionary—and with a Menshevik!" It was the ultimate of iniquity. He went toward the door. "Don't forget we've got to demonstrate in half an hour, Nadeshda."

Nadeshda looked at Ivan as Mirsky slammed the door.

"You'd better hurry up, father," she said, with grim irony. "You'll have to show you're a genuine revolutionary after this. I must go now. Our unit is assembling in a quarter of an hour."

She left him. It was quite true. He must be punctual. "They" would be watching his every movement now. He mustn't be late. He called one of the neighbor women, asked her to look after Maria Petrovna. As he hurried down the stairs he thought of Nikolai. He would never see him any more. A despicable *bourjoui* emotion blurred his sight with tears, choked his throat. Dear little Nikki, for whom he had been so glad he had made the revolution!

An hour later he marched in the long procession of thin-faced, shabby workers, under great double banners inscribed DOWN WITH THE AMERICAN CAPITALIST MURDERERS! and similar slogans, marching with other identical processions into the vast Red Square. Massed bands were blaring out the melancholy Internationale. The workers were all singing the words. He sang them also:

"Arise! ye starvelings from your slumbers!
Arise, ye criminals of want!
For reason in revolt now thunders,
And at last ends the age of cant!"

They marched, thousands upon thousands of them, in broad ranks, in endless serpents arriving and merging into one great mass, tramping in disciplined unison, left, right, left, right. In that mass his own individuality was swamped, blurred. He was one infinitesimal component in an immensity far transcending himself, part of the mass, the mass that was marching blindly, irresistibly, to a world victory. That sense of collective strength sustained him, weary though he was, made him think of Nikolai as something extraneous to it, something justly exterminated because he was hostile to that mass. It was odd that he should feel like that, for underneath it all he was heartbroken for Nikolai. That was because he was one of the old generation, who could never become fully revolutionary.

His column of older men and women factory workers swerved to the sharp words of command, massed itself at the side of the Square.

Now entered the columns of Communist youth, the columns of the Communist Pioneer children, the columns of the Komsomol adolescents. Singing in mass unison, they marched sturdily forward under their banners, their faces bright, their heads high, proud of their forthcoming part in world revolution. One could not help thrilling. This was the new generation, incarnating one single idea, fanatic, strong bodies in scientific physical culture, drilled with a precision to which the older workers could never attain, marching to the conquest of the world.

His own column marched forward again, wheeled right and left in military evolutions to the blare and crash of the Internationale. "Eyes left!" They saluted that wooden, scarlet-painted mausoleum inscribed with the one word—LENIN.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The eleventh will appear October eighteenth.

OLD BLUENOSE

(Continued from Page 9)

"Ah!" said Old Bluenose. "The bos'n. I'd have thought after all the years we've been together, David Williams, you'd have trusted me." He added, "I said I'd git you ashore safe an' sound. I will. I gave my word."

"Then whaur are we?" said the chief engineer, in a croaking voice. "Captain Harness, tell us whaur we are."

"Close to the coast of South Ameriey," said Old Bluenose. "You leave it to me. Help's at hand."

"But how?" said the third mate. "How do you know? Why don't you take me into your confidence? I don't believe it. You can get a sight at noon, sure, but I don't see how it's possible to get our position without a chronometer or a chart or an almanac."

"You!" said Old Bluenose. "What do you know? You're steam trained."

"How do you know the declination of the sun and the stars, then?" said the third mate.

"That's my business," said Old Bluenose.

Limehouse Smith, the big fireman, logged twice since they had left Capetown, the biggest and strongest man in the boat, though cockney born and a self-avowed Red, lifted himself into a sitting position.

"Captain," he said, "gimme a drink, for God's sake! I'm dyin'."

"You're soft," said Old Bluenose, "like all steamer men, and undisciplined, like all the Reds. You'll get your whack of water with the others. Not before."

Limehouse glanced quickly to right and left, a horrible cringing in his expression.

"It ain't for myself, captain; it's for pore little Skelton, me pal. He's bad, he is."

"I'm bad," said Skelton, whose boast it was that he was wanted by the civic guard in every town in Ireland. "I'm dhreadful bad, captain."

"I'm bad too," said the Dutchman, who came from Seattle. He rocked to and fro in his misery. "I'm bad. I'm a bad man. I done things I shouldn't of done. Dere was a girl once in Brisbane ——"

"That'll do, you," said Old Bluenose. "Mr. Cooper, git that poor crazy Dutchman under that boat cover. The sun's turned his brain soft."

The Dutchman, once round and plump, now thin, his face white and seamed and crinkled in spite of the days of exposure to the sun, began to shiver.

"I won't go under der boat cover. Not with Yimmy Turner. Yimmy, he knows too much."

"How do you mean—knows too much?" said the bos'n.

The Dutchman shook his head. There was a cunning look in his mild blue eyes. He would not speak.

"I want some water," said the steward, whose home was Sydney, New South Wales. "I can't live without water. I want my whack. Now I want it."

"Mr. Cooper," said Old Bluenose, "give the steward a smack on the jaw."

"I could," said the third mate, "but what's the good?"

And wasn't Old Bluenose human? he wondered. Didn't he feel as others felt? Hadn't he any pity for the poor devils dying in the boat with him and craving for water before they died?

"When I get back to Seattle," said the Dutchman, "I'm not gonna go to sea no more."

"You won't never git back to Seattle," said Rafferty.

"I could do mit a drink of beer," said the Dutchman. "Dere is a place in der East India Dock Road ——"

"Will ye stop that, you an' yer beer?" said Rafferty. He turned and caught hold of the Dutchman's shoulder and dragged him toward him. "Stop it, or I'll hurt ye."

The Dutchman squealed and hit at him feebly.

"Let go of him, Rafferty," said Old Bluenose, "or I'll have to log you."

"Log me!" said Rafferty. "In God's name, what for?"

"Gimme a drink," wailed the steward. "I want a drink."

"Haven't you any guts?" said Old Bluenose. "Steward, look at the others. They're not screamin' for water."

"Ain't we?" said Skelton. "Ain't we?" He began to whimper like a sick child. "I want some water. I haven't got long to live, captain. Why are ye howldin' out on us?"

"I'm not."

"He's howldin' out on us," said Skelton.

"Give us our whack of water, captain," said the bos'n. "What's the use of tormentin' us?"

"That'll do, you," said Old Bluenose.

Rafferty rose to his knees and shook his fist at him. The chief engineer shoved at him feebly with his foot.

"Git away from me," he snarled. "Why canna ye be still?"

The third mate thought, what was the use of it all? Why did they quarrel now? Didn't they understand Old Bluenose wouldn't give them so much as a sip of water till it was time? But water—God! Just for one sip! He closed his tired eyes to shut out the sight of the lifeboat and the gaunt, brown faces and the staring eyes and the torn garments, and saw a cool stream trickling between grassy banks, with trees overhead, and a girl in a white frock asked would he like a drink of water—a long, cold drink of water that cooled his parched throat and eased the pain—and then he cried out in agony and opened his eyes, and saw once more the gaunt, brown faces and the boat and Old Bluenose's hard, grim smile and his red-rimmed eyes and the crazy Dutchman peering under the boat cover.

The Dutchman turned his head. His pale, mild face was lit up by a foolish smile.

"Yimmy Turner here," he said, "he say he die easy if he haff some water. Captain, gimme some water for poor Yimmy. He say he die easy if he haff some water."

"You'll have no water for Jimmy Turner. A man what's dyin' don't want water no more than a man what's dead."

The chief engineer uttered a wild, cackling laugh.

"In hell," he said, "a drap o' water on the tip of a deid man's tongue wud be heaven!"

(Continued on Page 68)

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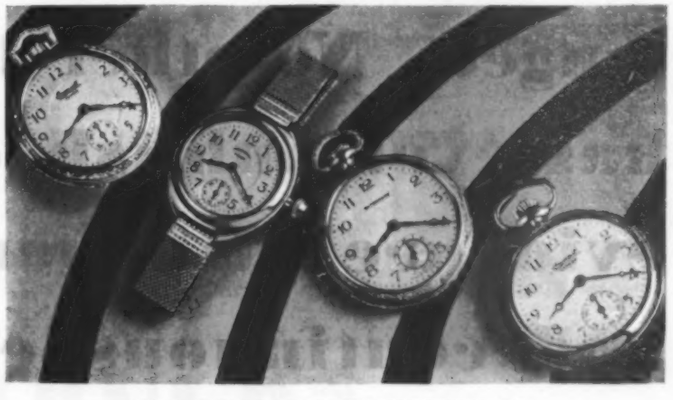

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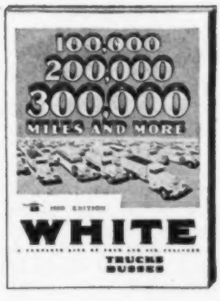

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(Continued from Page 64)

"It would make hell worse," said Old Bluenose. "Mr. McCartan, you're an officer; don't lower yourself before the men."

"There's no officers the noo," said the chief engineer, "deck or engine room. We're men, all of us, flesh an' blood, an' doomed to dee. Afore lang we'll be standin' at the judgment seat to say what we can in oor ain defense. 'What ha'e ye done? You. What excuses ha'e ye?' Aye, sinners, all of us—me an' you too."

For a time no one spoke, and then Limehouse Smith said: "It's always the same. The poor man goes to sea to earn money for the rich man, an' the poor man dies an' who cares? The rich man's got his money, an' what has the poor man got? Not even a drink of water. We're dyin', fellers, fast."

"Aye, Limehouse, we're dyin'," said Skelton.

"An' why are we dyin'?" said Limehouse. "Whose fault is it? Why wasn't there more water aboard the lifeboat?"

"Don't be a fool!" said the third mate, in a voice so feeble that he scarcely recognized it as his own.

"We're dyin'," said the steward. "All of us, at sea, an' at 'ome no one will know, mebbe, what's 'appened. An' what will my poor ol' mother do when I'm gone?"

"Last night," said the Dutchman, "I seen mine mudder. She was walkin' on der water."

"Walkin' on the wather?" said Rafferty.

"She come walkin' on der water last night from Puget Sound, an' she said; 'Mine poor boy, never again will you see your poor mudder.'"

Bluenose leaned forward, huge, fierce, angry, his dirty white jacket loose on his body, and shouted in his husky, wheezy voice: "Stop it! You hear me?"

The Dutchman grinned at him stupidly. Then his mouth puckered. His eyes became slits. Tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I'm dirsty," he said.

"So am I," said the steward.

The bos'n, a thickset Welshman, muttered: "I wish I hadn't gone to sea. I didn't want to. But I had to, all on account of a girl at Barry. I wish I was back home, walkin' up Bute Street from the pierhead. I'd like to put things right, I would. Aye, I'd like to put things right."

"All right, bos'n," said the third mate. "No need to say any more."

"But there is need, Mr. Cooper—there is. I'm a dyin' man. The same as you. The same as all of us. There was a feller once ——"

"That's enough, bose," said Old Bluenose. "I won't have it. The quickest way to go under now is to lose hope an' be miserable. Don't talk about things what are done with. Look ahead at what's waitin' when we git ashore."

"Once," said Limehouse Smith, "I killed a man. I did." He glanced mournfully around him. "He was a pal of mine. We had a row over a bottle of whisky in Sydney. We fought. I was losin'. 'E uppercut me—a fine fighter, he was—an' laid me out, an' then 'e kicked me. 'E said I'd stole his whisky. I got to me feet, I did, an' 'it him over the head with the bottle, an' he dropped. See? 'E didn't move. I said to 'im: 'Jimbo, ol' man, you all right?' 'E never moved, an' I knew 'e was dead, an' I got away as quick as I could. The police never knew who it was killed 'im because I done a pierhead jump an' was outward bound to Singapore aboard the ol' Dorset Coast before they found his body."

"He didn't oughta of said you stole his whisky," said the bos'n.

"Ah, but I did steal it. That's why I was mad with him."

"An' so that was how ol' Jimbo Jones died, was it?" said the steward, nodding his skull-like head. "Glad I know."

"We're all the same," said Rafferty. "Ye're no worse than me, Limehouse. Me mother had two hundhred dollars saved up, back in San Francisco, in a box undher her bed, an' I stole it an' give it arl to a gerrl from a Barbary Coast dance hall. Me poor owld mother never knew who was afther takin' her money. She blamed somewan else, an' I never towld her. I was only a boy, but I oughta of known betther. The shame of it wore me out an' I ran away to sea an' left her livin' in wan room south of the slot. She never knew I was the thief. The owld priest wrote to me when she was dead an' said she had prayed for me."

The third mate felt rather sick. Somehow the sun seemed to be scorching his brain. He felt light-headed and weak. He felt he was going crazy. He turned his head slowly from side to side and looked at the men with him in the lifeboat. He saw no horror in their faces; only a blind acceptance of life and life's facts as known in a tramp foc'sle.

The steward broke into a cackle of laughter.

"The truth at last," he said, and beat feebly with his fist on the thwart against which he leaned. "It isn't good to die lyin'. But if a feller begins tellin' the truth—God!" He plucked at his bristly chin. "Once," he said, "when I was in London I ——" He ended in a groan. "I can't."

The Dutchman was mumbling to himself.

"Mine old mudder, she walked on der water an' she said: 'Mine poor boy, never will you see your poor old mudder again.'"

Skelton pressed both hands on to the thwart and rose to his feet, a shaking, shifty-eyed scarecrow in his torn singlet and dungarees, and stood balancing himself as the lifeboat was lifted up on the top of one of the huge, smooth mounds of water.

He stretched out his hands and screeched: "Captain Harness, you gimme a drink! I want a drink of wather! Do ye hear me, captain?" He stepped over the thwart and staggered toward the stern. "Water, for God's sake!"

"Keep away from me, Skelton," said Old Bluenose.

"I'm goin' to make ye give me a dhrink," said Skelton.

Crazy, thought the third mate. Were they all of them crazy—Skelton and Limehouse and Rafferty and the Dutchman and Wilson, the steward, and the bos'n and himself? Was the old man crazy too? Was the chief engineer, lying on his side, his right arm bent over his face, crazy as well?

Old Bluenose placed his cupped hand on Skelton's chin and shoved him backward. Skelton crumpled up and lay sobbing across the chief engineer's legs.

"Git off me," said the chief engineer.

"What did yer touch the poor little feller for?" said Limehouse Smith. "What did yer touch 'im for?"

"If it had been you, I'd of used a gun, not my hand," said Old Bluenose.

"I'm dyin' of thirst," said the Dutchman. "I'm goin' to have a drink. Look at dot water." He rested his elbows on the gunwale and stared entranced at the blue water, rising and falling slowly, so smooth and terrible and strange. "Look at it," he said. He dipped the rusty bailer into the sea. "Dere's water here. Water, fellers. Good water."

The third mate gripped hold of the Dutchman's wrist and emptied the bailer back into the sea.

"If you drink salt water you'll go off your head. Salt water kills a man sooner than anything."

"Den I'm gonna drink it," said the Dutchman.

"You touch salt water," said Old Bluenose, "an' I'll kill you myself, quicker than the water would. I gotta keep discipline in this boat. An' when I git you men safe an' sound ashore, you'll thank me for makin' you economize on what water we got. You'll be glad ye had me in command an' no one else."

"Glad!" said the chief engineer. His lean, wizened face with the pouched eyelids and the slits for eyes quivered. He showed his blue gums in a terrible laugh. His tongue was dark and swollen. He uttered a grating sound before he spoke.

"When we git 'ashore, did ye say, Captain Harness? Whaur an' when wull that be? Whaur?"

Old Bluenose did not answer him.

"When the survivors of the auld Malacca git ashore, if we do git ashore, they'll ask us hoo did we lose oor ship? What way was it she broached to an' sank? Whose was the fault? An' what wull we say? We'll say the captain wudna listen to gale warrnin's. We ocht to ha'e been nowhaur near thon hurricane, Captain Harness; ye ken that as well as I dae."

Old Bluenose looked at him with contempt in his fierce eyes. "An' what will I say?" he said. "I'll say that if the chief engineer had had steam on the port boiler, the hurricane wouldn't have caught us. I'm not a fool, Mr. McCartan. A valve was leakin', ye told me, an' ye wanted to mend a joint an' ye'd have to shut steam off the port boiler. Ye said it was a matter that had to be seen to. Why didn't ye have it seen to before? Why did ye wait an' wait?"

"An' why, when I tellt ye there'd be no steam on the port b'iler for a whole day an' a nicht—why didna ye tell me ye'd had thon gale warrnin'?"

"I did," said Old Bluenose, "an' it was too late. But why didn't you git on with the job, mister, two days before? Shall I tell ye? You were drinkin'."

The chief engineer put his hands to his head.

"Aye," he said, "I was drinkin'. The second engineer went doon the ladder into the engine room to shut off steam, as a precaution. I let him gang. He's dead. I ocht to ha'e died instead of him."

"Well, ye'll be dead soon enough, mister," said Rafferty. "We'll all die. We're bound to."

"Don't talk of dyin', Rafferty," said Old Bluenose. "I promised I'd bring ye ashore safe an' sound, an' I will."

The third mate could see an anxious expression in his sunken eyes. He wondered what he was thinking now. Old Bluenose said he would bring them ashore and yet he was worrying.

Limehouse Smith, the fireman, began to mutter and moan.

"What's wrong with you?" said the third mate.

"That feller I told you about—the feller I killed. I wish—I wish to God—there was some way I could do somethin' to make up for what I done, like. I wish ——"

"Limehouse," said Skelton—"Limehouse, if there was somewan had done ye harm, would ye be willin' to let things be an' say it didn't matther?"

"I would. But no one's done me no harm, Skelton."

"Suppose somewan had!"

"I wouldn't care. Not now I wouldn't."

"Limehouse," said Skelton, "it's about Lil."

"Well!" Limehouse Smith's gaunt face had hardened.

"Suppose it was me went to her an' towld her you was afther goin' off with Daisy Taylor!" Skelton plucked at the other's torn shirt sleeve. "Suppose I towld her that!"

"Do you mean it was you, Skelton?" said Limehouse.

Skelton shrank away from him. "I never said it was."

"But was it?" said Limehouse, catching hold of his arm.

"It was, Limehouse—it was. You said you wanted to do somethin' to make up for killin' that feller you hit."

"When I come 'ome," said Limehouse, turning to the third mate, "the house was dark. There was no one in. Lil 'ad gone. She left a letter to say she'd had all she wanted of me. She took all my money. She drawed it out the savin's bank. An' Skelton tells me it was him. Skelton," he said, "what made yer tell them lies? Why did yer want Lil to leave me?"

"Because you had everythin' an' I had nothin'; because you were sthrong an' fellas liked you an' laughed at me ——"

Limehouse Smith gripped Skelton by the throat.

"Mr. Cooper," said Old Bluenose, "stop that man."

The third mate wrenched Limehouse Smith's hands off Skelton.

"That'll do, you," he said.

"What's the use?" said Limehouse Smith. "All right, Skelton, I won't do nothin' more. Sorry if I hurt yer. But if ever I get outa here—if what the captain ses is right an' we're gonna see land—why, then, you Judas, mind yerself."

"You killed a man," said Skelton, shuddering. "You said if you'd done anythin' ——" He was silent.

"When we die, there'll be some straight'nin' things out," said Rafferty presently.

"Yimmy Turner's dead," said the Dutchman.

"Soon we'll be dead too," said the steward.

"Not you, steward," said Old Bluenose. "You'll live to a ripe old age. I won't have any more talk of bein' dead. I'm gonna save ye in spite of yerselves."

"Ye canna save yerself, let alone us," said the chief engineer. "It isna possible."

"It's time we had our whack of water," said Skelton.

"Yes," said Limehouse, "it's time."

"You'll drink when I say it's time," said Old Bluenose.

The lifeboat rose and fell on the high, smooth swell. The sun scorched down from that unbelievably brazen sky. The sea was dazzling in the glare.

"I got to dhrink," said Rafferty. "Me tongue's swellin' on me."

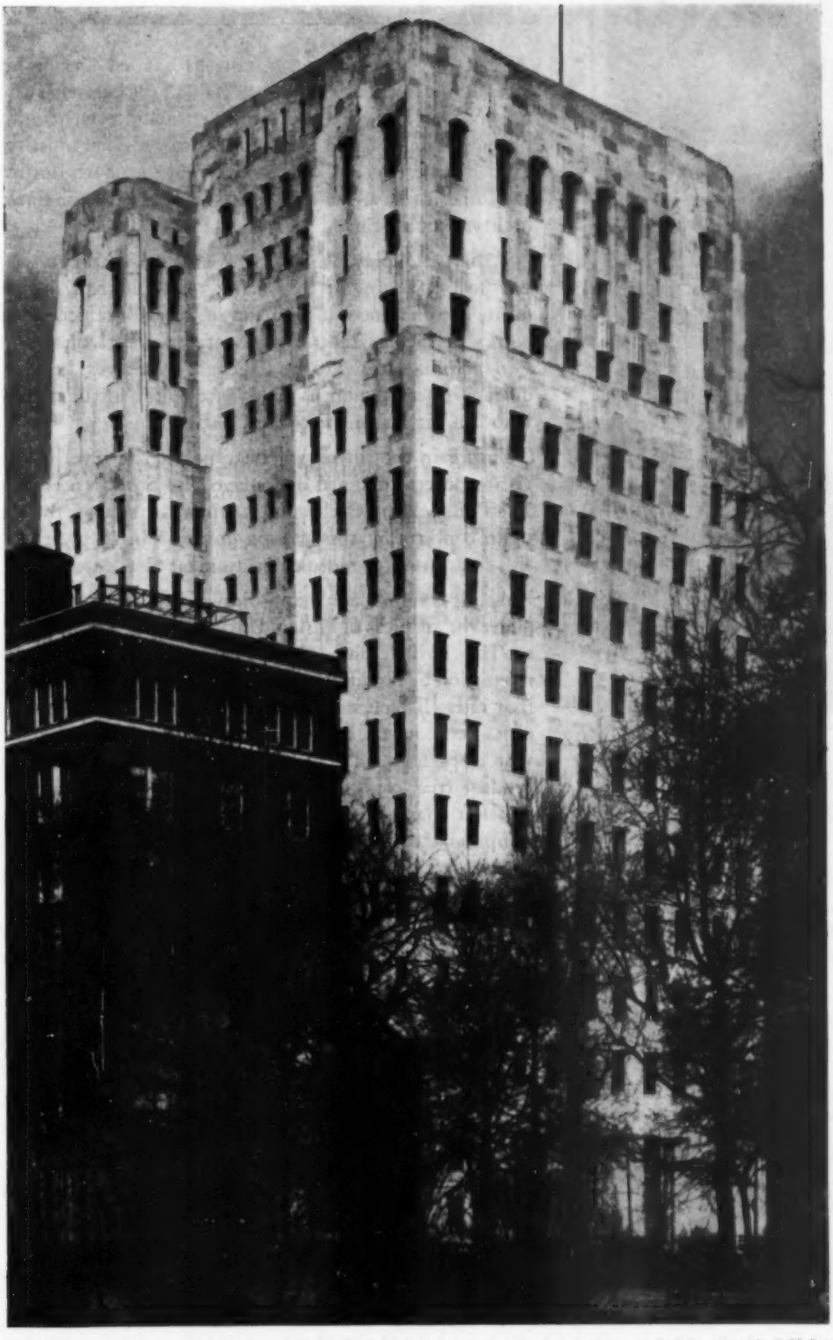
"I got to drink," said the Dutchman. "I'm a dead man."

"Captain," said the bos'n, "it's time you dished out the whack of water that's due us. We're dyin'."

"Not you," said Old Bluenose. "You fellers wouldn't die for days, even if you got no more water."

(Continued on Page 72)

Cross-roads OF INDUSTRY



THE AYER BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

PRODUCTS to be sold in world-wide markets . . . towels by the million . . . cigarettes by the billion . . . meat . . . ginger ale . . . tractors . . . cereal foods produced in staggering quantities . . . these and scores of other merchandising problems are considered daily in the councils of the established advertising agency. Each must be analyzed in the light of special circumstances and conditions. Each must be faced, and solved.

Here, at the cross-roads of industry, the advertising agency looks with unobstructed view down the avenues of steel, of foodstuffs, of textiles . . . into the field of glass-making, of silk and rayon . . . of soap, and pottery, and aeroplanes. It knows, with the precision of first-hand knowledge, what is going on in these industries, and many other industries. It enjoys an unequaled perspective of the business scene.

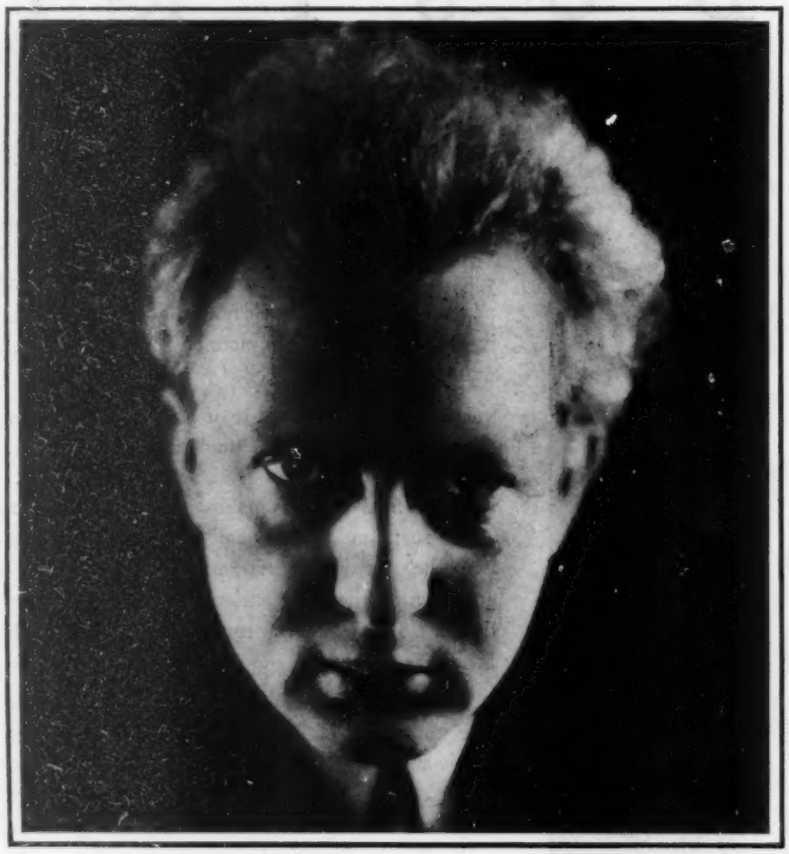
This perspective of business conditions, this inside knowledge of industry, is a tremendous economic advantage. It permits the advertising agency to focus upon the problems of one manufacturer the combined experience of many. It codifies and gathers into a practical working plan those principles of design, production, and distribution which lie at the root of all successful merchandising.

There is no industrial organization in the world today so big or so ably directed that it cannot benefit by competent advertising counsel. There is not one that can afford to ignore the power of advertising itself—the power of the printed page. And the surest proof of that is to be found in this significant fact . . . that virtually all the leaders of modern American industry are heavy and consistent advertisers.

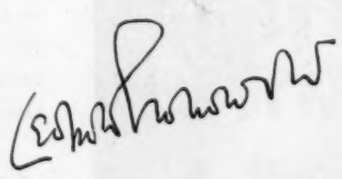
N · W · AYER & SON
INCORPORATED
Advertising
WASHINGTON SQUARE • PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO DETROIT LONDON

STOKOWSKI CREATES NEW ... for Philco concerts by



"Since our Radio Concerts last year I have been working in America and Europe, trying to develop a method of broadcasting the modern orchestra without distortion of tone values. For example, recently, I heard some music broadcast by one of the greatest orchestras of the world, led by a master conductor, in which the clarinet was producing in the concert hall about 40 degrees of tone, and the violins about 20—yet the values were reversed when heard by Radio—with the result that the music was so distorted as to be meaningless to the public. Through the courtesy of Mr. Aylesworth, President of National Broadcasting Company, and in conjunction with Mr. Hanson—chief engineer—a new form of equipment has been designed, which I hope will be a definite step towards solving this difficult problem of distortion. This progressive step is the first of several, necessary to make broadcasting of an orchestra what it eventually will be — not only equal, but musically more eloquent than concert hall projection of music. Of course this cannot overcome distortion of reception, which is still very great in most receiving sets. But I hope through this new equipment, that we shall be able eventually to control with certainty, the very complex relations of tone of the modern orchestra in transmission."



OCTOBER 12TH NOVEMBER 16TH
CHRISTMAS DAY EASTER SUNDAY

From 5 to 6 P. M. Eastern Standard Time

FOR 16 years Leopold Stokowski has led The Philadelphia Orchestra; welding its 110 artists with the fire of his amazing genius; fusing their temperaments into one mighty musical instrument; creating a symphonic art of such perfection and universal appeal that both Europe and America have for years recognized this as the finest orchestra of all time.

To hear him play Wagner, Strawinsky, Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Bach, on this many-voiced human instrument, is to find new inspiration in the well-remembered works of the masters. Every seat for every concert in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, wherever he conducts, is reserved months in advance by the fortunate few who can get inside the concert halls.

But again the entire American public can revel in the great concerts planned and played by Stokowski with The Philadelphia Orchestra. Again Philco sponsors four radio concerts by this master, just as Philco presented this finest form of radio entertainment last season.

And it is significant that Stokowski will be heard only under the auspices of Philco. Until last year, the directors of The Philadelphia Orchestra hesitated to risk its reputation by broadcasting any concerts, being unwilling that radio listeners should get an inaccurate impression of its gorgeous tone. But last year, radio reception took vast leaps forward. Philco, with its balanced units to produce true, clear, *undistorted* tone, led this progress. It was felt that the most subtle tone colors of the great symphony could be faithfully reproduced by Philco, and Stokowski "went on the air" for the first time.

In his final concert last December, Stokowski announced that he would attempt to improve the technic of broadcasting by working in the radio laboratory. Now read his announcement at the left regarding a new method of control by which each instrumental group, or any combination of orchestral colors, can be transmitted to you with such fidelity of tone as to constitute a great step forward in the art. And he promises more fascinating programs than ever, to be announced in the daily press.

RECORD-BREAKING COAST-TO-COAST HOOKUP

The Most Widespread Musical Radio Event America has ever heard

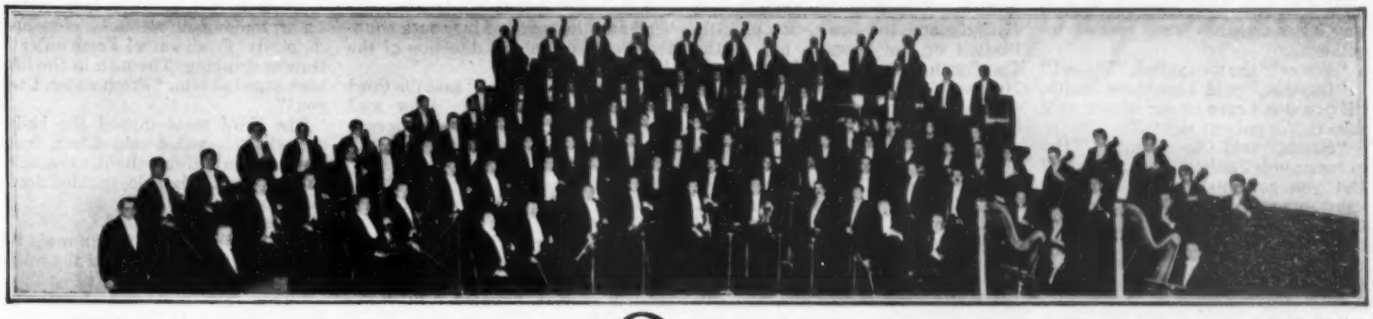
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12TH SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH CHRISTMAS DAY EASTER SUNDAY

From 5 to 6 P. M. Eastern Standard Time

WATCH THE RADIO PAGE OF YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENT

BROADCASTING METHOD

Philadelphia orchestra



ENJOY FULLY THESE SUPERB CONCERTS ON A PHILCO SCREEN GRID-PLUS RADIO

The Super Set

Philco 9-tube Screen Grid-Plus, with the remarkable features of Automatic Volume Control and Philco Tone-Control, is so sensitive and powerful a receiver that its super performance is more than the average listener needs. However, the remarkable results it has given; the way it *holds* programs at a constant level of tone without fading because of Automatic Volume Control, and the gorgeous, true, undistorted tone produced by its balanced units, have created a demand entirely beyond expectations.

As a result, Screen Grid-Plus is being produced in such quantities that it is available at prices which bring it within the reach of the average family. For it must be clearly understood that radios now being offered at far *higher* prices, cannot attempt to match this performance.

What Price Radio Power?

Radios of great power which do not have Automatic Volume Control cannot be classed with Screen Grid-Plus, The Super Set. Of what use is power if it brings faraway stations that fade? You can't enjoy such reception. Only with Automatic Volume Control can you hold programs, near and far, at steady level; no fading; no dismal dying away; and this is of special value in holding reception against normal daylight fading.

PHILCO LOWBOY

An exquisite open-faced cabinet of American black walnut, figured butt walnut and Oriental wood. American Gobelin tapestry over speaker.

In 7-tube SCREEN GRID - $110.00

In 9-tube SCREEN GRID-PLUS $127.50

And a complete range of beautiful furniture models ranging from Baby Grand $49.50 to Combination Radio-Phonograph $198, and Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph $350. All prices less tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current, and in a battery set

Philco Tone-Control is already famous as the outstanding improvement of the year. The knob on the front of Philco sets now gives you control of station tone so you can bring in programs YOUR way with any one of four tone qualities —"Brilliant"—"Bright"—"Mellow"—"Deep."

And the new Philcos have an exclusive Station Recording Dial on which you *permanently* log your favorite stations, and balanced-unit construction throughout. The complete line, from the Baby Grand which contains a 7-tube big-performing receiver complete with built-in genuine dynamic speaker, at $49.50, right up to the superb Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph at $350, offers in each model, the outstanding value in its field. You cannot buy more performance no matter how much more you are asked to pay.

Ask your nearest Philco dealer for a free demonstration today, and enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is sold by all authorized Philco dealers.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Philco Radios, Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.

IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

PHILCO

NO DISTORTION WITH BALANCED-UNIT PHILCO

(Continued from Page 68)

"Water!" they croaked. "Water!" Their voices were harsh and rasping. They shook their fists. "Water! Gimme our whack of water! We gotta have it!"

The most horrible thing he had ever known, the third mate thought, was the way these deep-sea sailors and firemen screeched and raved because Old Bluenose would not give in to them. And that was life. There was no order, no discipline anywhere. Men did as they liked. They did not ask; they demanded.

Old Bluenose had not moved. He did not show that he was disturbed. His countenance was unchanged. He seemed to look straight through the men cursing him. He smiled in a far-off way. His thin lips were pressed together.

"Water!" the men yelled. "Water!"

"Captain," said Limehouse Smith, "if you don't give us our whack we'll take it. We got our rights."

"Smith," said Old Bluenose, "I'm in command. You're a Red, ain't you? But you got intelligence enough to know someone's got to give orders, an' that's me. You'll have yer water when I give it to you."

"He's keepin' it for himself," said the steward in a whining voice. "He's suppin' it on the quiet."

"That'll do," said Old Bluenose. "That's quite enough from you. Steward, you're like an old woman. Hold yer tongue."

Limehouse Smith got up from the thwart and moved toward him.

"Captain," he said, "what's got yer? It's an hour or more past the time you said we could have a drink. Out of the way now. Let me get to the water."

Old Bluenose jerked his automatic pistol out of his pocket.

"Stand back, you, Smith," he said.

Limehouse Smith dropped once more on to the thwart and sat with his arms folded on his knees.

"God!" he said.

And all at once the third mate knew he could not endure the pangs of thirst another moment. The men were in the right.

"Captain Harness," he said, steadying himself with one hand on the hot gunwale—"captain, why not dish out the water now? Aren't you dying of thirst like the rest of us?"

"I never expected you to side with the men, mister."

"I'm not siding with the men. I'm not. But we've had no water since last night. Do you want to kill us?"

"Mr. Cooper," said Old Bluenose, "this is your first voyage as an officer. I know what you don't. Because the men are thirsty, they'd like me to hand over the water! Well, I won't. Discipline comes before anythin' else. What I say I mean. Don't make things harder than they are already."

"There's water enough in that breaker, captain," said Rafferty, "to keep us a week. You say we're near land. What's the use of stintin' us now?"

"He's got a whole breaker half full," said the steward. "I know 'e has. It had twelve gallons in it when we left the ship. How much has he let us have?"

"Water," the men screeched. "Water!"

"You'll have the water when I say so," said Bluenose.

The men lapsed into a kind of torpor. Their faces twitched and crinkled into strange shapes. Their tongues were swollen in their mouths. Their throats were parched. Their eyes smarted. Their eyes were deep in their heads. They were crazy with thirst. They would have murdered for water.

"Captain," said Rafferty, "I'm warnin' ye. You're sthrong, mebbe, but we're sthronger. You can shoot wan of us, but not all. We must have that wather."

"You won't," said Old Bluenose.

He held the tiller in his left hand. In his right he held the automatic pistol. His face was haggard. His eyes were fierce, and yet uneasy.

"You'll obey orders," he said. "You won't touch that breaker."

"Why not?" said the bos'n.

The third mate knew suddenly that Old Bluenose was afraid. He was afraid, but what of? Not of death, he was sure. Not of Limehouse Smith and Rafferty and the bos'n, not of little Skelton or the steward, not of the Dutchman, not of the chief engineer. He had his gun. He would shoot if pressed. He was brutal and callous of human life. Yet he was afraid.

Minutes passed. The lifeboat and its death's-head dying crew continued to rise and fall placidly on the huge swell of the South Atlantic. No one moved. No one spoke. Bluenose allowed the muzzle of his automatic to drop.

Limehouse Smith jumped from the thwart and seized his wrist so that the automatic was useless and Rafferty grabbed the little copper dipper and lowered it through the bunghole of the breaker in the stern.

"Now, fellas, we can dhrink," he said. His smile vanished. He screamed. "It's empty!" He seized the breaker in both hands. "It's empty. Not a dhrop of wather is in it."

Limehouse Smith released Old Bluenose's wrist.

"What?" he said. "What's that you're sayin'?"

"It's empty," said Rafferty. "Look."

The steward shed tears. The Dutchman uttered wild shrieks of laughter. Skelton cursed and beat feebly with his fists on the breaker. The bos'n sank back against the thwart.

"An' why is it empty?" Rafferty said.

"What come to the water?" said Limehouse.

"He's been drinkin' it nights," said the steward.

"You're a liar," said Old Bluenose.

"If you ain't been drinkin' it," said Limehouse, "who has? Speak the truth."

The third mate said: "Of course he's not been drinking it."

"An' why not?" said Rafferty. "Has he been crazy with thirst, the same as us? He hasn't. You know he hasn't."

"How is it there's no water?" said Limehouse. "Tell us."

Old Bluenose explained in a slow, halting voice.

"I rationed the water, same as I said I would. You had it all. Every drop. I didn't have none myself yesterday. I put myself on half rations three days ago—a spoonful a day. I didn't tell you there was no water left. God knows why there wasn't more water in the breaker when we left the ship. Whose fault was it? Mine, you'd say. We'll leave it so. My fault; same as it was my fault the steward didn't put no condensed milk aboard; same as it was my fault the chronometer an' charts was left in the chart room."

"I offered to go and fetch them," said the third mate.

"My fault," said Old Bluenose, as though he had not heard what the third mate had said—"my fault there was no water. I hoped today we'd have sighted the coast of South Americy. I made sure by tonight we'd of landed. But now—God knows! Mebbe I was wrong in my calculations—the wind and the speed of the south equatorial current an' the direction of the drift."

"What calculations?" said the third mate. "Why didn't you show me? Why didn't you take me into your confidence?"

"He's out of his reck'nin' again," said Rafferty.

"What do you mean by that?" said Old Bluenose.

"When I think what I stood from you," said Limehouse—"the bullyin' an' bad language, the threats—when I think of all that, I could ——"

"Well," said Old Bluenose, "you could what?"

"Kill you. I'm goin' to pay yer back for what you done."

"You are, are you?" said Old Bluenose. "That's where you're wrong. You'd best make yer peace with God right now, Smith, while you got the chance."

"Whadya mean?" said Limehouse Smith harshly.

Old Bluenose raised his automatic pistol.

"I'm gonna kill you, Smith, because you're not fit to live with other men. You're one of them there communists what don't believe in discipline or obeyin' orders. You're not fit to live with other men, because there's got to be rulers, wherever you are, ashore or afloat, on board a steel steamer or a full-rigged ship or a ship's lifeboat. I'm gonna shoot you."

"As well be shot as die of thirst," said Limehouse Smith, and made a clumsy rush. Old Bluenose let go the tiller and with his left hand fended him off. There was the crash of an explosion as he pressed the trigger.

The men ducked and moved hastily out of the line of fire, and the lifeboat tilted, and Limehouse Smith, his forearm smeared with blood, lost his balance, clutched wildly and toppled over the gunwale into the sea.

The third mate roused himself. Old Bluenose had shot Limehouse Smith. Was it murder? Or justice? The just penalty for mutiny, or what?

He wondered what Old Bluenose must be thinking now. He glanced at him, holding the tiller once more, the pistol still in his right hand. The lean, hard face with the hard features was pale under the brown. The eyes were rigid. The mouth was a slit. Seeing Bluenose, one would have said that here was a man who would do his duty, whatever the consequences to himself or other people, and one would have been right.

Limehouse Smith came to the surface, gasping and spluttering. The men in the lifeboat watched him in silence, too weary and apathetic to lift a hand to save his life. The captain raised his blued-steel automatic. His face was like the carven mask of a heathen god.

"Don't shoot, for God's sake!" Limehouse yelled.

He sank, rose, gulped a mouthful of water, sank again, rose once more and shrieked: "Fresh water! Fresh water!" He was drinking. The men in the lifeboat gaped at him. "Fresh water, I tell you!"

The third mate dipped the bailer over the side and drank. Clear, fresh water, warm and only slightly brackish, but fresh and palatable, trickled down his throat.

"Fresh water!" he said.

The men bent over the gunwale till the boat tilted, and scooped the water up in their cupped hands.

"Take me in," said Limehouse Smith, clinging to the gunwale. "I'm sinkin'. Take me in."

"Fresh water," the men mumbled, still drinking. "Fresh water."

The third mate, miraculously revived, turned and stared in amazement at Old Bluenose. He seemed to have shrunken. He seemed to have grown less hard and masterful. He was like a man who realizes that he has failed in what he has set out to do. He looked old and tired and hopeless.

He said brokenly, "Fresh water, did you say?"

"The mouth of the Amazon River," said the third mate.

"Ah!" said Old Bluenose. "The mouth of the Amazon River. Didn't I say I knew where I was?"

"But you didn't know," said the third mate in so low a voice that no one heard him but Old Bluenose. "You didn't know. Is that why you wouldn't tell me?"

"Let me in!" panted Limehouse. Rafferty and the bos'n hauled him into the boat.

The men breathed more easily. Even now the sun was less hot, the sky less brazen.

"I brought you here," said Old Bluenose. "I brought you here safe an' sound. I said I'd save you. I have. Gimme a drink of water."

He drank deeply from the bailer. He set the bailer down with a sigh. He sat in the stern sheets, his shoulders bowed, his hand on the tiller, his eyes gazing ahead toward the invisible coast of South America, hidden by the curve of the earth.

"Captain," said Limehouse Smith, "you might 'ave killed me, but you saved our lives. Why didn't you tell us we were in the mouth of the Amazon an' let us drink?"

Old Bluenose turned dull eyes on him.

"I forgot," he said heavily. "I forgot how far out from land the water is fresh."

"We wouldn't be here now but for you, captain," said Rafferty presently. "You're a great man."

The men sprawled at the bottom of the lifeboat and were silent. Rafferty was right. Old Bluenose was a great man. But only the third mate knew how great.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Darkharbor, Maine

You can Afford the *economical General Electric Refrigerator*

It has the money-saving Monitor Top!

Count up the bottles of milk and cream that sour in a year—the butter that begins to have a "taste"—so that it must be used for cooking.

Count up the eggs, the meat and fruit and vegetables that must be wasted, because they are no longer fresh.

And then—count up the benefits of modern refrigeration—*electric* refrigeration—the saving of food and milk—the plentiful supply of ice cubes—the delicious, economical frozen dishes you can make—the safety and wholesomeness of food and drink kept well below the 50 degree bacterial danger point.

You *can* afford the economical General Electric Refrigerator. Its mechanism—hermetically sealed in the Monitor Top—is so completely protected from air, dirt and moisture, that it runs quietly, efficiently, dependably through the years—at a cost of but a few cents a day!

With our easy payment plan, a few dollars in cash will put into your kitchen a glistening white General Electric Refrigerator of striking modern beauty—all-steel—permanently oiled—with all the General Electric refinements—high legs—temperature regulator—the Chiller for storing frozen desserts—the Super-freezer for quick freezing of ice cubes—and the money-saving Monitor Top! Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess." It contains valuable information regarding proper food preservation and its relationship to health. Address Section S-10A, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Company, Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join us in the General Electric program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS · COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS · ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

ONE YEAR AGO WE TOLD YOU:

The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE

IS THE PERFECT YEAR-ROUND OIL

NOW A MILLION MOTORISTS SAY SO, TOO

In October, 1929, The New Waxfree Havoline was announced as the greatest improvement ever made in motor oil: the first pure unblended paraffin-base oil . . . *entirely free from wax!* . . . a perfect year-round lubricant that not only possessed greater heat resistance than any other oil of the same body under high motor temperatures —but which would not congeal at five below zero!

Now, after using this great new oil for at least 1,500,000,000 miles in cars of every make and description . . . at all speeds over all kinds of roads . . . in blistering summer heat and bitter winter cold . . . a multitude of oil-wise motorists from Mexico to Manitoba check these statements with their experience.

The Verdict: Never an Oil Like This Before

From the hottest southern states last summer, car owners reported using one filling of Waxfree Havoline for 1000, 1500, yes, even 2000 miles, and finding it still so rich and oily that "*it seemed a shame to drain.*"

Canadian motorists and others from the far north told us last winter that their cars started easier than ever before in sub-zero weather when using the proper grade of Waxfree Havoline.

And car owners everywhere enthusiastically agree that using this superior oil the year 'round increased power and gas mileage, improved motor performance and reduced carbon troubles and oil expense.

Use Waxfree Havoline for 3 Months—and Be Convinced

Right now, if it is still hot and sultry where you live, you will discover what a superlative hot-weather lubricant this 100%-distilled paraffin-base oil is.

Use the cold-weather grade recommended for your car through the winter, and you will enjoy this same 100% lubrication that only a *waxfree* oil can provide—at the first touch of the starter at zero and below!

Remember: At all seasons the New Waxfree Havoline affords your motor greater protection from the destructive heat of burning gasoline, from frictional wear, than other oils. *It is the first waxfree paraffin-base oil.* Dealers everywhere have the proper seasonal grade for every car.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES: Lawrenceville, Illinois • IN CANADA: Havoline Oil Company of Canada, Ltd., 67 Yonge Street, Toronto, 2, Ontario

SUMMER OR WINTER WAXFREE MEANS CAREFREE

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RIVER TO THE SEA

(Continued from Page 30)

not follow. He was forgotten, dismissed. He arose, left the room quietly, and soon found himself at the bottom of the lane, wondering whether to turn the car north toward the village or south toward the town.

He ended by doing neither. He drove straight up Becker Hill, and, upon turning in to his own house, was surprised to find a roadster standing empty before its door. There was nothing unusual in such an event save that the strange car was of noble lineage, the great-great-great-great-grandson of his own.

His heart winced with envy and then grew contrite; deliberately he drew up broadside, the front wheels of his faithful companion on many a hard ride encroaching on a flower bed.

"Poor old devil," he muttered aloud as he alighted, one hand lingering caressingly on the battered door, "I've fixed it so you don't have to blink your dimming headlights at that million-dollar baby, that nickeled Christmas tree!"

He entered directly into the large sitting and showroom combined, to find himself face to face with Mrs. Thorndyke, standing like an iron watchdog within the threshold of the room beyond. Something in her petrified expression warned him that his customer was suspect—possibly a too flamboyant bootlegger or an overpainted lady. He swerved his eyes swiftly about the room, only to have them and his heart arrested with a gasp.

"It's all right, Mrs. Thorndyke," he managed to say by way of dismissal.

Her bitter smile, sudden as a crack in ancient parchment, expressed its own opinion as to whether things were all right. She turned deliberately, like a puppet on a pivot, slowly withdrew and softly closed the door—softly and with malice, for it left him to worry as to whether she had latched it or not.

Lorry turned and came toward him, a vision so exact in its beauty that it seemed to warn all comers against the profanation of careless handling. Her tweed sports skirt, her bearing, her very expression, were as correct as the expensive car outside, but to the sheer dignity of value she added the exquisite bloom of a Sèvres vase.

"Take off your hat," he suggested in desperation.

She looked around, went to a blurred Chippendale mirror, removed her hat and fluffed her hair. He watched her; it made her worse. There was nothing overdone about her person, no justification whatever for Mrs. Thorndyke's acid smile, and yet she remained aloof. At ease, but aloof. Her unhurried motions reminded him forcefully of her mother's calm, but strangely failed to bring peace to his soul.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," he mourned. "I've been half crazy all day trying to find out where you were, dancing around like a chicken on a hot stove, and now you're here, I'm scared of you!"

A faint smile broke the curve of her lips and her eyes began to shine. "I'm so glad; I thought it was because you didn't want to see me."

"I've never been so pleased over anything in my life. I'd telephoned my sister, had her go around to your apartment, found you'd gone without saying where, and then a brain wave took me rushing up Yellow Mountain. That's where I've been; I just got back."

He waited for her to ask the usual questions—how was her mother, her grandfather, and what about her dear little half sisters? She asked none of them, but walked around tentatively, like a cat accustoming itself to new surroundings. She picked up a *bibelot* from the mantel, weighed it in her hand thoughtfully and put it back again.

"I've never been here before," she murmured.

"It's not much of a place," he said with the eagerness of relief, "but would you like to have a look around?"

"Yes."

"Come on then; we'll do the house first."

He ushered her through the dining room into the large kitchen, facing at once the ordeal of presenting Mrs. Thorndyke. Mrs. Thorndyke knew her manners; she acknowledged the introduction with a bob of her head like the breaking off of an icicle at its base. Lorry was also polite, but without intention. Genuinely impressed, she exclaimed at the neatness of everything and at the size of the Thorndyke family cat.

From the side hall between kitchen and dining room they went upstairs to his bedroom. "Here's where I sleep," he explained, "because it's got a southeast exposure. When the maples aren't in leaf you can see Log House from this window. Look; you can half see it now—through the gap alongside the trunk."

She came close to him to look from the window. He took her by the shoulders and moved her as if he were aiming an emplacement gun, sighting along the parting in her hair. The top of her head was level with his nose; his chin touched her hair, sank into it, stirring it to faint perfume. His nostrils dilated, but the rest of him was too intent on pointing out Log House to take note either of what his senses were doing or of the slight tremor of her body.

"I see it," she said finally, turning her head and perforce lifting her face to his.

There are actions, momentous in themselves, which take place so automatically as to seem insignificant at the moment of happening. Before he could think, far less mete out the exact measure of his act, he had kissed her moist lips, and recoiled. In a second of time which seemed to lengthen preposterously into an hour he perceived his error. Why had he drawn back? If he hadn't he could have passed the thing off. But now ——

"I didn't mean to do that, Lorry. It was rotten and sneaking, as if I'd brought you up here to—to ——" His face colored with distress and anger at his own witless predicament. "I ought to be kicked, quartered and hung."

She stared at him wonderingly. "What's all the fuss? I didn't mind your kissing me."

Her naturalness disarmed him so completely that he felt more than ever a fool. He shrugged his shoulders and turned from her. "Come on; let's get downstairs."

"What about the other rooms?" she asked.

"Oh, you don't want to see those."

"I would like to see everything, please. Just the rooms," she added mildly, "not the view."

He glanced at her, frowning. Had he heard aright? Her eyes, devoid of mischief, gave him no lead. He surrendered grudgingly and showed her two other bedrooms, opening one into the other. Again she exclaimed, not only at their astonishing neatness but at the flawless reproduction of a bygone day—furniture, floor coverings, bedspreads, prints, wall paper and hangings. So might each of them have looked generations ago for the coming of a dowered bride.

"What are these rooms for?" she asked, standing within the connecting door. "I mean what's the use of them?"

"Oh, nothing; nobody lives in them, but it gives the things you see here a chance to be at home."

"Do you show them to everybody?"

"I've never shown them to anybody but you. Mrs. Thorndyke sees them, of course."

She went to sit on the edge of a bed and smoothed one of its posts with the palm of her hand. "It's very old," she said, sensitive by instinct to the mellowed flower of the wood.

"About as old as anything could be in this country, and it's still sound and strong."

She arose. "Are there any more rooms?"

"There's a back room and an attic, both packed solid with wrecks waiting till I come across a missing arm or leg. There's some china, too—broken sets I may be able to match up some day." His eyes gleamed. "There's a set of five pieces on the sideboard in the dining room it took me exactly five years to run down."

"I'd like to see outside."

He led her first to the east veranda, where the eye could take an uninterrupted hollowed sweep, down, down and up again to Log House on Yellow Mountain. Then he showed the way to the barn, and from there they wandered through young timothy and clover to the sharp southern brow of Becker Hill. As they approached its verge and the full depths of the transcendent view began to open before her eyes, she hastened her pace to a run.

"Look out!" he called. "If you should trip you'd roll a mile."

XIV

A FLAT rock rose to the level of the grass tops; below it a long cascade of lesser stones, of tangled dewberry vines, ground oak, stunted junipers and pale-leafed mounds of laurel, descending. Beyond—far down, far beyond—inlaid plaques of water, a toy village, the hair line of a church spire. With a leap, Lorry came to a stop on the rock at the brink. Here the air was seldom still, for hills and valley formed a deep and ever-widening funnel up which the winds marched in winter and breezes found their way on the hottest summer day.

She spread her arms, hung poised, lifted up her face and flung out her voice in song:

"*Where lifts the breeze, where lifts the breeze,*
There my soul on wing!
Where drifts the cloud, where drifts the cloud,
On high, on high, I sing,
On high, on high!
Where falls the brook I fall,
My song and I and all.
Where sets the sun, there do I rise,
Disdain the world and cleave the skies.
The sky! The sky!
The sky!"

Crouching on a near-by stone, watchful lest she fall, Ken found himself trembling in every limb. All his nerves vibrated with a wild ache to the unmeasured soaring of the song—high, so incredibly high, yet soaring still, once more to soar! His heart swelled to bursting, protested with every beat of its mounting pulse, yet drank and drank and still was thirsty! He looked on the figure silhouetted against the paling sky as one might look with reverence upon a god—familiar, dear, forever distant! Her fluttering skirt and blouse stood back like wings, displaying the straight young arrow of her body, threatening to launch it with her voice upon the evening air. She ceased as abruptly as she had begun, seated herself and gathered her knees in her arms.

What could he say? What should he say? For he must say something. Not praise for the sake of praise—no. Something on which he himself could climb down to where he belonged, hold fast and stay there, down low. Something casual, nonemotional, that would put him back, once and for all, in the rôle of mentor to a divine and disembodied voice. He moved over to take his place beside her.

"It was lovely, Lorry—beyond words. I wouldn't have missed it for this world and the next, but you're wicked to do it, just the same. You simply mustn't spend yourself like that, singing in the open air and against the breeze. That last note—beautiful, but wickedly high!"

She did not answer, nor did she speak. Struck by the long silence, he looked up to see her eyes growing darker and ever darker as they watched the mighty shadow in the valley creep gradually from west to east. Here was her mother again, not visualized or even adumbrated, yet present within an immutable calm. Time did not worry her, nor place, nor season. Suddenly the temptation assailed him to touch her, to lay his hand on her arm and link himself through warmth and softness to her absent spirit. If he could be sure his hand wouldn't tremble! She stirred, aroused by his restless tensity, and still without speaking, arose and started back toward the house.

Arrived near the kitchen, odors assailed them and she turned to him with a childish eagerness totally foreign to her recent ageless mood.

"I smell cooking," she stated.

Remembering the unquestioning grace with which he, a stranger, had been welcomed to her family board, he felt ashamed.

Ordinarily he was no coward, but the mere thought of suggesting to Mrs. Thorndyke that she lay an extra place at table for a lone girl congealed his blood. His reason in suspense, and moving as an automaton, he ushered Lorry in by the side door, followed and cast a despairing glance into the dining room. The table was set for two. Relief surged through his veins as he turned to his precise though windblown companion.

"I guess supper's about ready. Would you like to wash your hands?"

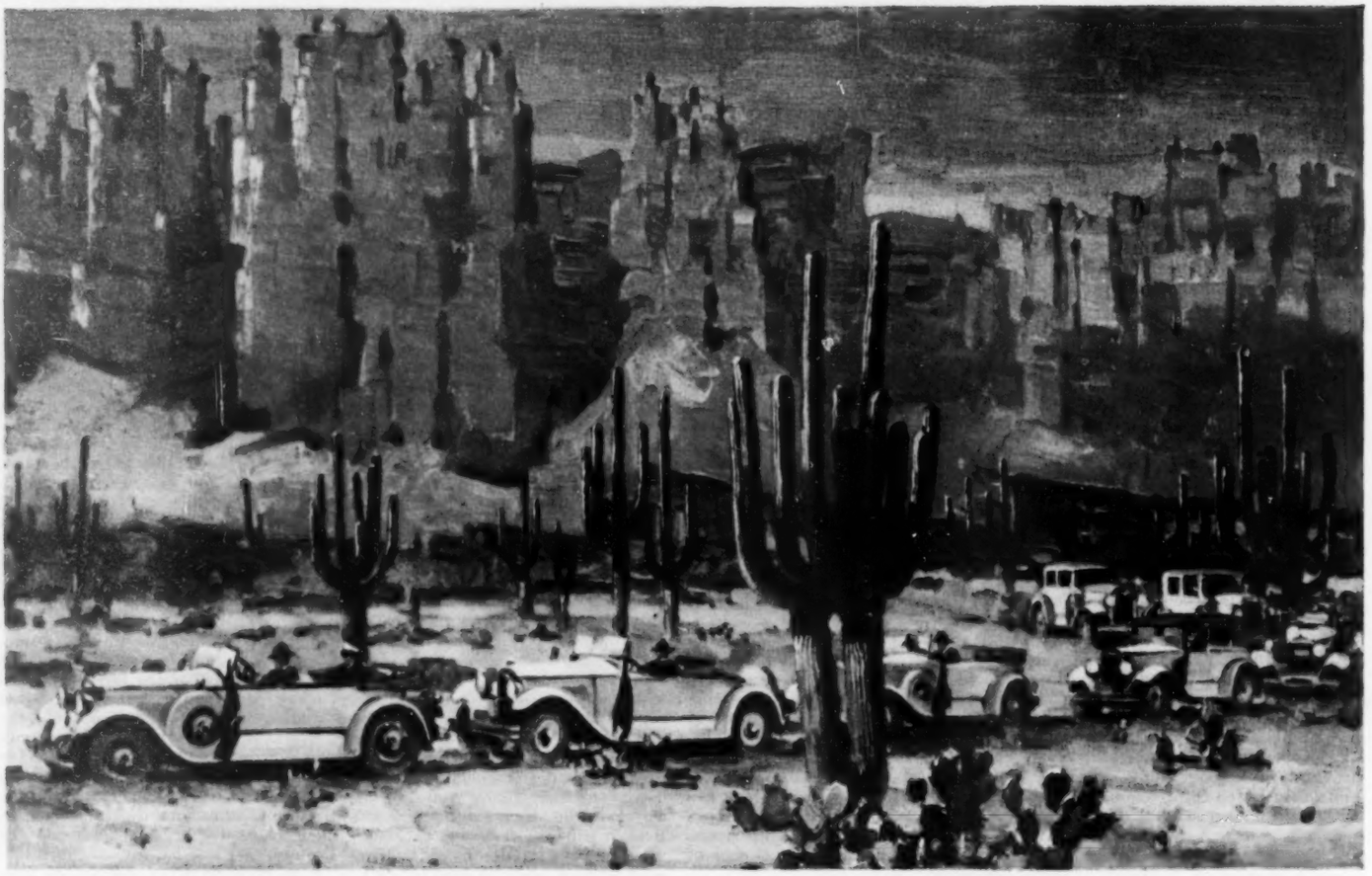
"Yes, and do my hair."

"Then run upstairs; you'll find a bath to the right of my bedroom."

Who can penetrate the workings of the New England mind! Never had Ken sat down to such a repast in his own house. Never had he dreamed

(Continued on Page 79)

These are the facts about Silvertowns



Nineteen men drove fifteen cars 30,000 miles to get these facts. The pilots of the Silver Fleet spent 1,800 hours behind the wheel to give you this cross section of experience with Silvertowns as you would find it.

Sixty-two tires helped write the record. Forty million people served as witnesses. Every section of the country supplied its share of evidence.

Now here are the facts . . . presented for public judgment.

Offered without benefit of interpretation to guide your thinking our way. Published openly because Goodrich believes you will recognize superiority where it exists.

They prove Silvertowns in terms which you and I, drivers of today's cars on today's roads, can readily accept as a basis for choice in tires. They represent a refreshing departure from exaggerated claims and unsupported statements which may impress at the moment but which so frequently lose their force out on the highways where you and I are depending on our tires for comfort, safety and economy.

In the panel herewith is the record . . . the condensed report of the Goodrich Silver Fleet. It shows what Silvertowns have done . . . what they can do again for you. It establishes the superiority of Silvertowns beyond all denial or doubt.

Read these plain facts. Digest them. Compare them with your own experience. You can return but one verdict . . . "Silvertowns *are* superior."

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Established 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich

32,000 RUBBER ARTICLES, representing more than a
Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels ·

...You are the Judge...and the Jury!

SUMMARY OF FACTS

The record of the Goodrich Silver Fleet in brief

•

Number of cars	15
Number of tires	62
Average car mileage	30,112
Total tire miles	1,866,944
Original tires in service at end of tour	32
Number of tires never off the rim	15
Number of blow-outs	NONE
Number of tire failures	NONE

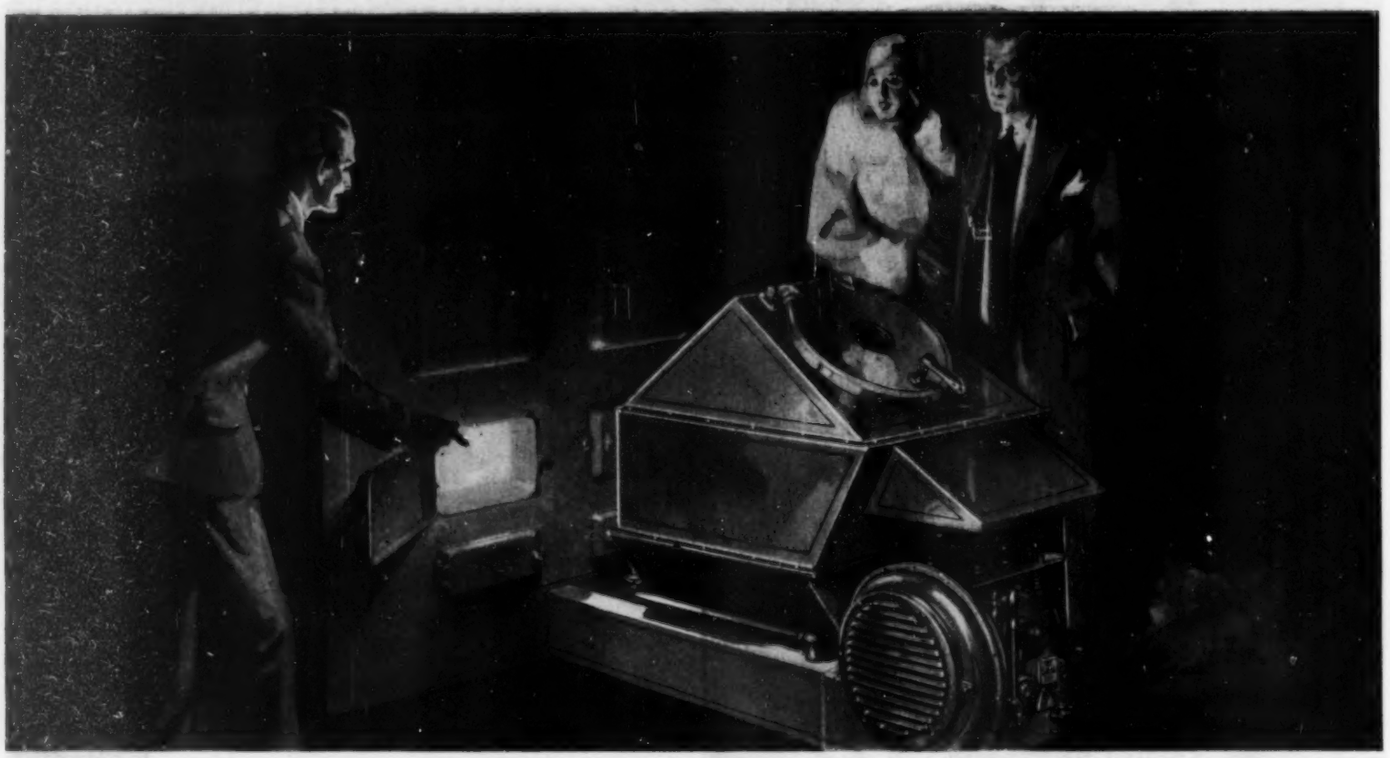
THIS IS THE Goodrich Silvertown, holder of the amazing records that are published above. The Silvertowns your dealer offers you are identical in strength and stamina, in material and manufacture, to those demonstrated on the Silver Fleet.

Silvertowns — another B.F.Goodrich Product

thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers
Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded and Hard Rubber Goods

IRON FIREMAN

made COAL an automatic fuel



Users' fuel savings alone pay 39.44%* per annum on investment

IN THIS AGE when we all enjoy comforts, luxuries and conveniences that our forefathers never dreamed of, many of us for economy's sake unconsciously resist each new betterment. We instinctively feel that better living conditions call for an added drain on income or an extra per cent of increase in overhead.

Not so, however, with Iron Fireman. Iron Fireman automatic coal firing *reduces expenses.* It makes income go farther. It reduces overhead costs. All this while it gives a new uniformity and dependability in heat and power production. Iron Fireman is truly one important betterment which costs less than the old way.

Hand firing is exactly like burning a candle upside down. It makes smoke for the same reason. Iron Fireman *non-agitated forced underfiring* is like burning a candle right side up. Both fuel and air come from below . . . no smoke . . . no waste.

Anyone who buys substantial quantities of fuel could sell his best bond or stock or mortgage, invest his money in Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners and know he will get several times his present income yield. His cash reduction on fuel bills alone will make these earnings . . . because Iron Fireman burns lower-priced coal and less of it.

As extra dividends he will receive the benefits of having temperature or pressure automatically held exactly where wanted. This speeds operations, cuts production costs, increases the comfort and satisfaction of tenants, and everywhere tends to prevent sickness that may be caused by overheating or underheating or by fluctuating temperature.

The positive elimination of smoke makes the building, whether it is a home, factory, office building or institution, a "respectable citizen" in its neighborhood. And today smoke-free cities are demanded by every thinking person.

In many boiler rooms, firemen are slaving away, full time, to feed hungry boilers. Yet no human hand can hold a fire so steady as Iron Fireman, nor do it with a labor cost so low.

Iron Fireman has made coal an automatic fuel. It reduces fuel bills so definitely that it quickly writes itself off users' books.

Ask for an engineer's report showing what Iron Fireman will do for you in your boiler room or home. Write for interesting catalog. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Branches: Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago. Subsidiaries: New York, Milwaukee. Dealers in principal cities in United States and Canada.

*Users' fuel savings, as shown by their figures, average 31.62 per cent (on installations other than residences)—equivalent to an annual return of 39.44 per cent on the cost of their Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners. Fuel savings in residences averaged 45.61 per cent.

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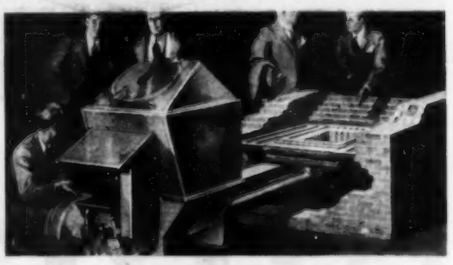

IRON FIREMAN
AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

. . . the machine that made coal an automatic fuel

(Continued from Page 75)

Mrs. Thorndyke could prepare so epicurean a meal, much less serve it with the finical niceties of an anæmic ritual. Furbelows, such as changing the unused serving plates and wafting out one dish at a time instead of piling hands and arms with all she could safely carry, astounded him. In one afternoon of solitary rumination she seemed to have acquired all those mannerisms which have elevated the business of butlering into a profession verging on an art.

What was true of the service was equally true of the food; in spite of a restricted larder, it was as good as it was surprising, bringing out uses for apples and tomatoes he had never dreamed, glorifying rice, spring chicken and giblet gravy. But his bewildered spirit could hardly do the occasion justice. "Why? Why? Why?" asked his teeth as he chewed, slower and slower. Why had Mrs. Thorndyke foreseen, and why had she acquiesced? It never occurred to him that one who garners titbits of gossip with patient care against the long and barren hours of winter evenings might rise to genius and, having the courage of her greed, prepare for herself a whole roast, or an entire barbecue!

Arising from the wondrous meal, he tried to lead Lorry by suggestion toward her car, but she spied a door still unexplored, and stopped before it. "What's in there?"

"That's where I loaf."

"May I look in?"

"Of course."

She opened the door. "Oh!" she sighed.

"What is it?"

"This is where you really live."

She moved forward into the center of the friendly room and stood looking about her. Shelves of books surmounted by etchings. Easy-chairs, deep and warm, within the glow of green-shaded lamps. A hollowed couch piled high with cushions. A fresh-laid fire in a corroded fireplace, its bricks burned to the quick.

He joined her. "Yes," he admitted, "here's where I really live."

She shivered, her eyes still fixed on the fireplace. "I'm cold."

He moved with reluctance, but goaded by a sense of inevitability, stooped and lit the fire. "It does get rather chilly in the evenings."

"What do you do at night?" she asked. "Read?"

"Yes."

"In that chair?"

He followed her pointing eyes. "Generally."

She turned on him, not quite the old Lorry of tatterdemalion days but something very near it. "Sometimes you're queer, Ken. Why can't you sit down here as easily as you could at Yellow Mountain? You make me feel creepy, as if—as if ——"

"As if what?"

"As if you'd borrowed this house."

Again he felt deeply ashamed. Stung into a naturalness the equal of her own, he threw himself into the chair, relaxed and looked up at her with smiling eyes.

"You're right, Lorry; I'm a rotten host. I guess I'm scared of your proper, grown-up look. Do you realize you're the first girl I've ever entertained in this room?"

She turned slowly, went to the couch, arranged the cushions to her taste and presently was curled up against them, her face half toward him, half toward the fire.

"Read," she said.

"Read what?"

"Anything—as if I weren't here."

"Aloud?"

"No, no. Just take up your book and read."

"What for? I don't want to read; I want to talk."

"No. Please read—not make-believe, but really—the way you would if I wasn't here. Please."

He complied; he picked up a book in which he was genuinely interested and read a full page without raising his eyes. Only as he turned the leaf did he venture to glance at Lorry. She was asleep, indubitably and profoundly asleep. He closed the book, laid it down gently and stood up, shortly to become the torn and unhappy battlefield of conflicting emotions. One moment the Lorry on the couch seemed to have returned to confiding childhood, the next she was alluringly mature and a danger.

Fantastic conceptions began to fly around like bats in his empty skull, among them the wizened Mrs. Thorndyke on a broomstick. He imagined the smells of flaming fagots and burning flesh. The ancient house became smug, threatening to smother him with the crazy quilts and feather beds of its immemorial past. Old ideas rose up to battle valiantly against the freedom of the new morality—Lorry, asleep on his couch, casually determined to spend the night! He was young, and consequently entitled to his share of the new freedom. He longed to be emancipated, free, as who doesn't—but not with Lorry. He advanced on her, leaned over, laid his hand on her shoulder and shook her.

"Lorry, wake up!"

There are some people to whom sleep is more than sacred—a sort of subconscious mania which resents interruption with a violence that beggars description. Whether this peculiar characteristic arises from an exaggerated sense of privacy, or from greed for rest, or from some other still more subtle source, is immaterial. In this instance Lorry was the possessor of the urge and he its victim. Snatched from the depths of slumber, she kicked and struck out wildly, her closed fist colliding with his mouth with such force as to give them both pain.

"Oh!" she cried, sitting erect, swinging her feet to the floor and beginning to rub her eyes awake, all in one consecutive motion. She looked up at him and surrendered to amazement. "Your lip's bleeding!" she exclaimed.

"I know."

"How did it happen?"

"You did it; you hit me."

Astonishingly the explanation seemed to suffice. "Then you must have waked me," she stated, disposing of the mystery. "It's better not to come near enough to touch me; Dora always throws water."

"Your speaking of Dora reminds me why I did it. It's time you were going home."

"Home where?"

"Over to Log House, of course."

She looked about, her gaze ignoring him. "It's warm in here and cold outside."

"Stand up," he commanded.

She got to her feet promptly and stood so straight that more than ever she became a lay figure, a lovely thing of porcelain. Stooping swiftly, he passed his arm around her rigid knees, lifted her, carried her into the next room, tipped her over until she could reach her hat, passed out through the front door and deposited her in her car.

At first he had been conscious of her weight as being just about what was to be expected, but before he set her down his senses had been subjected to violent oscillation. The warmth of her body, striking through his shirt, seemed to pour strength into his veins so that she became no burden at all—something he could carry at a run to the ends of the earth! The next instant he was panting, all but overwhelmed as his heart shrank to nothing in his breast. Never again, he told himself, never again! Thoughtfully and slowly he went around to take his place at the driving wheel.

All the way down Becker Hill not a word was said, but as the motor reared its head for the climb up Yellow Mountain, the long illumination of the leafy tunnel brought a gasp of pleasure to his lips. He turned to glance at Lorry and would have spoken, but she was cramped into the farthermost corner of the wide seat, her head thrown back, her eyes half closed and tears glistening spectrally on the dim moon of her face. She was crying. Well, let her cry; it wouldn't hurt her half as much as it would him if he stopped and tried to do something about it. Issuing into the clearing, Log House appeared before them, a dark and ungleaming mass until it became illumined from without for an instant in the glare of their own headlights.

"I guess everybody's asleep," he murmured. "Shall I blow the horn?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed, rousing herself. "Why wake people unless you have to?"

He realized the words were not spoken as a rebuke but out of the mouth of uncalculating common sense, and yet he felt contrition. How long would it be before he could learn to accept the natural at its face value? Never to wake people because in his limited opinion they happened to be sleeping in the wrong place. Never to conform action to the thousand and one twists and turns of a Puritan inheritance which so complicated what might be a simple manner of life. Never to bow down before Mrs. Thorndyke's eye, trying to cut to its inchworm measure the free strides of deportment. Never to recoil from an impulsive kiss as if it were labeled, "Snake in the grass."

He stopped before the front door. "Shall I put the car in the shed?"

"No, leave it here. But how are you going to get back?"

"Walk."

"That's foolish. Why did you have to come with me? The sensible thing is for me to drive you home."

"I don't mind walking a bit," he asserted. "Even if you should drive me home I think I'd go out for a long tramp."

She accepted the statement and started to unlatch the door on her side. He sprang out and hurried around, but she had not waited; she was already raising the latch to enter the unlocked house.

"Lorry!" he murmured.

"Yes?"

He took an uncertain step toward her.

"Good night, Lorry."

"Good night, Ken."

She made a fluttering gesture with one hand. For an instant the uplifted whiteness of her face stood out against the dark background; then blackness opened within blackness and she disappeared.

As he trudged back down the lane his brows gathered in a tighter and ever tighter frown. It was difficult to believe weeks had not passed, instead of hours, since last he had traversed this same way. As if time could assume the quality of actual absence—of absolute withdrawal from the affairs of men—the hour earlier in the day when he had gone to Log House and found comfort in Madeleine Beale took on the texture of a pleasant memory. What had troubled him then was Lorry's disappearance; what beset him now was her presence.

If you weren't in love with a girl it ought to be easy to thrust her from mind, and since he had succeeded in doing just that on several occasions, he certainly wasn't in love with Lorry. And yet he couldn't get rid of her in any of her aspects. Lorry in the unmolded clay of the mountain hoyden of the past, Lorry as the inflexible lay figure of the afternoon, and Lorry as a resplendent rising star collided with the vision of all three of them asleep on his couch, paradoxically confusing him by simplicity. Then Lorry in his arms—weighing nothing, weighing more than he could bear! His last waking thought was that it was foolish to think of any individual as one and indivisible, since in one young girl he had discovered a trinity.

He awoke to clarity, to a singleness of aim and purpose which brought him a calm as profound as the stillness of the day outside. Of course, there was only one Lorry that mattered—the Lorry of the rising star. Was that anything new? He had known it all the time; and yet it was new—as new as a fresh-laid egg. It was new because he himself had changed, adding to his own burden of renunciation. Remembering the Lorry of precision, he had a sigh for the hoyden of the past. It would not be fair to say she had hardened, for there had been ample evidence to the contrary; but there was no denying she had taken on form, assumed a mold. Wasn't that unavoidable? Her stock in trade was not merely a marvelous voice, such as might issue from the fattest and most unkempt woman on record, it was a marvelous voice in conjunction with youth, beauty and an astonishing capacity for matching movement to emotion and sound.

There were examples of what could happen to a voice and nothing else—oblivion. Such being the case, he might as well not only reconcile himself to the lay figure of the present but be prepared to cope with the conforming processes of the future. That brought him into contact with the question of immediate procedure. Doubtless he ought to go over to dance attendance on Lorry in her handsome sports clothes, so admirably adapted to a vacationing prima donna, but no, he couldn't face it—not today.

He had the decency to telephone Mrs. Darling of Lorry's safe arrival, but with that duty performed he could think of nothing else to do save loaf around under the hungry eye of Mrs. Thorndyke. It occurred to him to make a study of her mind, to attempt to unlock with a judicious question or two the hidden recesses which had given birth to her exemplary conduct of the previous evening. But the effort was too much, the impulse inadequate. The day passed and night fell. He was sitting in his favorite chair, vainly trying to read, when to his surprise there came a knock on his door and Mrs. Thorndyke entered.

"What is it?" he asked sharply, resenting intrusion on his idleness.

"Log House is afire," she stated almost complacently. "It's a-burnin' up."

He leaped to his feet and rushed into the dining room, whence he could get a

(Continued on Page 82)

Take the wheel and THRILL TO THIS

A new kind of straight eight performance is quickening the pulse of motoring America!

That fact is apparent to everyone who has heard the joyous comments of owners of Buick's four new Straight Eights. Or who has paused to consider that more people are purchasing new Buick Eights than any other eight in the world. Or who has seen a new Buick Eight streak silently past, in traffic or on the straightaway.

For here is performance like a sword-thrust in its swiftness—performance as advanced and admirable in its field as the new ocean-liner record of crossing the Atlantic in 113 hours—performance that reflects Buick's determination to build, not merely an Eight, but an Eight far surpassing the great Buick Six which won more than twice as many buyers as any other car in its price class.

Five seconds faster in acceleration from 10 to 60 an hour than any Buick in history! Ten miles an hour faster at maximum speed! Virile new hill-climbing which permits starting at five miles an hour at the bottom of a steep 11.6 per cent grade and attaining a speed of 28 miles an hour at the crest! And what is still more impressive is the exhilarating ease with which the Buick Eight does it all!

The new Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine spirits you along at 80-plus hour after hour, smoothly, silently, effortlessly. The famous Syncro-Mesh Transmission, found in no other car at or near Buick's price, assures smooth, silent, non-clash shifting of all gears, at all speeds, at the touch of a finger. The new Insulated Bodies by Fisher, skillfully sealed against heat, cold and noise, reveal marvelous new quietness and comfort. And the entire car—so soundly built, so

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK

NEW PERFORMANCE

perfectly balanced—travels with such Pullman steadiness at all speeds that the wheels seem geared to the road.

Come, take the wheel! Know the thrill of this car which is winning the most enthusiastic demand ever accorded any eight, by driving it yourself in traffic, on hills, on the straightaway. And buy with the knowledge that your first thrill will be duplicated with sturdy reliability for years to come—because this is The Eight as Buick Builds It.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

WILL BUILD THEM

FOUR SERIES

STRAIGHT 8

$1025 to $1095	$1535 to $1565
$1285 to $1355	$1610 to $2035

ALL PRICES F.O.B. FACTORY

ALL VALVE-IN-HEAD

YOUR BUICK DEALER INVITES YOU TO DRIVE

The EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT

(Continued from Page 79)

glimpse of Yellow Mountain. It was true; a column of flame seemed to rise from the exact location of Log House, but the house itself remained invisible. He started for the side door.

"Do you want I should telephone Torrington and the volunteers in the village?" called Mrs. Thorndyke.

"No!" he shouted over his shoulder. "It wouldn't be the slightest use!"

A moment later his car shot out of the yard, turned into the road on two wheels and rushed down Becker Hill at a speed never before approached. He braked hard for the double jounce over the turnpike, but once he was in the long, ascending lane he put his foot hard down on the accelerator and took the bumps as they came. In less than ten minutes from the time Mrs. Thorndyke had spoken he burst out of the woods into the clearing, only to shut off his ignition and bring the car to an abrupt halt.

He sat entranced by a lurid scene. The irregular mass of Log House, safe and sound, rose a little to his left, while directly before him flamed the bonfire so often postponed. In itself it would have presented no mean show, but more than by the blinding pyre his eye was dazzled, seized and held by a leaping figure in furious disarray. Lorry, dressed in tattered blouse and skimpy skirt, was providing for three excited children such a performance as would have brought down the staidest house, foundations and all.

This was no measured spectacle; it was an orgy and a rite, and when to her gyrations she added a weird cry rising into song, its utter abandon took on meaning and a soul. Revolt streamed its triumphant banners higher than the highest flame. Dora swayed hypnotically, syncopating the mad rhythm with a slow, underlying movement. Maddie jumped up and down, straight-kneed and quivering. Molly rolled on the ground like a ball, blubbering with the pain of excitement. Lorry spun like a dying top, wabbled twice and fell prone.

XV

KEN sat spellbound, transfixed by a new thought. Since the Lorry of old had come back, was there any reason he should not enjoy her as long as she lasted? A load seemed to slip from his shoulders as he visioned long, unthinking hours at her side, with or without the children in attendance. She came to him now, still panting from her exertions and followed by Dora, Maddie and Molly in breathless procession.

"I think it was mean of you children," he said smilingly, "to have my bonfire without inviting me."

"How could they tell when they'd feel like lighting it?" asked Lorry. She stretched her arms and half closed her eyes. "Anyway, it was great."

"You bet it was!" he agreed. "I'm glad I didn't miss seeing what I did of it and of you. Say, Lorry ——"

"What?"

"You've come back."

"Yes, I'm back."

That night was starred with more than the towering column of fire; it ushered in endless summer evenings in the tumbled disorder of the big studio with all its windows open, Madeleine dreaming at the piano while Beale sucked contentedly at his pipe. Escape—escape for them all—for Le May from his picayune qualms as to deportment, for Lorry from the ball and chain of conformity, for Beale from the memory of murder, and for his daughter from the living tomb of abnegation.

Lorry in the ragtags of resurrected blouses and of skirts impervious to mud or weather defied the memory of the fashion plate and obstructed the view of the rising star. She was of this soil, these hills, these far-flung skies. Her laughter might ring out like a clap of thunder and quickly die; her somberness could add shadow to the shadows in the valley or fill a sunlit dale with gloom, but as passed the clouds so passed her moods, subject to no arithmetic more complicated than the way she happened to feel.

There came a languorous day—one of those days which open with a deceptive, misty dampness and clear to the merciless attack of a blazing sun. Under the terrific impulse of the heat, following upon months of garnered moisture, petals opened as if on springs. An attentive ear could have heard the corn growing; a sharp and patient eye could have watched it unfold.

Ken, dressed in the minimum of drill trousers, shirt and sneakers, and with Lorry at his side, left his car and threaded a mossy wood road toward the murmur of falling water—cool water, cold as ice! The sound of it made them hasten. Breaking away from the fading trace of the road, they crashed through mounds of laurel in bloom, to come out abruptly on an open space, familiar to each, though never before visited together.

Open, but not unshaded, for it was canopied by the branches of a group of huge oaks. Their roots ran deep to drink from the dammed pool at the mountain base of Bouncing Brook which had nurtured them into grandeur. In gratitude they stretched their limbs in benediction to the verge of the quiet water. Beneath them grew no brush, only a fine fuzz of grass merging into flat splotches of spongy moss. The grass grew from the sparse loam; the moss laid its coverlet over beds of hidden rock. Lorry ran forward and plumped down midway between trees and pool, to sit on her crossed legs and raise her face to a vagrant cold breath of air. Her blouse was plastered to her shoulders and moisture glistened in tiny globules on her forehead and upper lip.

Le May sat down facing her. "You're very hot."

"Sweaty," she stated. "It's great."

He laughed a free laugh and rolled over on his back, his arm outthrown. "Gee! I'm happy!"

"What about?"

"I don't know; I'm just happy. Aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'll be happier in a minute."

"Why? But don't tell me—I know." He laid himself flat, stretched his arms above his head and rolled a complete turn. "One!" he shouted.

Quickly she matched his posture, twirled over twice and called, "Two!"

"Two and three!" he answered.

"Three and four!"

"Four and five!"

End to end they rolled into the water and came up spluttering from its unexpected depth and gasping from its icy touch, to strike out for the farther shore. Lorry swam with her arms only, trailing her legs incased in the clinging skirt, kicking her leaden feet to keep them from sinking. No sooner had she crawled out on the opposite bank than she discarded her sodden brogues, stripped off her stockings and started to undo her skirt.

"Hey!" called Ken, still in the water.

"What?"

"Don't do that."

"Don't do what?"

"Don't take off your skirt."

"Why not?"

"Because I tell you not to."

She stared at him and presently color began to stain her cheeks—not the blush of shame, but the color of mounting rage.

"I hate you!" she screamed, and hurled the shoes at him one after the other.

The aim of anger is often surprisingly accurate; the first hobnailed brogue would have struck him in the head had he not dodged, and the next caught him fairly on his upthrown forearm. Had it met bone instead of muscle, something would surely have snapped; but even as it was, he was conscious of excruciating pain. Dots of blood sprang out on the bruised flesh; he clasped the spot with his left hand, and when he took it away there remained a great smear of red. Lorry came splashing toward him, all anger gone from her eyes. She seized his arm, lowered it into the icy water and began to touch the bruise with gently exploring fingers.

"There's nothing broken," she said finally, "but it must hurt awfully."

"It hurt a lot, but it's better now," said Ken. "I'm lucky. If I hadn't dodged, the first shoe would have knocked my brains out."

"I know," she admitted, "but that's what I was trying to do. There are times when I hate you—times when you aren't yourself at all, but a million other slimy people, crawling around in your eyes and mouth and heart. Killing them would be a good thing."

His teeth began to chatter. "We'd better get back, hadn't we?"

"Can you swim or do you want me to tow you?"

He opened and closed his fingers tentatively. "Oh, I'm all right."

"You go ahead."

She retrieved her stockings and the shoe lying in shallow water, tied them around her neck, and presently caught up with him. They stopped short of the shade on a jutting, flat rock, where she undid her hair and started flouncing it back and forward in the sun.

"Your hair's shorter," he remarked. "You've cut it."

She answered, the broken phrases keeping time to the backward and forward fling of her head: "A little—I had to—on account of—the hats!"

The mention of hats reminded him of the day when she had seemed fixed beyond returning in the mold of a fashion plate. He laughed aloud. "Gee!"

"What are you laughing about?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, you were laughing at me."

The great frame of Beale appeared at the upper end of the pool, ghostlike in a bathrobe of white toweling. He stood for a moment in the full glare of the sun, his silver hair and beard faintly stirred by the breeze. He waved to them, kicked off his sandals, loosened the robe and let it fall to the ground. He emerged as something midway between man and a pagan god of granite, rudely carved and jointed. Too impressive to appear grotesque, he waded into the pool until the water reached his middle, then dived, came up with a great snort, and began to swim with an old-fashioned breast stroke which pushed a mounting wave before him.

Lorry sprang to her feet. "Grandfather! Grandfather!"

"What do you want?"

"I lost a shoe."

"Where?"

"Just ahead of you and a little to the left."

"All right; I'll have a look."

"He loves diving for things," she explained to Ken. "If you throw in a quarter, he never misses; but he always keeps it, so don't try." She left the rock and started running along the bank.

"Where are you going?" called Ken after her, too lazy to move.

"To dry my hair."

He watched her race along the moss, come out into the sun, snatch up the bathrobe and begin rubbing her head. In the distance her wet blouse, molded to her torso, made her gleam to the waist like marble. The old man popped up from his second dive, his hair plastered as smooth as an egg, but his curly beard still stiff enough to spread out like a fan beneath his chin.

"I got it!" he exulted. "Where's Lorry?"

"Gone to dry her hair on your bathrobe."

"Oh! Well, here's the shoe. Catch!"

He hurled it and started upstream, his beard now trailing in two pointed wisps at each side of his neck. Lorry came back, her hair barely damp enough to be drawing into curls. It gave her head a smaller appearance and her face an elfin look; but in compensation her slate-blue eyes seemed exceptionally large. Never was body more sheer in its beauty, both independent and scornful of artificial aids. Watching her approach, Ken felt a contraction of the heart and immediately a twinge of conscience. Perhaps all this loafing was the best sort of thing for her, but where was he drifting? He did not have to fool himself. Against a background primitive in thought, action and reality he could cling to his conception of her as a pet fawn, bold in play, dangerous to handle or hold. But if she should step out of the sylvan setting, what would happen—to him, to her, to the setting itself?

The last question was easy to answer, and tended to embrace the first. She had gone from Yellow Mountain before, leaving a mere scratch to mark her absence. To others it might be the same again, but never to him. Her going would open a great, torn wound. Awaking, he would feel it in the day, the woods, across the rent sky. What was the use of lying about it? The thought of staying when she should have gone was intolerable.

Then he was in love. In the face of his sister's annoyingly prescient smile, long since wilted in discouragement, of Bot Smith's heinous offense against the unwritten law of proportion, and of confidence in his own rectitude, he was in love—in love with something as yet only half formed. There was the rub, for when it should have attained to its full and rightful fruition there could be no place for him. There would be no need for a playmate, no possible personal relationship untainted with the stigma which attaches to every parasitic rôle.

He had seen it tried, and it wouldn't work. He had seen the private husbands of names in electric lights dragged unexpectedly out of the limbo of attics of romance, like a conjurer's rabbit popping out of a hat, to meet the requirements of a divorce or a funeral. He had known and had had pointed out to him men who had married for overwhelming amounts of money and gone down under the load, to flit like ghosts amid the scenes of which they had once formed a living part. There were exceptions, of course—props fitted admirably to a special job—but he wasn't one of them.

(Continued on Page 86)

"To the family whose car runs better than it looks"

The du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station sign is displayed by more than 2200 shops throughout the country. At these shops you can be sure your work will be done by the du Pont process and that you get genuine Duco materials and service.

The DUCO *Refinisher speaks:*

"I've got a message for the family whose car runs better than it looks—the family that perhaps doesn't know what Duco refinishing can do at a reasonable expenditure to give the car new color, new style and new appearance.

"To show what I mean, take the car I just refinished for the Prentices, up on Stone Street. Running like a top, but sure needing body service, when I took it in. I'll defy anybody to tell it from a new car now.

"Making new cars out of old—that's my job. I'll be glad to talk figures with car owners who are interested in wise economy."

DUCO refinishing *is* wise economy. It virtually makes a new car out of the old one and enhances the value later when you go to dispose of it.

The best refinisher is a Duco refinisher. He uses only genuine Duco. He follows refinishing methods developed by du Pont chemists, who *created* Duco. His service includes refinishing or recoloring, fender repairs, top and trim work and body repair.

The widespread choice of Duco as a factory finish for new cars argues that automotive engineers, too, prefer Duco for its beauty and durability.

To make certain you get Duco, take your car to the Duco refinisher. If you buy a used car, be sure the finish is Duco.

YOUR BUSINESS EQUIPMENT ADVERTISES THE QUALITY OF YOUR BUSINESS. Appearance counts in commercial vehicles as in the family car. There is a special Commercial Vehicle Duco for economical delivery vehicle refinishing.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
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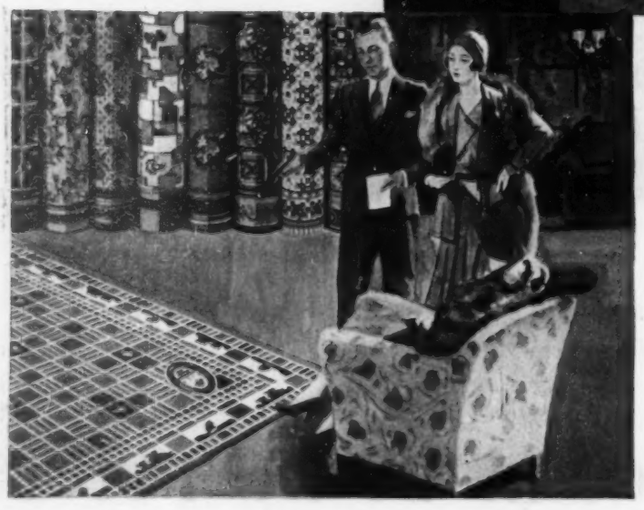
Join the parade to see



(Scene I)

"Here they are. Oh, isn't that green one pretty?"

"Wouldn't it look nice in the living-room—you know green is *always* in good taste."

"Let's go in and see them all!"

(Scene II)

"Yes, madam, these are Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. See, there is the Quaker Girl label."

"My friends all tell me these rugs are very easy to keep clean."

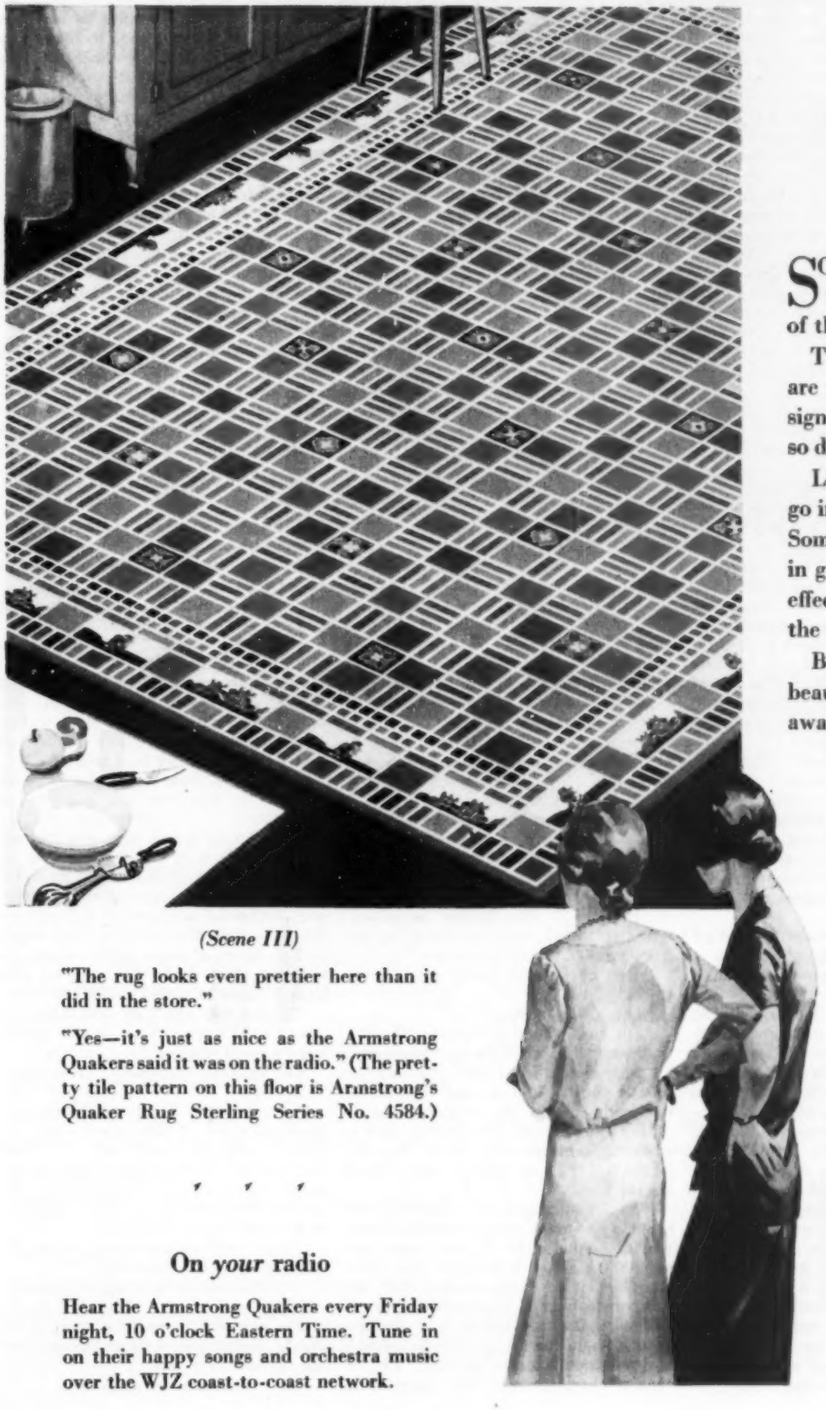
"Indeed they are—they are the *only* rugs with the Accolac-Processed surface—dirt wipes right off!"

Armstrong's (A) Product

the new FALL PATTERNS..

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM



(Scene III)

"The rug looks even prettier here than it did in the store."

"Yes—it's just as nice as the Armstrong Quakers said it was on the radio." (The pretty tile pattern on this floor is Armstrong's Quaker Rug Sterling Series No. 4584.)

* * *

On *your* radio

Hear the Armstrong Quakers every Friday night, 10 o'clock Eastern Time. Tune in on their happy songs and orchestra music over the WJZ coast-to-coast network.

Now being featured in department, furniture, and floor covering stores

SO many women want to see Armstrong's Quaker Rugs that the stores this month are making special showings of the prettiest patterns for fall.

These, you know, are the new lacquer-surfaced rugs that are made by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum—designed by the same artists—finished with the touch that is so distinctive, so exclusively Armstrong.

Look particularly for the new tones of green when you go into the stores. And the blues, the orchids, the browns. Some are combined in smart sunshiny tile designs. Others in gay floral patterns, enriched with shaded and textured effects—an Armstrong innovation. Still others carry out the mellow color schemes of the Orient.

But *all* have the Accolac-Processed surface that seals the beauty in and keeps the dirt out. A mop-stroke—and away goes the greasiest stain, the stickiest food, the most stubborn dirt. And the rug is bright and smiling again.

Prices? For *once* you can let your eye for beauty run away with you. For even the large room-size Armstrong's Quaker Rugs cost very, very little.

You'll see the new fall patterns in leading department stores, furniture stores, and floor covering stores near you. Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 3010 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for this label

You can identify Armstrong's Quaker Rugs quickly by this Quaker Girl label which is pasted on the face of each rug or by the Armstrong trade-mark on the back. They are your written promise of full value and service in soil-proof rugs.

Over-eat?

chew **for digestion!**

WHEN your eyes are larger than your stomach . . . and you over-eat . . . try this simple way to help your digestion. Chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum!

Over 30 years ago Dr. Beeman perfected this delicious chewing gum as the most pleasant way to aid digestion.

No other gum has ever matched Beeman's for keenness of flavor or for velvety smoothness—and Beeman's is the delightful way to help digestion.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

(Continued from Page 82)

Lorry sprawled beside him, lying first on her back, then on her front, sunning herself. Five minutes of each was enough to strike warmth through her rapidly drying clothes, and presently she was crawling sleepily on her hands and knees to envelop at least her head and shoulders in shade. With one cheek pillowed on her bare arm, she drowsed and then slept, her eyes remaining half open like a child's.

This was all he was in love with, he thought hopefully, this sweet-breathing body which startled only as the flame of a wood lily startles within the color stillness of the forest. Put her back in her city clothes and what would happen? She would be gone—gone as surely as if she had taken the train from Torrington. What he loved wasn't Lora Steele through all the possible transitions of life but Lorry wrapped into the fiber of Yellow Mountain, smelling of its earth, with grass-stained knees or crushing berries against her redder lips.

He arose and crept noiselessly away. Presently he caught a glimpse of the granite form of Clayton Beale, spread-eagled, face down on his bathrobe, taking the sun as it came, from his heels up the full length of his bony spine. Encouraged, Ken hastened his pace, and when he heard the children exclaiming out of sight over the size and abundance of the huckleberries on a near-by slope, he broke into a run. As he had foreseen, he found Madeleine making the most of the solitude in the studio, but no shadow crossed her face at his interruption.

"Don't be sore at me for breaking in this way," he began, "but I had to talk to you for a minute alone."

"Did I look sore?"

"You never do, but that doesn't say how you feel. I often wonder —— But, never mind; I'm not looking for more trouble than I've got."

"What is it this time? Lorry again?"

"Yes. I'll fall in love with her if she hangs around here much longer—I mean, in love with the ragamuffin of the woods. I guess I've done it already, but I've a feeling if she'd only get out her city clothes, climb into that proud car she's never looked at since she came and go away, I'd be all right again."

"Are you so important?"

"No, but she is, and she's had more rest than she needs already."

"What do you expect from me?"

"I don't expect anything; I only grovel at your feet and beg you to get her to beat it to town, go back to Legendre in a humble frame of mind, and buckle down to some serious voice placing."

She regarded him steadily. "Why don't you marry her, Ken?"

"Me? How do I know she'd have me?"

But as soon as he had recovered from the shock of the question, he told her why as succinctly as the argument would permit. She made a deprecatory gesture with the long fingers of one hand, but did not speak at once. Turning to the piano, she began to play as though it were her only sure method of ranging her thoughts. Presently she stopped and turned back to him.

"If you weren't so young and so nice, I could imagine a lot of people disliking you. Why try to make them over? Take yourself; you're made in the image of your ancestors, a hickory nut from the family shagbark, with the sweet meat inside as its only excuse for living. But here's the astonishing thing—you don't want anybody to come along and change you!"

"I'm not!" he declared hotly. "And besides, what's that got to do with it? What gives me a jolt is that you, of all people, should act as if the future of a girl who can have the world for a marble isn't worth bothering about."

"Well, that's one way of putting it. But it isn't half so funny as your thinking you or I can take her future away, or give it to her."

"I don't suppose I'll ever understand you, but it's certainly a surprise to have you misunderstand me. I'm so simple I'm downright common. Without trying, I can see what sort of a cad I'd be to rush Lorry to the altar, always supposing she'd go, while her eyes are half opened. Is there anything complicated about that? You see it yourself."

"I see something quite different. You're anything but common; you're a person of charm and an extraordinary flair for every form of value except your own. I honestly think you'd be splendid for Lorry, especially in her earlier stages."

"There you go! That lets the cat out of the bag, doesn't it? I told you there wasn't anything complicated about me or what I think. I think it's about time one girl with a glorious voice should get through to the top without any of the usual messy things like having to hand herself over to a temporary marriage, or a brevet husband, or worse. I say in this case there's no rime or reason to it. Why shouldn't she get a leg up from you and your father, or me, or anybody else who's got a scrap of decency? As for snatching her for myself while she isn't looking, I won't and I won't. If I did I'd quit being myself."

Madeleine raised her hands and let them fall to her lap.

"Then I might as well tell you how to get her to do what you think is so important."

His whole face brightened. "Oh, yes; do!"

"Stop being a hypocrite, properly pretending you don't know if she'd marry you—or feed out of your hand—or run her head against a rock if you told her to. Tell her in words of one syllable what you want her to do. If you want her to put on her hat, or those clothes, or get out her car, or bow in meekness to that old stick, Legendre, say so."

He frowned and colored with a sort of shame. "It's rotten to talk that way—to think that way."

"It's true, though, isn't it? And that's what happens to matter. When you've told her straight out to do a thing it's always worked so far, hasn't it?"

"Perhaps." His frown deepened. "But it would come so much better from you—a whole lot better."

"I've never told Lorry to do anything."

"Once. That time ——"

"Oh, no," she interrupted; "I only urged her to do what she wanted to do."

"She went, didn't she? She adores you. I don't think you half realize the tremendous hold you've got on her."

Her eyes opened fractionally and a smile glimmered in their depths. "Don't I?" she asked with faint amusement.

"No," he plunged on. "She won't let anybody so much as question anything you do. You ought to have seen her when I told her I thought you were heartless when you telegraphed for jumpers instead of congratulating her."

She opened her hands in a strange gesture, held them apart for an instant and returned them to her lap. "You're such a blind person," she murmured, "it's hard to talk to you. You're simply wonderful among the intricacies of music, art, and everything that's lovely in the abstract, but as far as civilization goes, Lorry and i begin where you left off. So it's almost natural it should never occur to you that if she adores me, perhaps it's on account of the very things you would find heartless." She turned to the piano, touched a chord and hushed it. "It takes ages to grow an oak, form a rock, or build a mountain out of grains of sand, but once they're there, you can lean on them."

She began to play softly, preventing him from speaking, but he could not have said anything in any case. His brows were knotted more tightly than ever, though in concentration rather than bewilderment. Without being able to seize her meaning in its entirety, he could yet sense the truth looming behind her words. Coming so close on the heels of his reference to Lorry as a ragamuffin, he felt the shock and the thrill of a contrast all the more effective for not being wholly perceived. Was it true? Did Lorry's civilization begin where his left off? Presently he became conscious of her presence in person and turned his head. She had come in soundlessly, but the quick rise and fall of her breast no less than her flaming cheeks told how swiftly she had run up the mountainside. As he arose to go to her the music ceased.

"Did you wonder what had become of me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I was coming back. You looked as if you wouldn't wake for hours."

"I hate being left like that. If I'd seen you go, it wouldn't have mattered. But you were sitting there, a part of the place, and when I woke up there was a ghastly hole, as if somebody had cut down one of the oaks."

"I'm sorry."

"It hadn't anything to do with you; it would have been the same if it had been Dora, or grandfather, or the flat rock. I guess I'm silly."

"Come on out," he said; "I'm going to help you wash your car."

Her body tensed. "What for?"

"We're going for a ride."

She hung poised for an instant, then turned slowly and followed him. He backed the car out of the shed and as close as possible to where a pipe led water from a spring to a trough.

"There's a hose somewhere," said Lorry; "it fits over the end of the pipe."

They found it and presently the accumulated dust of weeks was rolling in yellow ripples off the high finish of hood and body. Ken, dressed for the part, skimped no item of a thorough job. He sent Lorry for an old brush and a heap of rags, with which he cleaned mud from the spokes and added luster to nickel and glass.

"There you are," he said after an hour's hard work. "Your million-dollar baby's itself again."

Her underlip trembled. "But why? What for?"

He wiped his hands on a rag and knocked some of the muck from his knees; then he faced her. "I'll tell you, Lorry. We're going over to my place, where there's a telephone." He opened the door of the car. "Do you want to drive, or shall I?"

"You," she said absently, with the effort to read his intention.

"You're not just being generous?"

"Generous—about driving a car?"

She climbed in and he started off slowly, dodging rocks and bushes, easing up for every jolt.

(Continued on Page 89)

Clean inside - well outside!

and they look it!

★

SIX and sixty are pretty good pals—for six never has a thought that isn't full of sunshine, and sixty is one of those rare old ladies who has learned how to live. They both get their brimming and joyous health the same way—and a simple, normal, natural way it is, too.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

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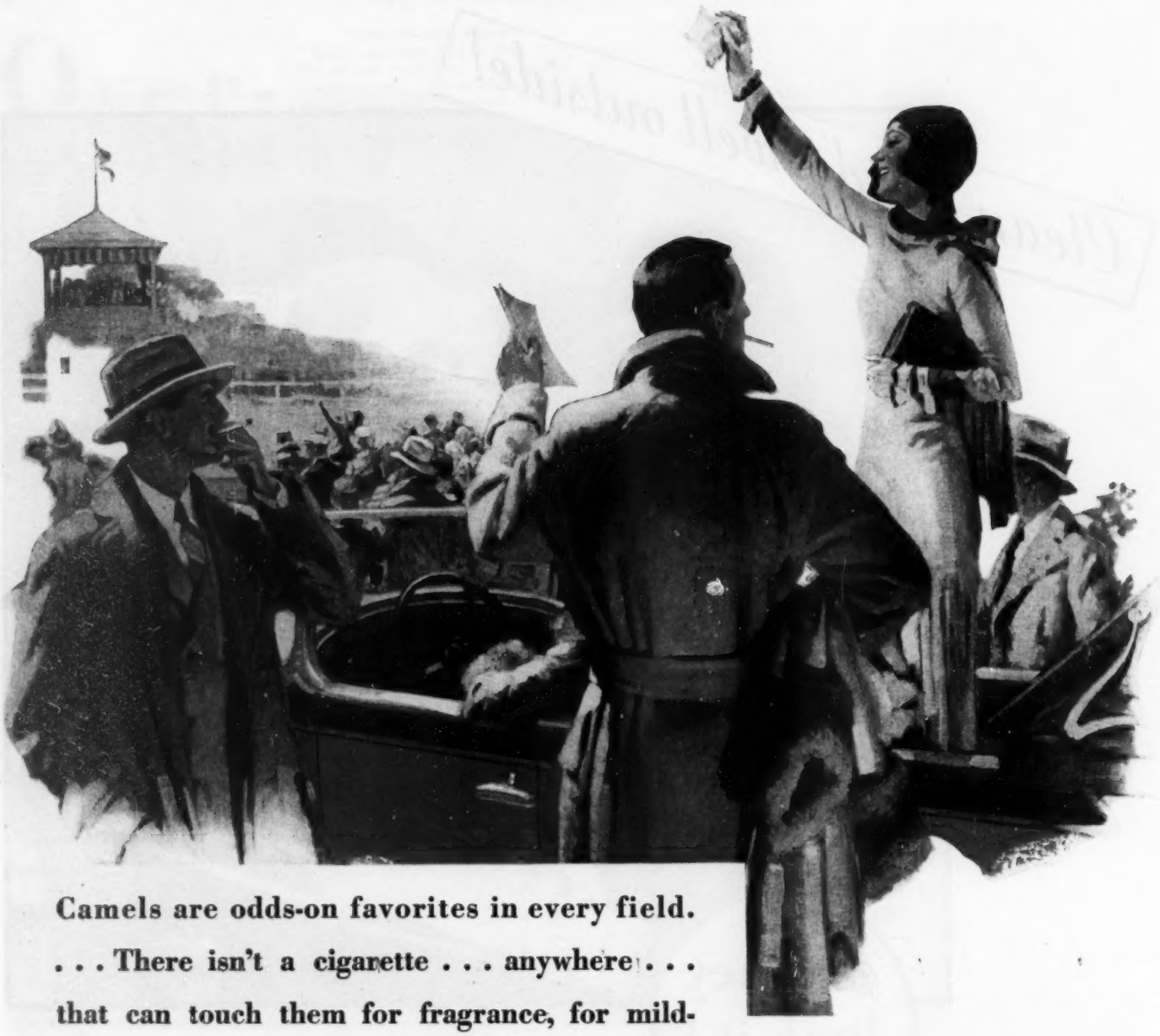

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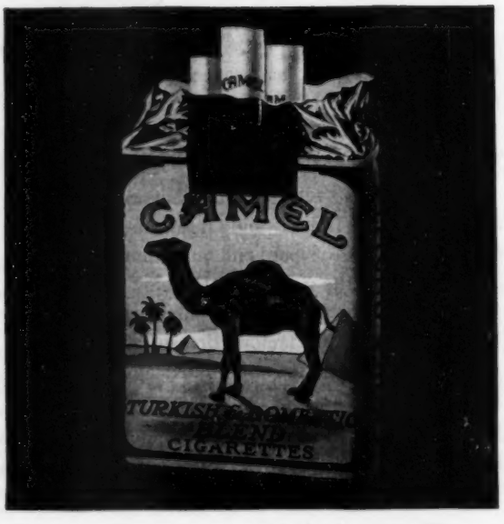

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(Continued from Page 86)

"How she handles," he murmured. "You've got her limbered to the pitch of perfection. I'm glad I left my poor old car down in the wood road."

"Why?"

"I don't want him to see this one again. It might break his heart."

"Why do you say him and her?"

"I don't know. I guess it's because he makes me think of a battered old ram and this one of a triumphant prima donna."

Lorry's hand darted out with the swiftness of a serpent's tongue, caught the wheel and gave it a sharp pull. In spite of the moderate pace at which they were moving, the car half plunged into the soggy ditch before he could plank down clutch and brake.

"What the devil did you do that for?" he roared. "Don't you know enough ——"

He broke off to stare at her. Her somber eyes were aflame, her cheeks mottled with vivid pink and white, and her breathing far more agitated than it had been after her run up from the pool. Her interlocked hands were struggling with each other.

"I'm holding my hands," she said in a low voice, "so they won't slap you. I love your car, and I ——"

"So that was it," he broke in, feeling unsure of himself and trying to pass the moment off with a smile. "Loyalty to an old friend."

He got out, methodically packed brush under the two right wheels, backed out and drove on up Becker Hill. Mrs. Thorndyke, deceived by a glimpse at the unfamiliar equipage as it threaded the drive, came hurrying from the kitchen, but before she reached the front room he had already installed his companion in a straight chair near the telephone.

"Hello," said Lorry.

"Why, hello!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorndyke in a strange quandary. Her eyes announced a daughter of the fields, resting after soiling labor, but her memory failed her. Was this someone she should know—the Beamer girl, grown up, or Sally Turner come back from service? Then she perceived, and recoiled. "Oh!"

Ken laughed. "I'm glad you remember Miss Steele," he remarked with assumed innocence. "I'm sure she hasn't forgotten the fine supper you fixed for us."

"I couldn't," said Lorry frankly. "I ate so much it put me to sleep."

The words restored Mrs. Thorndyke's self-possession, enabling her to smile her superior smile as she withdrew. Ken went to the telephone and put in a call for Legendre in New York.

Lorry sprang to her feet. "So that's it!" she cried, half in anger, half in dismay.

"Sit down," he ordered. She sank back into the chair. "Lorry," he continued presently, "you've had a good summer, haven't you?" She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. He started walking up and down nervously, his hands thrust in his pockets and his feet sloshing with an odd sound inside his wet sneakers. "A great summer," he repeated.

"The happiest," she began—"the happiest ——"

"I know," he helped her, and stopped in his tracks, his head fallen. "Great for you, and for me—almost like a dream." He threw up his head. "That's it, like a dream."

"Like a dream," she repeated after him faintly.

"But you've got to wake up, Lorry. And this time I won't touch you; I'll just shout at you from over here. You heard me put in the call for Legendre?"

"Yes."

"Are you ready to have me tell you what you're going to do?"

She looked up at him and hesitated for a long moment before she answered "Yes."

"We're going to find out how soon Legendre can give you some time; then we'll call up the people at your apartment and tell them to get hold of your maid. As soon as that's done, you're going to town, even if it's tomorrow, and get to work. But you're not going to Legendre the way you did before. You're going with your heart open to take all he can give. He won't be the same, either; leave it to me to see to that."

"What about Mr. Broadwater?"

"There isn't going to be any Broadwater; you've had enough of that mill. When Legendre says the word, and as soon as he says it, I'll guarantee to get you an audition."

"Will you come to town then?"

"Running; but you must climb to it, Lorry—heart, soul and body. It means everything to you—everything in the whole wide world. Please, please promise you'll climb with all you've got."

"I promise," she whispered.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

POKER FACE

(Continued from Page 11)

And when it comes to gambling they'll take no smoke from a Chink. Capriciously, to lighten his boredom, Waco Waddell taught them poker in its simplest form—stud. Half a dozen hands he ran for them, and they got the hang of it. They were wide-awake now. Their enthusiasm amused Waddell.

"There's a real game," he said, "if you ever learn how to play it. You play it with your hands and face—but mostly with your face."

"How is that, señor?"

Waddell glanced up. Hilario del Valleverde stood behind him, looking down over his shoulder.

"Oh, hello," said Waddell. "That's a game we Americans call poker. I was just showin' these young fellows."

"*Es verdad?*" said the bandit. "I have seen it played in Mexico City. It is like monte."

"It's a little like monte," said Waddell. "It's better than monte, better than faro."

"*Verdad!* I should like to know it. I cannot sleep. Get up, thou goat!" Limberly he planted his toe at the base of the Yaqui's spine. The Indian scrambled away. Luis started too.

"Hold on!" said Waddell. "It takes three to make a game—and the more the better."

"Then," said Hilario to the Indian, "bring thy carcass back." He crouched beside the rock.

Waddell dealt a hand. "You bet," he explained, "on the card in the hole, on the cards you may get. Two of a kind will take a pot. Three of a kind is higher." He divulged the mysteries of the full house, the straight, the flush, the royal flush.

The bandit caught every word, made inquiries, watched with shining eyes. "Splendid!" he said.

Waddell yawned. "Glad you like it," he said. He got up, stretched. "That'll do for me for tonight. I think I can sleep now."

The three looked disappointed. Hilario said, "Good sleep, señor."

"Yep, hope so," said Waddell. He was tired really. After all, he was sixty-one. As he pulled the flap of his poncho about his ears he heard Hilario del Valleverde bark impatiently:

"Thou, Luis—cast wood on the fire! Let us have light!"

Morning. A wave of light had broken over the desert. Waddell sat up. The first thing he saw was the card game going just where he had left it. Several of the band, freshly awakened, stood about the flat rock, bending over the players in postures that indicated the exercise of acute curiosity.

Crazy greasers! Waddell laughed under the white stubble of his beard. He went down into the water hole and washed his face. Nobody spared him the slightest attention. It occurred to him he might make a dash for it. The horses were hobbled a quarter of a mile away where there was galleta grass. He might make a run for it—rather, he might have, twenty years ago. Now he was sixty-one and they would certainly shoot him in the back. Not today, Waco. He went back to the camp and made himself some coffee over the embers of the fire. Hilario del Valleverde looked up, called gayly:

"Good morning, Señor Waddell. Look—I have won! Luis also. Look!"

Waddell stepped over, regarded complaisantly the twin piles of plunder on the ground beside the two men—bandoleers, knives, rifles, serapes, saddles, breeches. Breeches? "Humph!" said Waddell. Four men were sitting in now at the rock, two of them Yaquis. Neither of these was the guard of last night. Waddell raised his eyes. There, standing a little apart, shivering bare-shanked in the chill dawn, were three of the Indians—one the guard—cleaned out. "Now," said Waddell, half to himself, "that's been a cutthroat game." He shook his head.

"They lost," said Hilario, nodding. "It is a sublime game, señor—this poker. Better than monte, as you said; better than faro." His eyes were bright, Luis' eyes were bright. One could not tell they had not slept. "Will you not take a hand," said Hilario, "and teach us further?"

"*Si, señor,*" said Luis eagerly.

"Not me," said Waddell. "I don't gamble."

"But it is going to be a long day of waiting here," said Hilario truthfully. "There is nothing else—and, as a favor to me, señor. These fellows"—he waved his hand—"are too easy. I have won even their horses."

"Nope," persisted Waddell.

A slight frown puckered between the bandit's black eyebrows. "May it be, señor, you—er—have no money about you?"

"Correct." Waddell made to turn away.

"One moment." Hilario's voice was smooth as a satin ribbon. He stretched out his hand. "That is a pretty chain at your waist, Señor Waddell. Permit that I should see your watch?" A command it was, sugar-coated. Old Waco complied, his teeth on edge.

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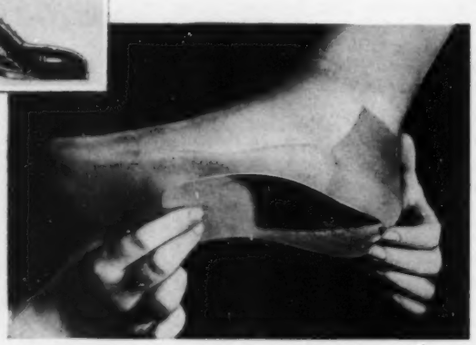

Above Illustration of Appliance in shoe shows how it supports the arches.

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"*Gracias*," said the bandit. He weighed the watch in his hand. It was a gold watch in a chased hunting case. Waddell's father had brought it with him from Tennessee to Texas, way back. It was valuable. Waddell set store by it. "Good," said Hilario. Casually he slipped the watch into the pocket of his vest, at the same time fishing two twenty-peso notes from the money before him, which he pushed toward his prisoner. "Now, whelp," he said to Luis, who had the cards, "deal the Americano a hand."

The sun got himself up above Pinacate Peak. Under the mesquite tree that spread over the flat rock it was hot as an oven. Hilario had his men fling their ponchos over the branches of the mesquite to make shade. The game went on, Waddell perforce sitting in. At first he played grimly, sore about his watch; then gradually he warmed to it, too old a hand at poker not to have it in his veins. His weathered face set in lines as fixed as the stolid face of the mountain above them. "Try thinking once," he counseled the Yaquis dryly. "There's no law for staying. Bet when you hold something." They grunted from within their preoccupation and staked their shirts on every hand. It was no use talking to them.

Waddell won modestly. He expected to. His stake was small. He played them close to his chest, which was his custom, but, for a while, without either ambition or interest. What difference, he asked himself, whether he won or lost? He was their prisoner; whatever they wanted of him they could take with their fingers. There wasn't any point to it. It was just silly. Still, it was poker to look at, and it irritated him to watch the Indians bungling good hands, and the two heavy winners overriding them with palpable bluffs. Hilario allowed a man fifty pesos for his rifle, fifty for his horse, so much for his saddle, so much for his cartridge belt, and so on down through his gear to his breeches. Five for his breeches. That was the bunk too. The men had to have their outfits.

Another Yaqui was cleaned and retired shamefacedly from the rock to gather his truck to Hilario's pile. Waddell's blue eyes questioned the bandit out of a sun scowl.

"What's the idea? You'll have to give it back to them."

Hilario shook his sleek head slowly. "Oh, no, no. This is business. I will sell back to them—after the game, when the accounts are drawn. It is better that they should owe me for everything. Then, working for themselves, they always also work for me. It is your deal, señor."

New customers came into the party. There were five now sitting in. The rock would accommodate no more. Waddell called for a round of draw, and as his gnarled hands distributed the cards he was thinking of something that would be in the way of an experiment. He held, he found, queens, and opened for ten pesos. This was stiff for the Yaquis, who dropped out, but Hilario and Luis stayed. The former took three cards, Luis one, and Waddell dealt three to himself.

"Twenty," said Hilario. He had barely glanced at his cards. He had a way of picking them up in his left hand, running his thumb across the corners and closing his palm upon them.

Luis stayed.

"And twenty," said Waddell, seeing his strength. Until now he had not taken his eyes from the bandit's face.

Luis threw in his cards. Obviously he had not made his straight and had thought better of running his bluff in this company. Hilario raised twenty. Waddell raised again. Hilario smiled, hesitated.

It was not, Waddell was thinking, quite fair, even in a make-believe game like this. Ever since he could remember, since he had learned to tell a diamond from a club—and that was a long, long time—he had been playing poker and studying the faces of those across the table from him. His father had taught him that, and once Ames Weatherbee had said, "It's as good as puttin' your cards on the table to look at 'em in front of Waco." Well, that was poker. A man's face was a mirror if it wasn't fist-shut, and if you knew how to read it. Just now Hilario had let an eyelid flicker—he'd failed to better a measly pair, and had no more gumption than to offer a front. It had been a dead give-away.

"And twenty," said Hilario.

It was all the money Waddell had. He pushed the notes to the middle of the rock. "Check," he said. Of course, if the fellow wanted to be niggardly about it ——

"Five," said Hilario.

And that was that. Waddell shrugged, tossed his queens and deuces into the discard. It had been an experiment; and what could be expected, anyway, of a spig? Luis was laughing. Suddenly Waddell gulped. The bandit had laid down his cards.

Three sevens!

A sharp barb turned in the core of the old man's pride. Strung—at his own game! Buffaloed by a sharp young hombre to whom only a few hours before poker had been the name of something a little like monte. Three sevens. It had not been a bluff but a ruse. The fellow had outguessed him.

"It is a game," he heard the soft voice saying, "you play mostly with your face."

Yes, that was right. He had told him that. He saw that Hilario was not crowing, except that, far back and quiet, a glow like contentment showed in his eyes. Behind his own masklike face his feelings eased.

"You got the hang of it right quick," he said. "Well ——"

Then he would have risen, for he was broke, but the bandit stopped him. His brown hand stretched across, counted out a little stack of money—two hundred pesos.

"This, señor, for your red horse."

It was ridiculous, yet Waddell made no protest. By the sense of relief that came to him he might have measured the regret with which now he would have left the game. Now, he found, settling back into his place, his interest no longer lagged; the show had a meaning. He, Waco Waddell, veteran of a thousand poker sessions, had let himself be roped in by a green hand. All right. A slick Mexican could take one fall out of Waco Waddell, no more.

Before, there had been nothing at stake that he considered his own. It was different now. He felt a responsibility for himself and for the game. An American game it was, poker, and though this side of the line he spoke a good Mexican, everybody knew that Waco Waddell was just plain Texas American and rattling proud of it. It was his game; he had taught it to them, and he was conscious now of a man-sized yearning to reëstablish his self-respect and vindicate his national pride.

The man at his right placed the shoddy deck in front of him. He cut. So this young fellow thought he had learned how to play poker with his

(Continued on Page 93)

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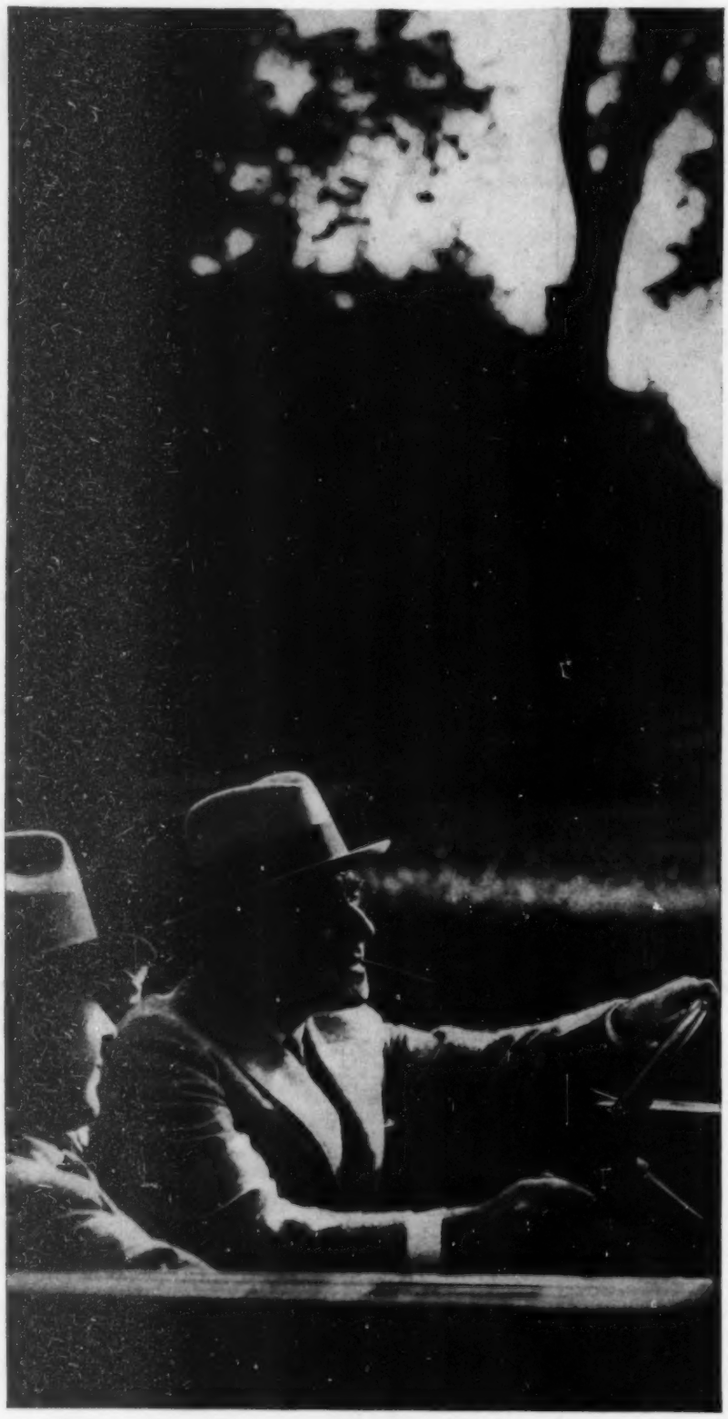

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PRICES AT THE FACTORY

(Continued from Page 90)

face—well, they'd see. They'd see about that.

It became a bitter game, bitter as the glaring sun that crawled across the clear bowl of sky above Topango Tank. There was not a cloud. Even the blue of the heavens was blanched by the heat caught and held in the bowl. Nowhere in the baking land might the eye discern a movement. At midday it was as if the feeble energy of all that lived in the vast desert between Pinacate and the gulf had been concentrated beneath the mesquite tree.

Luis stayed. He alone, of Hilario's band, had been around and had lived in the towns. His travels and his admixture of white blood gave him a degree of cunning that enabled him to survive, while one by one the brutish Yaquis tried their hands, and lost. At length the game was reduced to a three-cornered battle, with Luis desperately hanging on, and the sun went toward the west.

Old man Waddell displayed a brand of poker that was as near to being an exact science as the art of physiognomy will ever approach. He bluffed, and called bluffs—for that was poker too. His stake accumulated. He got to know every pore in his opponent's face and sought to chase the shadows of thought behind the onyx surface of his eyes. This became easier, he noted, as the day wore on and the run came his way. Hilario had begun to feel the pressure.

It was very quiet. The cards passed from hand to hand incessantly and the betting mounted. Tense, tireless, the three men squatted about the flat rock. It was going to be a fight to the finish. That was in the air. The Indians looked on gaping. Luis went out dizzily backing a pat straight against Hilario's two pair and Waddell's full house, caught on a two-card draw. That was a great pot. The sun was just sinking onto the sand hills in a sulphuric blaze. A smile of comedy tucked in the corners of the bandit's mouth as, ruefully, he regarded the shrinking pile of his possessions. It was the moment, if ever, for a truce.

Waddell looked up keenly. "Had enough, son?"

"No!"

The light faded from the sky, and the Indians built up the fire anew. Waddell weighed down his winnings with a stone. They gambled for kind. Rifles, blankets and riding gear accumulated at Waddell's side. Wooden-faced, he watched the Mexican's stolidity break down under the stress of excitement too long contained, as his natural spirits evaded his will and betrayed him. Only once was the silence broken.

"No," Waddell said then, in a patient voice, as Hilario set down the pack to be cut, "no, son," he said. "That's Mexican maybe, but where I come from we don't hardly ever allow it." And with a stiff forefinger he prodded open the shapely brown hand. The ace of clubs cuddled within.

"Too bad," said Hilario. He smiled, unabashed. That was nothing. Waddell slipped the card into the pack and the play went on.

Not that it had far, now, to go. Three-quarters of an hour later, when Waddell laid down sixes and sevens, he owned, along with the rest, the pearl-handled gun at the bandit's side and the fancy vest with the silver disks.

There was a calamitous hush. "Señor Waddell," said Hilario del Valleverde, "I must congratulate you."

He bowed and began to stretch his cramped legs.

"Young fellow," said Waddell, "sit still. There's one more thing." Shuffling the pack, he chose at random two cards, placing them face down, one before Hilario and one before himself. "Three hundred pesos," he said, "against my watch. High wins."

Hilario protested: "It is not fair to you. That is more than I paid."

"Turn," said Waddell impatiently. "That is what it's worth."

With his finger nail he snapped over his own card, jack of diamonds, high to the bandit's four. Then, reaching long, he lifted the watch by its heavy chain from Hilario's embroidered vest and returned it to its place at his middle. So much for that.

He stood up painfully, his old joints cracking dangerously under his weight, and saw that Hilario had risen also and had extended his hand. He shook hands without thinking.

"With your permission, señor," the bandit was saying, "I will keep possession of this pistol for the time being—just in case something might happen."

"Eh?" said Waddell, failing at once to comprehend. He was dog-tired, his one desire was to crawl into his poncho by the fire and sleep. The meaning of the fellow's request—of course it was not a request—sank into his mind, and his amusement told in a wide, slow grin. So they were to keep up the farce of an honest game. He had won. Bag and baggage, he owned the outfit! "Sure. Sure, son, keep it." Wouldn't this yarn give Ames Weatherbee a laughing pain when he told him—that was, if he lived to tell it? Sleep was dragging at him. Maybe he was getting too old for these late sessions. Ames would laugh his fat head off.

Sometime in the night there was a shot, and in the morning, after Waddell had washed and had his coffee, Hilario asked him:

"Will they send the money, señor? What do you think?"

"Prob'ly."

"I hope so. A lot depends on that."

"Yep," agreed Waddell.

This morning the young bandit had a worried look, as if, overnight, life had become a more serious affair. He sat down beside Waddell on the rock under the mesquite tree.

"You know," he said, "I spoke to you of my army. I have been thinking of another plan. Perhaps I should return to Mexico City and open a casino—oh, a small place to begin, and then very large. It would become the finest place in the city."

He paused, as if for an opinion, and Waddell nodded sympathetically. "That's the stuff. In the long run this bandit business won't pay."

"Yes"—Hilario brightened—"that I shall do." His handsome face shone with enthusiasm. "There will be one room set apart for poker. Ah, señor, it is an exquisite game! Better than monte."

"You'll make a good gambler, son," said Waddell, "when you are older. You're quick at cards."

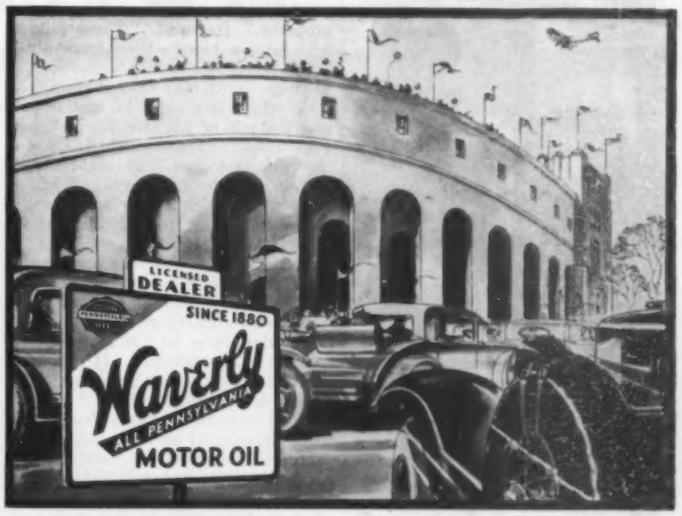
"True!"

Doubling his knuckles against his hip, Hilario gazed away beyond Pinacate Peak, down the rosy vistas of his future. His face reflected pleasant thoughts. He was like a promising pupil to whom the old master had accorded praise.

"By the way," said Waddell after a moment, "what's gone with all your gang?"

"Oh!" Hilario del Valleverde slipped back easily from the distances, waved his hand. "Down there," he said. "Putting that goat Luis under ground."

A TRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO THE UTMOST IN OIL



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A MAN'S TALCUM

"The devil!" said Waddell.

"I shot him," said Hilario. "He was a robber. Even after my warning he tried, in the night, to lay hands on your property." He spat. "These fellows with native blood—they have absolutely no sense of honor."

There on the bare ground beside the rock, where last night he had left it, was the pile of plunder Waddell had won. It had not been touched. Crowning the pile was the embroidered jacket with the silver disks. Waddell experienced a sick feeling in the depths of his stomach. Honor? The fellow was plain insane!

In the course of a long and varied life Waco Waddell had witnessed some strange things, had been confronted by some extraordinary situations. From these adventures he had learned how to keep a straight face. It cost him plenty to keep it now as he turned to Hilario del Valleverde.

"Tell your boys to take back their stuff," he said. "I won't be needing it."

Hilario looked at him intently, shook his head. "No, Señor Waddell—that may be American. Down here we keep what we have won. It was an honest game."

"Your men have got to have outfits."

"If the money comes," said Hilario, "they can buy new."

"But, anyway ——"

"If not," said Hilario amiably, "they will, of course, have the old."

When the Yaquis came back from putting the halfbreed under ground Hilario had the horses caught and saddled, and all the camp equipment packed. The other truck—rifles, bandoleers, trinkets, breeches—that had changed hands in the great game, was stowed in a blanket, ready to be lashed behind a saddle.

"In Yuma, señor," said Hilario gayly, "you will make a fine show with this string!"

Waddell made no other reply than a nod. In Yuma, he was thinking, sitting on the porch with Ames and the missus and the kids, talking it over. He shunted the picture from his mind. It was too pleasant, contrasted too vividly with the actuality. His peace, an instant shaken by the bandit's casual disclosure of the murder, returned to him—that dogged peace whose roots ran deep into the philosophy taught by the desert horizons between which he had passed his life. A brand of fatalism it was. At three o'clock, if the messenger had not come, they would stand him up and shoot him. Hilario would make a point of honor of it, naturally—the maniac.

At one, no sign appearing toward the United States, Hilario broached, not without a slight hesitation, the question of rifles. Since, he explained, the señor now owned them all, would the señor be kind enough in the event—of course, just in the unfortunate event ——

"It's your party, son," Waddell helped out. "Take your pick."

"Three will be sufficient."

"I should hope so," said Waddell.

He chuckled quietly. It was bang-up idiotic—loaning guns for his own execution! A joke like that would tickle Ames.

As the minutes ticked through the thick gold watch that had come out to Texas after the Civil War with the Tennessee Waddell, the bandit's humor seemed to revive. Confidentially, as to an elderly friend, he told Waddell of his new plans for the casino in the city. It would be called The Wolf's Den—in commemoration of his earlier enterprise in the mountains. There would be a noble bar of marble and mahogany.

"He's settled it in his mind to his satisfaction," mused Waddell. "Either the money will come and he'll have his stake, or it won't come—in which case he'll do for me and split the gear back among his crowd. One way and the other, his mind is at rest."

At this moment the Indian posted above them on the rocks yelled down that a rider was coming from the north.

"*Carramba!*" muttered Hilario, and for some reason his face clouded. It was half an hour before the messenger arrived with the ransom, and a brief note for Waddell:

Dear old cowhand—We got it and here it is, but it sure took scraping. However, the house is left and the missus says come on in now and take a rest. The missus and the kids send best. Hoping this finds you o.k., yr old sidekick,

AMES.

Fervently, if silently, Waddell blessed the hair and hide, the liver and lights of Ames Weatherbee, sighing to think that more than likely his old-time partner had had to mortgage his business at the bank to get the cash—and him with a missus and kids. Well, somehow he'd pay him back, if he lived long enough. Now—it was a weary trail ahead, back to the line. Turning to catch up the reins of the roan, tethered beside the trail, he observed that the bandits, pressing about their chief, were in a fever.

"Señor!"

Waddell paused, one foot in the stirrup, as Hilario hastened to his side.

"My men have money now. They ask a chance to win back their outfits." He smiled ingratiatingly. "If the señor could spare the time ——"

"Well, I'll be ——" began Waddell. "Look here, son," he broke off bluntly, "you're twelve to one. Why ask me for what you want?"

He had given offense. He saw it in the fellow's face, and in the fashion he clapped his hand to his heart.

"*Por Dios,* hombre! I am Hilario del Valleverde! The honor of the great conquerors—from whom I have received my blood ——"

"Whoa, son," said Waddell simply, "I wasn't aiming to get on your toes."

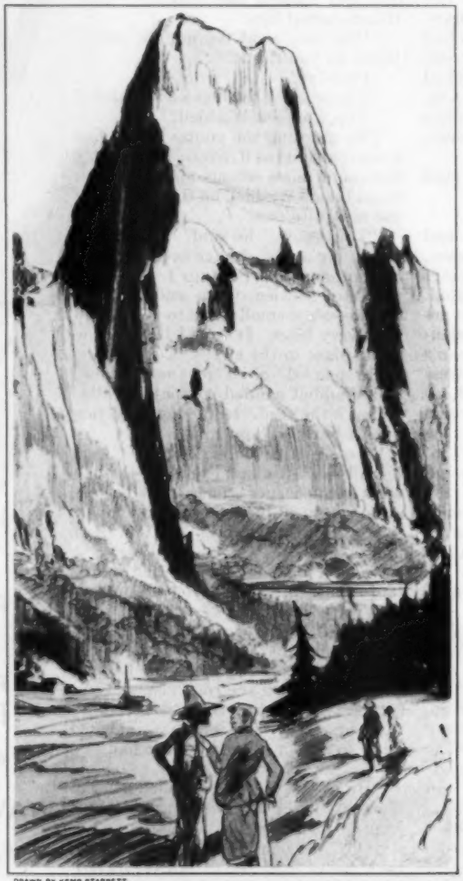
It looked like the fellow was cracked on the subject of honor—though it had not escaped Waddell's notice that, when his left hand went to his heart, his right went to the holster on his hip. Nor could he have helped seeing the color of American bills that bulged his pockets—Ames Weatherbee's hard-earned money it was. The proposition occupied his mind. Grouped under the mesquite tree the Yaquis were watching him with anxious eyes. They were cracked too—like Hilario—on the subject of poker. It had got them like a disease.

It would be good if he could cart back some of that dough to Ames—and then, he thought, as a matter of fact, he was the high winner. He owed them the chance. This fellow Hilario was a bandit, and everybody knew bandits were born to be hung; still, he was cracked on the subject of honor.

"I'll see you, son," he said. "Get out the cards."

Another day's sun had gone the way of all suns since creation when Waco Waddell rode north with three thousand dollars in American bills stuffed in all the pockets of the vest he wore—an embroidered one, with silver disks. At the top of the first rise, a mile from the water hole, he reined in the roan and, dismounting, hauled three rifles and a like number of cartridge belts from the bulky pack fastened across the saddle of the second horse in the string. Then, piling this gear upon a broad rock where it might easily be seen, he loosened the lead line of the sixth horse from the end of the string, and tied him up to a greasewood bush. Three rifles and six horses to twelve bandits broke in the middle of a desert—that would be a welcome present. They could get out on that. He grinned; with that they wouldn't be getting into much deviltry either.

Swinging up into his saddle he looked back once toward the water hole where, in the gathering dusk, twelve motionless figures stood in attitudes of dejection. He waved his arm, pointed to the horses he was leaving behind, and clucked to the roan. For a bandit calling himself the Wolf, that Hilario fellow, he ruminated, riding on, was sure cracked on honor. And gambling games. Funny business, it was. It would sure tickle the stuffings out of Ames Weatherbee.



DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT

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THE BREAKS IN THE GAME

(Continued from Page 17)

Joe grunted. "It certainly is funny how different men are around men than they are around women. I would never suspect my boss of being like that."

Nellie gave a convulsive wriggle and turned about. Her face, in the light of stars, was white and childlike.

"Joe," she cried, "promise me you won't start anything with Mr. Ronseval! I wouldn't dream of mentioning it, except that I hate that printing room so. And those red lights are awful on the eyes. If I don't get married pretty soon I'll have to begin wearing glasses. You wouldn't love me in glasses, would you?"

Joe gazed in silence at the distant patch of lights where Hollywood glamorously shimmered.

"Joe, you aren't going to punch Mr. Ronseval's nose!"

Joe said dully, "I just can't get used to it being Mr. Ronseval. Only this afternoon he came into the effect room, and nobody could have acted more natural. I was working on that machine I'm inventing to imitate the sound of a man with a tray of dishes falling downstairs. Mr. Ronseval came in and asked me a dozen questions about it. Then Mr. Brett, the musical director, came in, and I demonstrated it to him and he was very favorably impressed.

"The three of us stood there for an hour and had a long talk about this new musical revue, Hot Dog, we're making. It seems the company is having a terrible time trying to find a theme song for it as good as Moonlight, Roses and You was in Music Mad. Moonlight, Roses and You was entirely responsible for Music Mad getting over as a box-office knock-out, and they want a theme song just as good for Hot Dog or they are afraid Hot Dog will be a flop. They've got Ranse and Fink and Epstein and a lot of others from Tin Pan Alley working on it, but, so far, all the stuff they've turned in is lousy.

"Mr. Ronseval and Mr. Brett and I chatted about it for at least an hour. And when Mr. Ronseval went out he slapped me on the back. He thinks the world of me, Mr. Ronseval does. Do you know he as much as said he was going to give me a raise?"

"Joe, what did he say?"

"He said if I kept on at my present strides, one of these days I would be indispensable. Are you sure it was Mr. Ronseval who made those passes at you? That light is pretty dim in there."

"Yes, it's awful on the eyes."

"Then you aren't absolutely sure it was my boss?"

"Maybe," Nellie answered quickly, "it was somebody who looked like your boss."

"I was pretty sure it couldn't have been Mr. Ronseval."

"Joe, can't you get a patent on the machine you invented for imitating a man falling downstairs with a tray of dishes?"

"Why should I get a patent?"

"Don't people get money for patents? Look at Henry Ford."

"This isn't that kind of a patent. This belongs to the company, because I invented it on their time. To own any invention, according to the law, you have to invent it on your own time."

"Joe, why can't you write a theme song?"

"Don't be silly."

"But why can't you? You write such beautiful poetry. Why can't you write some of your poetry to music?"

"Where would I get the music?"

"Couldn't you make up some tunes to fit your poetry?"

"I never tried. I wouldn't even know how to start."

"How do people make up tunes?"

"They seem to pick them right out of the air. I've listened to these composers from Tin Pan Alley do it, and it's absolutely wonderful. They sit down at the piano and run their hands up and down the keys a few times, and the first thing you know a wonderful piece you've never heard before begins coming out. It usually sounds sort of familiar at first, but they work on it until it stops sounding familiar. It's wonderful the way they do it."

"Moonlight, Roses and You was divine," Nellie said. "If you could write one as good as that maybe Mr. Ronseval would buy it for enough to make the down payment on our bungalow."

"They don't do business that way. Theme songs are written by birds especially hired for it. They don't buy stray songs from outsiders."

"But you're an insider. Joe, wouldn't it be marvelous if you could write a theme song for Hot Dog? Why don't you try? Why don't you try now? You're in the mood now."

Joe looked down at the twinkling lights with a frown.

"It ought to be a ballad," he said presently. "Moonlight, Roses and You was a ballad. And it ought to be human and true to life. I've been thinking there ought to be a poem in what that crook of a cop was saying to us. Do you remember he said they're only the breaks in the game? I've been thinking the past few minutes how we've had such a lousy bunch of breaks, and how so many other people we know have such lousy bunches of breaks. If I could write one as good as Moonlight, Roses and You, I guess I would show them I am not so dumb, wouldn't I?"

"You could, Joe! I know you could, Joe!"

"He said something about keeping a stiff upper lip and keep smiling. You remember, it was raining and he came walking out of that dark alley and said that? When bad luck lands a punch on the chin, just grin, he said. There's a lot in that, Nellie."

"Joe!" Nellie breathed. "Are you getting an inspiration?"

"I believe so. The breaks in the game," Joe murmured. "The game called life. Keep a stiff upper lip. Once in a while, smile. Little, old, gray-headed mother." He became silent again.

"Listen," Joe said. "This would be the chorus." Slowly and with frequent pauses, Joe rendered the following:

"They're only the breaks in the game, my boy,
The breaks in the game called Life.
Keep a stiff upper lip and stick to the ship,
No matter how hard the strife.
And once in a while give this old world a smile,
For God's looking down from afar
On that little old gray-headed mother of yours
Who made you the man that you are."

Nellie drew a deep, ecstatic breath. "Joe!" she said. "Oh, Joe, it's beautiful. And it's so true too. Oh, it's beautiful. I'm crazy about it. It's just wonderful!"

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, I think it's just too marvelous. Did you really make it up just now on the spur of the moment?"

"Every word."

Nellie sighed with rapture.

"Of course," Joe explained, "there have to be a couple of verses. They ought to tell a kind of a story. It might be the story of an ordinary guy like me who has been having a lousy bunch of breaks and is about to end it all, and a wise old gazabo comes along and tells him to cheer up, they're only the breaks in the game."

"When will you do it?"

"I'm going to take you home and go back to the studio and work all night."

"How about the tune?"

"All I can say is that it has to be something haunting like Moonlight, Roses and You."

"Maybe a tune will come to you out of the air."

"I've got an idea. I have a complete sound track of Moonlight, Roses and You that was thrown out because it was imperfect. I saved it and put it in a can. I'm going to run it off tonight and see if it won't suggest a tune."

"Joe, if you could make up a theme song for Hot Dog, maybe Mr. Ronseval would give you as much as five hundred dollars for it. That would be more than enough. We could start on our honeymoon Saturday."

"If we can't raise the down payment for the bungalow inside of two weeks," Joe said, "we'll have to postpone it once more."

Joe was at work the following morning on the machine which imitated the sound of a man with a tray of dishes falling downstairs, when Mr. Ronseval came into the effect room. The recording supervisor was a heavy, florid man with pouches under his eyes.

He looked sourly at Joe's machine and said, "Say, are you ever going to stop fernangling around with that pile of junk? Are you ever going to get around to shooting some railroad-yard noises for those Playboy sequences?"

"I was going to shoot them this afternoon right after lunch, Mr. Ronseval."

"Then see you shoot them. And you might try going to bed at night once in a while. Your eyes look like a couple of bullet holes."

Joe grinned nervously. "I was up all night working on a theme song, Mr. Ronseval."

"What?"

"I guess you never thought I'd turn out to be a theme-song writer, did you, Mr. Ronseval?"

The recording supervisor regarded him with dull gray eyes. "What is this—a conundrum?"

"No, sir! I've written a song—words and music. It's a ballad."

Mr. Ronseval looked baffled. "You wrote a ballad?"

"Yes, sir. Would you like to hear it? It's called The Breaks in The Game."

"What game?"

Joe giggled nervously. "The—the game of life, Mr. Ronseval."

"You wrote a ballad about the breaks in the game of life?"

"Yes, sir! Would you like to hear it? I'll just sing the chorus. If you like that I'll sing the verses." And in the tenor croon so popular on radio and talkie, Joe sang the chorus of his ballad.

"Joe," Mr. Ronseval said when he had finished, "I never dreamed you had it in you."

"Do you like it, Mr. Ronseval?"

"Do I like it! I'm going to take you right over to the musical director's office and have you sing it to him. Where did you get that tune?"

Joe laughed. "It fools you, doesn't it? It's an invention of mine."

"You invented the tune and the words too?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can't keep a good man down," Mr. Ronseval said.

A lyric writer named Ranse and a composer named Fink were conferring with the musical director when Mr. Ronseval and Joe entered his office.

"Brett," said Mr. Ronseval, "Joe, here, has written the words and music of a song entitled The Breaks in the Game. It is a ballad. There are several verses."

"Two verses," Joe said.

"Two verses," Mr. Ronseval corrected himself. "It is entitled The Breaks in the Game—meaning the game of life. It is so good that I hurried him right over."

Brett was a nervous-looking man with black hair and intense blue eyes.

"Let's have it while it's hot. Do you need a piano, Joe?"

"No, Mr. Brett, I can sing it without a piano."

Ranse and Fink, who had looked bored at the interruption, had brightened.

"Let's hear it," said Ranse.

Joe nervously cleared his throat. "Shall I sing it right through from beginning to end?"

"Yes, Joe," said Brett. "Give us the works."

"Shall I sing the chorus both times?"

"By all means, Joe."

"The first verse," Joe said, "goes like this." And in his gentle tenor croon he sang:

"A young man sat on a cold park bench;
He'd reached the end of the tether.
Rain fell in torrents on his head,
But what cared he for the weather?
His heart was full of trouble dire;
A swindler had taken his all.
Bereft of sweetheart, pal and friends,
His back was to the wall.
What did he have to live for?
Life was a mocking farce
Whose actors laughed at a man who was down
And heaped on him jeering remarks.
His finger was on the trigger,
The muzzle was pressed to his head,
When a strange old man came out of the night
And the voice of the stranger said:

REFRAIN

"'They're only the breaks in the game, my boy,
The breaks in the game called Life.
Keep a stiff upper lip and stick to the ship,
No matter how hard the strife.
And once in a while give this old world a smile,
For God's looking down from afar
On that little old gray-headed mother of yours
Who made you the man that you are.'

"The young man took his counsel.
He worked and toiled and slaved.
The money he earned he put aside
Till a fortune he had saved.

(Continued on Page 101)

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Do not confuse Konate's thorough protection service with old-fashioned methods that give no lasting protection.

Konate Mothproofing Service, supplied by your Dry Cleaner or Furniture Storage Warehouseman, will protect you absolutely against moth damage; will relieve you from all worry over moth damage; will end the necessity of further effort on your part.

We are so certain of the complete protection Konate Mothproofing Service gives to clothing, upholstery, rugs, carpets and draperies, that insurance guarantees are issued on all work. Your Dry Cleaner or Warehouseman will supply you with a Guarantee backed by an insurance policy written by Lloyds Casualty Company of New York.

We offer you three years of Complete Protection against Moth Damage — Three Years free from the drudgery and worry of moth-fighting!

A specimen of the Insurance Certificate that your Dry Cleaner or Storage Warehouseman gives to you.

Telephone your cleaner or warehouseman for details. But remember that Konate Mothproofing Service is a franchise not entrusted to every Cleaner or Warehouseman. In case of difficulty or delay, we will gladly supply you with the name of our local Konate distributor. He will render prompt, efficient service.

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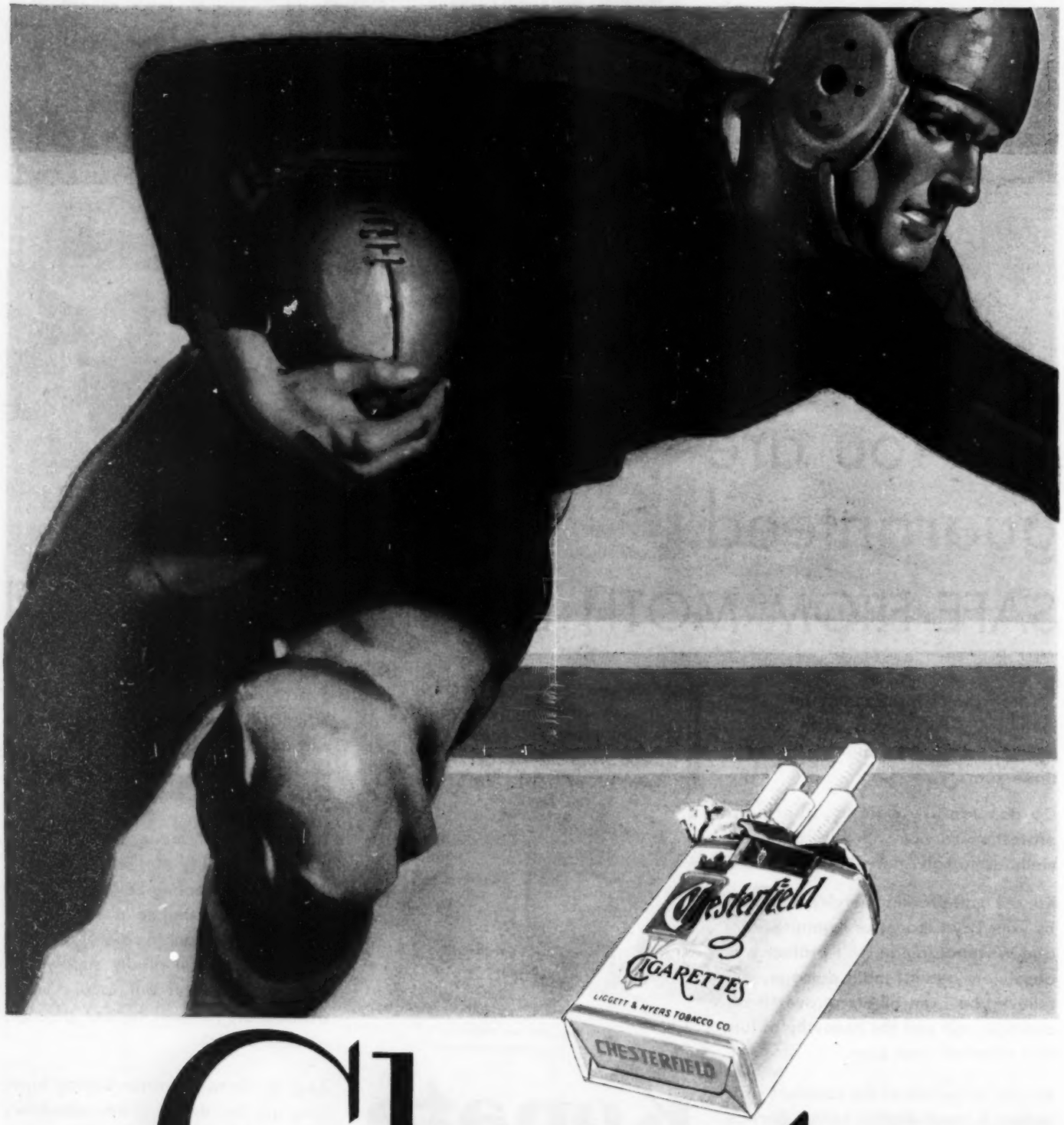
PROTECTION AGAINST MOTH DAMAGE

AMERICAN CYANAMID SALES COMPANY, INC., 535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ONE *will always*



Chester

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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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You don't have to learn to like them

THE brilliant, breathless "get-away" of a star back brings the crowd to its feet by a common impulse.

Equally natural and spontaneous is the response of smokers to Chesterfield's satisfying goodness, its wholesome smoothness.

No one ever has to "acquire" a taste for Chesterfield. Smokers take to its pleasing flavor instinctively.

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Chesterfield takes the sure, undeviating course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette—fragrant mildness and a ripened richness, without a hint of harshness or irritation. In short

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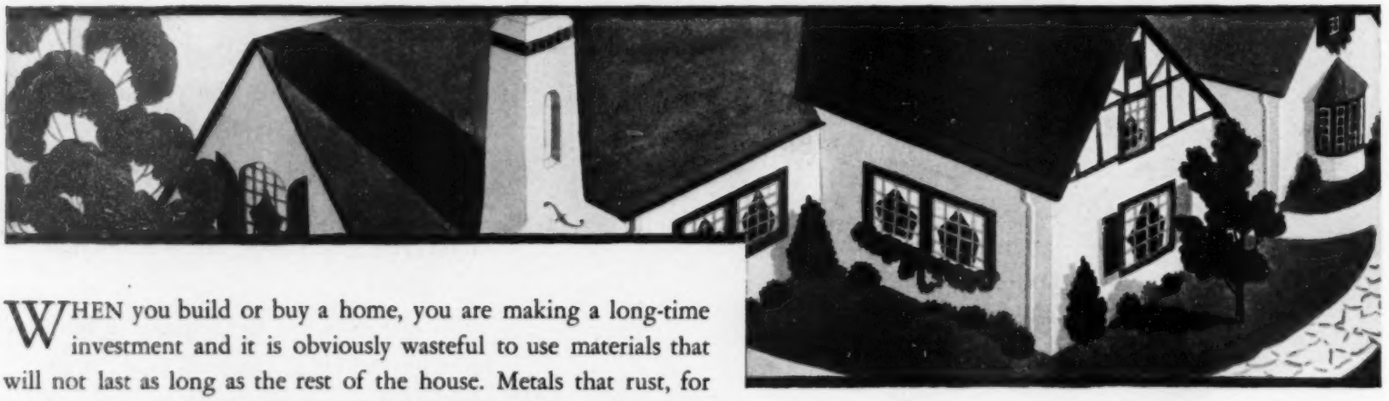
BY INVESTING SLIGHTLY MORE FOR COPPER · BRASS AND BRONZE · · ·



WHEN you build or buy a home, you are making a long-time investment and it is obviously wasteful to use materials that will not last as long as the rest of the house. Metals that rust, for instance, cost a little less in the beginning, but after a few years expensive repairs and replacements are necessary.

Take water pipe for example. A nation-wide investigation discloses that over a period of years the expense of repairing and replacing rusted pipe averages $32 a year for the usual seven or eight-room house. Anaconda Brass Pipe, which costs about $75 more than pipe that rusts, entirely eliminates this upkeep expense. Anaconda Copper sheet metal work and solid brass or bronze hardware likewise far more than make up for their slightly higher cost by forever eliminating rust-expense.

It will be worth your while to investigate the various uses of Copper, Brass and Bronze in the home. Send for the free booklet, "Rust-Proofed." Address The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Conn. Offices or agencies in principal cities.

Anaconda Copper for roof valleys and flashings assures permanent protection against leaks due to rust.

A full flow of clear, clean water always with Anaconda Brass Pipe. No rust clogging nor leaks due to rust.

Protect your home with Copper lightning rods. Copper is the best conductor of electricity and will not rust.

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Solid Bronze or Brass hardware retains its beauty. No plating to wear through, exposing rustable metal.

Water heaters with Copper or Everdur (strengthened Copper) tanks are the most durable and economical.

480

ANACONDA from mine to consumer

Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze add long years of service to the many products of which they form vital parts.

ANACONDA

COPPER - BRASS - BRONZE

(Continued from Page 98)

He made new friends, a sweetheart won,
She soon became his bride.
The years went by. They had a son
Who was this father's pride.
The son grew up, made good, and then,
His all was lost in the crash;
The wife of his bosom ran away;
His life all went to smash.
The father said, 'Don't worry, lad;
Keep smiling just the same.
Into each life some rain must fall—
They're only the breaks in the game.

REFRAIN

"'They're only the breaks in the game, my boy,
The breaks in the game called Life.
Keep a stiff upper lip and stick to the ship,
No matter how hard the strife.
And once in a while give this old world a smile,
For God's looking down from afar
On that little old gray-headed mother of yours
Who made you the man that you are.'"

Joe looked eagerly at the musical director. "Well, Mr. Brett, what do you think of it?"

"A man doesn't think about a song like that," Brett slowly answered; "he feels."

"Well," Joe said with a nervous giggle, "how do you feel?"

"Let these boys do the talking. They're experts. What do you feel, Ranse? What do you feel, Fink?"

"I feel just a little disappointed," Fink answered. "There wasn't a word about little cherub hands plucking at anybody's heartstrings."

"You aren't taking me for a buggy ride, are you?" Joe asked.

"We wouldn't know how," Ranse answered. "Personally, Joe, I felt it all over. I especially felt that line: 'Into each life some rain must fall.' It was so real it got me. I could hear the rain falling. My only kick is that you didn't mention that a woman is only a woman, my boy, but a good cigar is a smoke. Of course, whether you refer to women and cigars in a ballad like yours is always a matter of taste. I personally prefer women and cigars. My only other objection is that you've got anapæsts mixed with iambs in your first verse."

Joe looked discouraged. "How do you mean, Mr. Ranse?"

"The meter of your first verse is de-*dah*-de-*dah*, de-de-*dah*, de-*dah*, and the meter of your second verse is de-*dah*, de-*dah*, de-*dah*-de. You kept shooting in extra notes in your first verse to fit the anapæsts."

"Couldn't I fix that?"

"Sure you could!"

"Where," Fink asked, "did you get that tune?"

Joe grinned. "It fools you, doesn't it? I got it with an invention of mine."

"The one," Brett asked, "that imitates a man with a tray of dishes falling downstairs?"

"No, sir; another one."

"There ought to be a fortune in it," said Brett.

"How does it work?" Fink asked. "Do you pour a lot of notes into some kind of bin and a tune comes out on an endless belt?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Fink."

"Have you got any more songs?" Fink asked.

"I've started one, but I haven't got very far with it. You know the saying fellows use, don't you, when they fall hard for a girl—'You slay me'?"

"We've heard of it. What did you do with it?"

"I worked up the chorus for this song. It's to the same time as Nobody's Using It Now. I haven't invented the tune yet, but the chorus goes like this:

"You slay me! You slay me!
There's a death ray in each one of your naughty eyes.
Murder me! You murder me!
To look at you is to die.
You're kissable. You're lovable.
Cleopatra's adder wasn't very much badder.
You kill us men; you don't have to say when.
To look at you is to die—de-dah-de-dah—
To look at you is to die!

"Well," said Joe, "what about it?"

"It's a massacre," Fink said.

Ranse was scowling. "I don't like that de-dah-de-dah in there. Why don't you say a-boop-a-doop?"

Joe smiled uncertainly. "I guess you and Mr. Fink are taking me for a buggy ride."

Mr. Ronseval said, "You can go back to work, Joe. And don't forget to get me those railroad-yard noises first thing this afternoon."

"Yes, Mr. Ronseval. But how about my ballad?"

"Well, what about it?"

Joe swallowed. "I—I was hoping you might be able to use it for a theme song."

Brett's eyes were moist. "Joe, you've got to remember what your ballad says. Rain fell in torrents on his head—but into each life some rain must fall."

"You mean, you—you can't use it?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip and stick to the ship, Joe," said Ranse.

"And once in a while give this old world a smile," Fink added.

Joe looked dubiously at Mr. Ronseval, who said, "They're only the breaks in the game, Joe."

Joe noticed how red all their faces were. Brett made a pretense of coughing into his handkerchief. Fink had turned his back and was looking out a window. Ranse was biting his lip. Mr. Ronseval sat down and covered his face with his hands. Joe stared at them incredulously. Then he, too, turned red. Gulping, he departed.

Over their table for two in the studio cafeteria, Joe said brokenly to Nellie: "I thought they meant it. I thought they thought it was hot. The big boloneys! They think I'm a joke. They think I'm a sap."

Nellie, who had visibly gone limp at the news, now rallied:

"Never mind, hon. We know you're clever. We'll show them. Gee!" She looked wretchedly at her fruit salad. "I didn't sleep a wink all night. And this morning I could hardly work; I was so sure it would be my last day in that terrible room. I didn't mind the chewing gum. I didn't even mind when Mr.—when that man who looks like Mr. Ronseval came up behind me and made passes again. Joe, I was just counting on our honeymoon starting Saturday."

"If you could have heard them ride me!"

"Never mind, hon. They're just jealous. We'll raise the money some other way."

"Yeah? How? Tell me, willya?"

"I don't know, Joe, but I just can't stand it in that terrible place much longer."

"Why, Ranse asked me, didn't I have something about a woman being a woman, my boy, and a good cigar being a smoke. The big boloney!"

"Never mind, hon. We'll just have to grin and bear it and keep on saving what we can out of our salaries until we have enough. It—it's the breaks in the game, hon."

Joe looked at her dully. "Yeah. The breaks in the game. What a sweet mess of breaks I've got. That guy gave us two weeks to make the down payment on the bungalow. If we don't raise it in two weeks, where are we? Homeless!"

Joe attended to the railroad-yard noises and was back in the effect room experimenting with a tub of water and a wooden paddle wheel driven by an electric motor—a device which would, when perfected, imitate the chunking of a Mississippi River steamboat—when Nellie came in. He was too busy to notice that she had the bloodshot eyes and the pink nose of a girl who has been weeping. She crept close to him.

"You're through early," Joe remarked.

Nellie sniffled. "Joe," she said in a squeaky voice, "I—I've been fired."

Joe dropped his screw driver as he whirled around and stared at her.

"Yeah?"

She nodded drearily. "I told you I wouldn't mind the chewing gum. And I told you I wouldn't mind if Mr.—if that man who smells like Mr. Ronseval came in and made passes to me. But I kept stepping on fresh wads and that man came up behind me and made passes twice. I was right on the edge of hysterics when he came up behind me the third time. Or I thought it was him. I could have screamed. So I reached up and turned on the white light. And it wasn't him at all. It was the printing-room foreman! He had just come up behind me to check up on my exposure chart. I switched on the white light and fogged thousands of feet of film!"

Joe sat down heavily on a box. He looked worn.

"I guess that's the end of everything. I didn't think there could be any more bad breaks. I guess our wanting to get married was just a big joke. Well, let 'em laugh! Go on and laugh! Ha-ha-ha! Once in a while give this old world a smile! Ha-ha-ha! They're only the breaks in the game, my boy—the breaks in the game of life!"

Nellie burst into tears.

At ten the following morning the musical staff was summoned to Brett's office. Even Mr. Ronseval was there. The musical director launched upon a bitter address:

"Maybe you guys don't realize that we are on a spot. Maybe I have to remind you again that Jack Gillespie needs a song for Hot Dog that we can plug to put Hot Dog over. Maybe I ought to tell you that we are paying Gillespie two thousand a week to sit around doing nothing."

Ranse cleared his throat: "I don't see what's wrong with my Marvelous You, Glorious Me number."

"It does not fit Gillespie," Brett said. "It's a song for a pair of goofs, and Gillespie will not sing goof stuff. Are there any more brilliant suggestions?"

"Why," Fink answered, "can't we switch that Let's Be Happy thing from Big Times Are Coming?"

Brett glowered. "Because, as I told you yesterday, Sally Borden has it in rehearsal and would run to the production manager, and the production manager would ask me why my staff could not supply songs without stealing the bread out of people's mouths. Haven't any of you any suggestions? Isn't there an idea in this entire crowd?"

In the pained and sterile silence a man began to whistle.

"Cut that out," said Brett.

The group of minds returned to the silence. It was Mr. Ronseval who broke the silence by starting softly to whistle, and the tune he whistled was the one that Brett had peevishly stopped but a moment before.

"Brett, what is this tune I am whistling?"

"Whistle it again."

Mr. Ronseval whistled it again.

"Whatever it is," Brett said, "it's been going around in my head, too, all morning. It's a haunting damned thing."

"It's one of these things," Mr. Ronseval affirmed, "that you've got to whistle until you wear it out."

"It fools you," Ranse said.

"What do you mean—it fools me?"

"What is it?" Brett asked.

"The song of the sap—the ballad, The Breaks in the Game."

"Are you sure?"

"It fools you."

"It's one of those things," Fink said, "that stick in your crop. That I Love You number I did last year was like that. You couldn't get rid of it. It haunted you. Everybody was whistling it."

"That was last year," said Brett. "Is this tune a steal?"

"Absolutely," said Fink.

But Ranse was less certain. "It's haunting, but I don't place it."

"It positively is a steal," Fink insisted.

Brett glanced at him. "Fink, are you worrying?"

"Not at all."

Brett swung his eyes to Ranse. "Ranse, what do you honestly think about those lyrics?"

"They are sickening hokum, Mr. Brett."

"More sickening than the lyrics you wrote for that I Love You thing of Fink's? The song of the sap, as you call it, is creeping up on me. What is any popular song but sickening hokum, if you want to tear it apart? I am willing to bet a month's salary that 99 per cent of our audiences would say The Breaks in the Game is true and beautiful. Look how they fell for Moonlight, Roses and You!"

"Let's find out," Mr. Ronseval suggested, "where Joe got it."

The inventive mind is ever dissatisfied with things as they are. Joe was experimenting with an airplane magneto, an intricate arrangement of switches, a nest of amplifying tubes, a rotating sandpaper disk and a burlap bag full of broken glass, when an errand boy from the musical department came into the effect room. Joe was endeavoring to widen the scope of the machine which imitated the sound of a man falling downstairs with a tray of dishes. He would not be satisfied until it would imitate a succession of men with trays of dishes falling downstairs.

"Old Lady Brett wants you right away," the errand boy said.

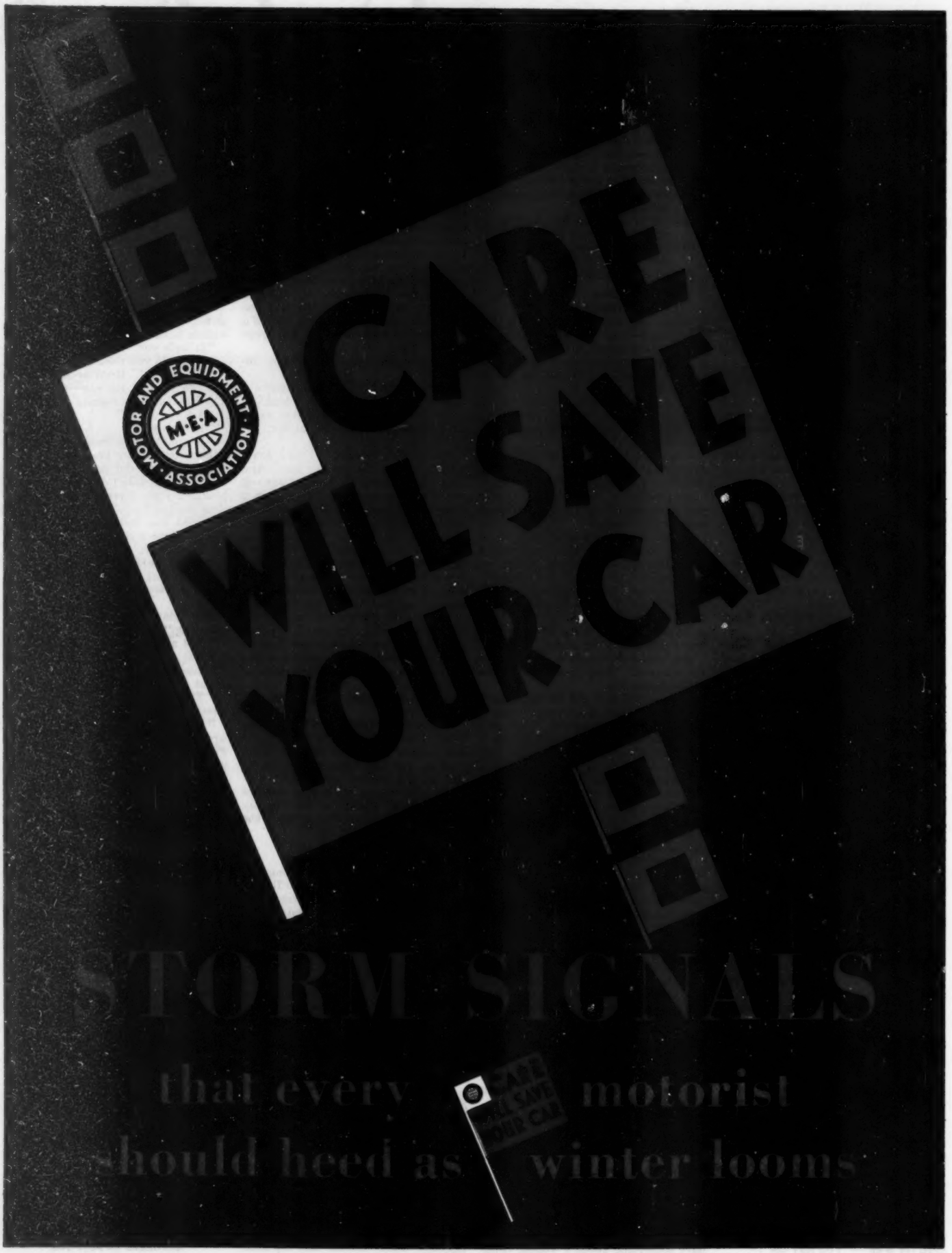
"Yeah? Well, you lope back there and tell that guy ——"

"Do your own loping."

Joe walked over to the musical director's office with stern lips and cold eyes.

"Joe," said Brett, "there is the barest possibility that we might use that ballad of yours in Hot Dog. I am

(Continued on Page 108)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WILL SAVE
YOUR CAR
MOTOR AND EQUIPMENT ASSOCIATION
M·E·A
STORM SIGNALS
that every motorist
should heed as winter looms

Prepare NOW For Winter Driving

—Make your car safe, dependable, comfortable and presentable

Fall, the season of run-down automobiles, is with us. Motors sluggish. Performance below par. General condition and appearance showing wear and tear.

There is only one reason—NEGLECT. Neglect during long summer use. Failure to have periodic inspections made. General money-costing neglect. That's the reason!

Stop Neglecting Your Car

Right NOW . . . let every motorist heed our message. Care will save your car.

Right now ask yourself these four questions:

Does my car perform as briskly, smoothly and quietly as it did when new?

Is it mechanically safe and sound, fit to carry my family in complete security anywhere?

Is it well equipped with the helpful and needed accessories?

Am I protecting my automobile investment by keeping up the appearance of my car?

All of these questions are vitally concerned with your personal comfort, convenience and pride of ownership.

Care will save your car. Why not know that your car is right? There is just one way to be sure—go to a reliable shop or service station.

Inspection and Servicing Pays

You'll find that regular inspection and servicing pays. It pays in economy of operation and protects your motor car investment.

Right now—before the weather grows colder, *before Winter sets in*—drive to the nearest reliable service establishment.

Put your car in safe, well-trained hands. Have it thoroughly checked and adjusted. Arrange for all needed repairs. Make your car safe, sure, sound for Winter driving.

Give yourself the satisfaction of stepping up the performance of your car, renewing its comfort and appearance.

Remember—*Care will save your car.*

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Hamilton-Sangamo offers you a whole new line of these truly beautiful electric clocks . . . all at the thriftiest prices imaginable!

Some are cased in modern metals, some in luxurious imported marbles, others in fine, rich woods. All are tastefully designed. All bear the Hamilton-Sangamo name . . . the same "Hamilton" name that makes the watch of railroad accuracy honored.

But one and all need only to be plugged into a light socket to tell you accurate time for years and years (and years).

You never wind them. You seldom re-set them. You don't worry about them. Using only a scarcely noticed slice of current, they keep your family "time-straight" just as surely as current is there!

Jewelers asked for the privilege of selling these fine clocks. Drop in on your jeweler today. He'll be proud to show them!

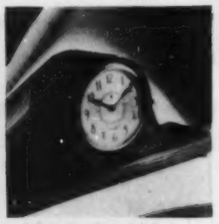
Send us your name and address and we will mail you a booklet showing and describing each of these clocks and giving you interesting information about electric time. They are made by manufacturers with over a quarter century of experience in the making of fine precision-timing instruments. Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation, 820 Race Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

SANDERSON—Moulded bakelite case in green or white. Five-inch dial. Case, 7" in diameter, 2½" deep. Seconds indicator hand. **$10.00**

STOCKWELL — Mahogany with contrasting panels. Large tambour model. Height, 9"; width, 19¾"; depth, 5½". Floating seconds disc. **$25.00**

SCARSDALE — *Left* — Modernistic model in black enamel and silver. Height, 7¼"; width, 6"; depth, 3". Floating seconds disc. **$25.00**

SILVERWOOD — *Right* — Panels of burled maple, hairwood and ebony. Height, 7¾"; width, 5½"; depth, 2¾". Floating seconds disc. **$18.50**



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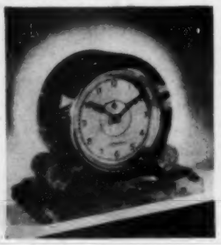
SANFORD — Burled French walnut. Small mantel model. Height, 7"; width, 6"; depth, 2¾". Floating seconds disc. **$15.00**

SOUTHWORTH—Brown mahogany. Small tambour. Height, 5⅜"; width, 14"; depth, 2¾". Floating seconds disc. **$14.50**

SHERBOURNE—Brown mahogany. Hand-painted panel and dial. Height, 14¾"; width, 9½"; depth, 4⅛". Floating seconds disc. **$30.00**

SHREWSBURY — Brown mahogany. Large Gothic mantel model. Height, 11"; width, 9"; depth, 4½". Floating seconds disc. **$22.50**



STANWICK — Genuine imported Italian marble. Height, 5⅞"; width, 7"; depth, 3½". Floating seconds disc. **$30.00**

SAYBROOK—Brown mahogany mantel model. Height, 8⅛"; width, 6¾"; depth, 2⅝". Floating seconds disc. **$17.50**

Listen to the Hamilton Watchman Radio Program every Thursday evening at 8:45, Eastern Standard Time, Station WABC and 19 stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System

(Continued from Page 101)

not saying that we will, but we might. Did you write that song without help, Joe?"

"Ask me to sing it again!" Joe challenged him. "Just ask me to sing it again!"

"Joe, I am not asking you to sing it again. I am asking if you really did write that song without assistance of any kind."

"Are you accusing me now of stealing it?"

"No, Joe. You must understand that when we buy a song we must have absolute assurance that the man who says he wrote it did write it."

"I wrote every word of it."

"But how about the music?"

Joe remained stubbornly silent.

"I was thinking," Brett went on, "of offering you a thousand dollars for your ballad, if that tune is your own. And of course you would have your sheet-music and phonograph-record royalties. And I think, Joe, that we might do something later with your You Slay Me number. You said something yesterday about inventing the tune of The Breaks in the Game. What did you mean?"

Joe was staring at him incredulously. He became defiant. "If I sold you my ballad I would have to have a month's vacation at full pay."

"That," Mr. Ronseval said indulgently, "could be arranged, Joe. Now will you please tell us how you got that tune?"

Joe looked at him suspiciously; then at Brett, Ranse and Fink.

He was evidently assured.

"If I told you I got it from Moonlight, Roses and You, would I still get the thousand?"

"Certainly, Joe. Songs are constantly being derived from other songs."

"Well, that's where I got it. You said a couple of days ago you wished you had a theme song for Hot Dog as good as Moonlight, Roses and You. I came down here that night and wrote the ballad and tried to think up a tune as haunting as Moonlight, Roses and You. I have a sound track of Moonlight, Roses and You. I ran it over and over for hours, listening to it and thinking it might suggest something. Then, by mistake, one time I ran it backwards." Joe was looking defiantly at Brett. "That's how I got it. The tune of The Breaks in the Game is Moonlight, Roses and You backwards. Of course, the time wasn't quite right and I had to put in an oopa-doop and an um-dum every so often."

Joe pulled off the road and set the emergency brake. Just ahead, the Grand Canyon was a maelstrom of giddy colors. Back in the bungalow, Nellie was singing and Joe could smell the steak she was pan broiling.

"Hey, Nell, come and grab an eyeful!"

Nellie climbed into the driver's compartment and looked. She clapped her hands ecstatically.

"Joe, that ought to give you lots of inspirations."

"I've got one already. Listen. Listen to this:

"Never use the words 'I can't.'
Never think the word 'despair.'
Your luck won't always be so scant.
Play the game and play it square."

SEVENTEEN BILLION GALLONS OF GAS

(Continued from Page 21)

produced from 24 per cent in 1918 to 40 per cent today. In addition to this, a German process, called hydrogenation, has been perfected and American rights acquired by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which, in turn, has associated a large number of other refining companies in the matter. It is claimed that the experiments of the Standard of New Jersey with this process have been successful and a statement concerning them will probably be printed before this article appears. This process extracts almost 100 per cent of the gasoline from the crude oil, it is claimed—squeezes out the last ultimate drop. Also, it can produce gasoline, it is further claimed, from coal, although this is more expensive than the oil process, for the coal must be powdered before it can be utilized. A great advantage of this process, if it is what it is said to be, will be the decrease of the large quantities of low-grade fuel oil that are now left on the hands of the refiners, which will lead to the further and necessary conservation of crude oil.

Dawn of the Gasoline Era

However, no matter what the outcome of this latest process for extracting gasoline from carbon compounds may be, what has been definitely accomplished during the past fifteen years is merely a presage of what will be accomplished in obtaining gasoline within the next few years, and the gasoline producers and sellers are now faced with a problem that is anguishing all of them, from the biggest corporation producer to the smallest independent. They are looking into the open and devouring jaws of overproduction of gasoline and overmarketing of it. Prodigal always, the gasoline men have built up a structure that is top-heavy and fantastic. They have by the tail the largest and most ferocious business grizzly ever whelped in this world, and have not yet a coherent idea about how to let go with safety to themselves.

Back in the early 90's when E. K. Duryea and other pioneers were demonstrating that a horseless carriage or a benzine buggy was a feasible mode of transportation, these men and the few thousand of other hardy adventurers who had faith and bought cars got their gasoline where they could—mostly from the grocer, who grudgingly put in the dangerous stuff as a side line and stored it in and vended it from tin cans. The engines were embryonic in those days compared to the present engines in use, and the cars were clumsy. The motorist who went out for a drive was not sure whether he could accomplish five miles or twenty-five before some gadget slipped, or something went wrong with the combustion, or a tire blew out, or the durned thing just refused to go.

So recently as 1897, after President McKinley was inaugurated and had been in office a few weeks, J. Addison Porter, the secretary to the President, invited the Washington correspondents over to the White House one morning to report fully the epochal event of the first horseless carriage to enter the White House grounds accomplishing that marvelous feat. At the appointed time, or thereabouts, the miracle was performed. Colonel Pope, one of the great pioneers in the automobile industry, drove majestically in in what, if my memory serves, was a Pope-Toledo car, and circled the driveway several times, much to the gratification of the President and many other distinguished personages who stood on the portico, and greatly to the honor and increment of the American spirit of invention. And all the newspapers of the day that had Washington correspondents printed first-page stories about it all.

I was not a regular Washington correspondent at the time, but happened to be there and went over to see the marvel with Robert J. Wynne and Louis A. Coolidge. And what I wrote for my paper was quite a blurb. I remember I predicted that the horseless carriage had come to stay, without reservations, which youthful enthusiasm was rebuked by my elders in Washington after they had read my yarn.

It was some years later before the first Ford car was put on the market, but by that time the oil men had decided that the gasoline engine furnished, and would increasingly furnish, an outlet for their gasoline product and began to let both the gasoline and themselves out in a most distended manner. Automobiles multiplied in numbers, became more efficient and dependable, and were presently recognized by the people as one of the greatest additions ever made to the convenience of American life. Thus began the gigantic automobile era, and thus, also, began the prodigious gasoline era.

The Problem of Disposal

Electricity was superseding kerosene as a lighting agent, and internal-combustion, or gasoline, engines were demanding more and more gasoline. Naturally the oil men, with their kerosene market decreasing rapidly and their gasoline market increasing rapidly, turned their attention to gasoline. They could make it with the same apparatus they had been using for kerosene, and they did. The demand grew and the supply of crude material kept pace with that demand; was far ahead of it, in fact, for new and incalculably rich and productive oil fields were constantly discovered, and the oil business, from an $800,000,000 outfit, began soaring into the billions. Refineries were built at convenient places, pipe lines were strung by the hundreds of miles, improvements in production and distillation apparatus were constantly made. So far as the producing and the manufacturing ends of the business were concerned, the oil men were all set.

Then came the problem of disposing of all their gasoline product, the problem of finding an outlet for it, the problem of getting the business proffered by the constantly growing hordes of automobile owners. There is where the gasoline men went hay-wire. They had worlds of crude oil. They had the apparatus for making universes of gasoline. In fact, they were starting to do that very thing, but the profitable distribution of that gasoline, because of the fierce competition of new producing companies organized to develop new oil fields and the constant multiplication of refinery facilities, was something that required an entirely new procedure.

When something occurs in this country that requires a new procedure, it isn't long before that new procedure

A beautifully carved wood chair known in 1769 as the Shakespeare Chair

MODERNIZE YOUR OFFICE WITH SIKES CHAIRS ... *of the finest woods*

YOUR office can be strictly modern—yet decidedly comfortable. It can be modern and still have a personality all its own. It can be modern and yet reflect the traditions of fine period designs—if you select your chairs from the extensive Sikes line of distinctive patterns or have them designed to your order.

Centuries ago master craftsmen selected wood as the logical medium of fine chair making. Wood has a natural beauty not to be found in other materials. Wood is adaptable—lending itself to unlimited variety of design. Wood is durable—giving years of trouble-free economical service.

In every age fine chairs of wood have been "in keeping with the times." Today the up-and-coming business man modernizes his office with Sikes Chairs. Chairs that are known the country over for:

Design

Sikes Chairs give interest and individuality to any office. Grace and distinction of design are instantly appealing. Further inspection reveals the depth of color, beauty and tone found only in the natural figure and grain of fine wood.

Durability

Fine woods, excellent construction features, and unsurpassed workmanship give long life to all Sikes Chairs. Many Sikes Chairs produced thirty or forty years ago are being used today. Good chairs serve their purpose throughout the years.

Comfort

Sikes Chairs are *comfortable* chairs—each line curved to fit the contour of the body. Sikes Chairs cost no more than ordinary office chairs. The complete Sikes line includes chairs for any purpose and offers a wide range of prices.

THE SIKES COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

A complete line of matched office suites and commercial desks is manufactured by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation at Buffalo, New York.

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

SIKES

Chairmakers for 70 years

"Oh Goody— 10 Minutes more in bed!"

ARMSTRONG PERC-O-TOASTER

ON the breakfast table, right at your elbow, your Perc-O-Toaster prepares a complete breakfast for the family. No bustling around the kitchen. No elaborate preparations for breakfast. No time-wasting trips back and forth to the dining room.

Simply plug in the Perc-O-Toaster and this one appliance will do the whole job: make coffee and toast; warm up cereal; cook bacon, eggs, or what will you. And if the waffle mold is inserted in place of the toast drawer, it will make crisp, dainty waffles. Breakfast goes along smoothly, calmly, quickly.

The Perc-O-Toaster is really four helpful appliances in one. The minutes it saves will amaze you, and delight you when the alarm goes off in the morning.

Price $11.85. (Waffle Mold $3.00 extra).

Armstrong Appliances are sold by leading stores or shipped prepaid in U. S. A. on receipt of price.

Armstrong SINCE 1899

ARMSTRONG Electric & Mfg. Corp.
Huntington, West Virginia

has been devised by the persons interested. There could be no more vital interest among oil men than the sale of their gas, and they hopped to this gasoline-distribution business with that feverish abandon and that prodigal expenditure that have marked the oil business since its beginnings. Originally, after the tin-can-vending days, the gasoline producers gave a man who had a favorable location and wanted to go into the gas business a piston pump, or sold it to him at a nominal cost, provided this man would sell the product of the donor of the pump. Presently a representative of another maker of gas came along and gave this man a better pump, or two pumps, and, mayhap, shaded the wholesale price a bit to get his business, made it an object for this retailer to trade with the newcomer.

Competition is the life of trade, and it became the life of the gasoline trade, and several times nearly its death also. "Outlets, outlets, more outlets" became the slogan of every maker of gasoline in the country. The selling instructions were to get outlets—no matter how, get them! More and more oil was being produced, more and more gasoline was being made, and it must be sold. And this situation developed into the saturnalia of outlet getting that began to grow rapidly to its present proportions along about 1920 and is now at a preposterous peak.

From the single pump on the curb the gasoline-selling business has grown to an expansion and multiplication of selling stations that is as fantastic as an Arabian tale and as unbusinesslike as lighting cigars with $100 bills. There is testimony to this in every community in the United States and along every highway. Corner after corner is occupied by a filling station, and these range all the way in elaborateness from a shack to an ornate and highly decorated emporium. They have built selling stations in French, in Spanish, in Moorish, in Italian, in Greek and in every other sort of architectural design, including designs by local architects that combine all styles. These are painted red, white, blue, yellow, pink, maroon, and some are gilded. Many of these are depots for numerous commodities besides gasoline, and all sell the varied products of the companies that make the gasoline vended.

Our Forest of Gas Pumps

Now it is announced that one great gasoline-selling company will sell tires and other automobile accessories at its filling stations, and a California company is figuring on building its future stations with a shop annex, in the elaborate architectural design required, where the retailer may also dispense hot dogs and similar what not. To be sure, many retailers now sell hot dogs and similar what not, but this plan is an advance on all that. These are to be porcelained and nickeled hot-dog shoppes.

What was a sweat to lease stands for business before 1920, became a fever after that. It was at its peak in 1925. The temperature of the wholesalers at that time was so high that almost any lease of a fairly suitable retailing place was grabbed at almost any figure. Gasoline gallonage and oil stocks had risen 64 per cent between 1920 and 1922, and kept on increasing. The producers apparently never thought of getting together and reducing the supply. They kept apart and cut one another's throats in the avid business of selling all they made. The competition became so intense that in many cases wholesale and retail earnings were disregarded. "Get outlets and sell gas at whatever cost," was the slogan of that game.

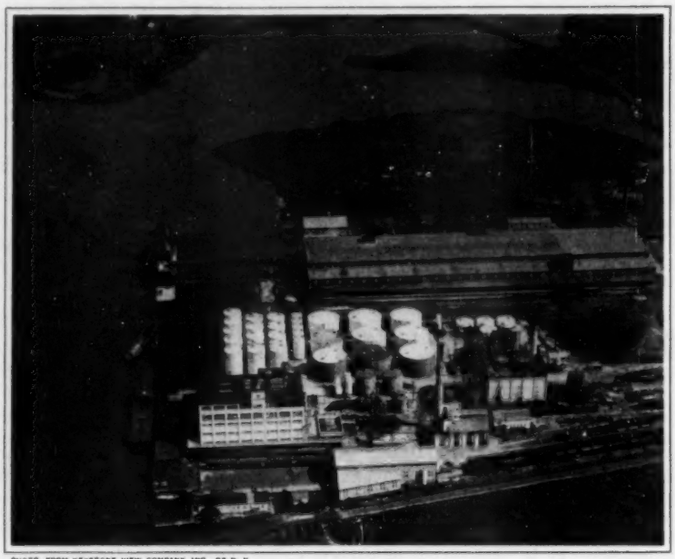


PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., OF N. Y.

An Oil Refinery and Storage Tanks at Norfolk, Virginia

And it has continued ever since. The most recent and most authoritative survey of the gasoline situation in this country was made by Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co., of New York. This survey was nationally comprehensive, covering the entire system of retail marketing of petroleum products, and apparently it has had its effect on the wholesalers, as will be shown.

The basic conclusion of the survey, the chief point developed by analyses of the reports from all parts of the country, is that there are three times as many filling stations in operation as are needed adequately to supply the needs of the gasoline-consuming public. Two out of every three are superfluous so far as good, sane business requirements go. At the time of the survey, some little time ago, there were in operation in the United States 317,000 outlets for gasoline—317,000 places where gasoline could be obtained by the consumer. Of these, 125,000 were drive-in filling stations, 52,000 were garages, and 140,000 curb and roadside filling places. Twenty thousand of the drive-in stations were large company stations, including those leased out and those operated by the big companies, and 105,000 were owned by independent oil companies and individuals.

The gasoline filling units, or pumps, at these stations numbered 604,000. That is to say, if such a contingency could arise, 604,000 automobiles could be filled at the same time if all the pumps were in operation. As this report was made some little time ago, and as the multiplication of gas stations continues, it is probable that the figures given are under, rather than over, the present-day situation.

The candid writer of the report, in speaking of the considerations that brought this vast and superfluous array of gasoline pumps into action, says: "The first step in this warfare was an attempt on the part of refiners and independent oil companies owning bulk storage plants to secure existing retail outlets by means of subsidies of various sorts. These subsidies, which became greater as competition became more acute, consisted of pumps, tanks and equipment offered to retailers on equipment leases of various characters, of buildings, of grading and painting, and even of cash as inducements to market the products of a particular wholesaler. Quantity discount systems were established, only to become ineffective when quantity discounts were demanded by all. Price cutting, either directly or in the form of rebates, became prevalent. Retail outlets increased enormously as all sorts of people were induced to enter the retail field and owners of businesses on streets and highways near traffic were induced to accept equipment in order to increase gallonage."

Paying for Their Education

Eventually, the report continues, the big companies began to realize that this sort of thing was preposterous and started out to obtain their own stations. Although this movement has made headway only during the past few years, it is estimated that all but 10 or 15 per cent of the gasoline-handling equipment used in this country is owned by the oil companies, large and small, or leased at nominal rates. The oil-company investment in their own stations and in equipment of this sort is $838,000,000, but that is not so large when the United States, with national consumption and export added, produces and consumes a large percentage of all the world's gasoline. However, that investment would not be half so large if the oil men had had their education before they began to engage in their business, instead of getting that education as they went along. But they are educated now. There is no doubt of that.

Another variant of this febrile competition that has silvered the hair of many an oil man is the price wars. These occur here and there, and now and then, and are particularly virulent on the Pacific Coast, where a large amount of the country's gasoline is made. Things will be going quietly out there, with gasoline at its accustomed prices all along the Coast and some outlaw and bootleg stations cutting the price a bit, when suddenly, without warning

(Continued on Page 109)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS "PHILADELPHIA" BRAND CREAM CHEESE

—if you make a point of food

You'll often serve this new cheese goodness

First nip of fall in the air . . . good evening at the theatre . . . car in the garage—and a tempting little supper waiting. There's comfort for you!

Rich aroma of coffee. Lazy bubbles from the chafing dish. What more delicious than rarebit made with Velveeta, the tempting new cheese food! Appetizing from the very first.

Best of all, Velveeta is digestible and wholesome. In it are the healthful properties of rich whole milk. Milk-sugar, calcium, phosphorus and other milk minerals . . . all are added to the finest Cheddar cheese.

So, give free rein to that cheese appetite you've been teasing along. Or, if you've never been an out and out cheese lover, approach Velveeta with an open mind. Conversion is usually immediate.

Slice it, slightly chilled, for sandwiches or those slivers of cheese that add so much to salads, cold cuts, or the demi-tasse. Spread it, smooth as butter, for novel appetizers or on crackers for the children.

Cook with it—and be amazed at your own inventiveness! With Velveeta's smooth melting . . . its delectable flavor . . . to spur you on, you'll think of a hundred clever touches to old recipes. And when it's toasted, raids have followed!

All you have to do is to pick up the telephone and say "Velveeta" to your grocer. Then, when those half pound packages come, see for yourself!

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, General Offices, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, Ltd., Montreal.

* Digestible as milk itself!

FREE—a recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Full of suggestions for varying the old favorites. Many recipes for novel new dishes. There's new pleasure in cooking with Kraft Cheese. Send for your copy. Home Economics Department, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 400-H Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

The new cheese food **KRAFT VELVEETA*** send for a recipe booklet

Each year new millions discover this priceless secret of removing film from teeth

Film
is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Removing it works a miracle in teeth's appearance —gives far greater protection from decay.

THE public at large is learning much about the care of teeth. Diet, it knows, plays an important part in developing resistance to decay and other troubles.

Frequent visits to the dentist have become a widely practiced safety measure.

And, in the care of teeth at home, people by the scores of thousands are discovering the miracle that follows a new and modern method.

Film must be removed from teeth

On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking —teeth become unsightly.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely *film must be removed.*

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . Yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

▼ ▼ ▼

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Pepsodent —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Do These Three Things
to have strong, healthy teeth

1 *Follow this diet daily: one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart milk.*

2 *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*

3 *See your dentist at least twice a year.*

(Continued from Page 106)

to the consumers, but, possibly, with inside information to the producers, some company will cut the price per retail gallon three cents, five cents, or whatever sum is determined upon.

The wholesalers must have a fine intelligence system, for instantly all of them are apprised of this cut, and almost instantly they meet the cut. After that a very fair imitation of chaos in a big business prevails, for further cuts are made and the consumer gayly gets the better of it. For once the consumer has a break. In the latest price war on the Coast, which happened in midsummer, gasoline was sold for as little as three cents a gallon in some parts of California. In as much as the California state tax on gasoline is three cents, which the producers collect, the wholesalers who were selling to the three-cent stations got exactly nothing at all for their gas. Oh, happy day for the motorists!

The price wars do not last long, but they are very nourishing to the consumers while they do last. I spent some time trying to find out what was behind this Coast midsummer price war, which continued for about a month, but beyond finding out which company started it, I got no information. The big companies said it was the primary fault of the independents, and the independents said it was the fault of the big companies, and when I finished my inquiries I was as far from knowing the real reason, aside from the urge of fierce competition, as I was when I began to inquire.

Outlawing Outlaw Sellers

Gasoline at three cents a gallon, or even at six or seven cents, or ten, doesn't help pay dividends or do much toward carrying overhead, and after things had gone far enough that eminently sane and capable oil man, Mr. Kenneth R. Kingsbury, president of the Standard Oil Company of California, stepped in and knocked the heads of the warring producers together. He issued a statement saying the whole business was so silly as to be nauseating, that the program of crude-oil conservation then in operation was merely a gesture if the principal product of oil was to be manhandled in this manner.

Mr. Kingsbury said there are 40,000 retail dealers on the Pacific Coast, of whom 39,000 are willing to sell on a live-and-let-live basis, while about 1000 are outlaws who will adopt any measure to get another man's business. He closed by saying that the Standard of California would not sell its products to these outlaws, and that, in order to do its share toward maintaining a balance between supply and demand, his company will restrict its manufacture of gasoline to the quantity required by its actual demand. That brought them up standing.

There have been a number of these price wars on the Pacific Coast since I became familiar with oil and gas conditions there, and the motorists hail them happily. It saves a good chunk of money to be able to buy gasoline for ten cents a gallon, or even fifteen, when the ordinary price runs from twenty to twenty-five cents, or thereabouts, in populated places and along main-traveled roads. Of course the men who sell gas in the far-away places, as on the desert, for example, deserve and get more for their gas. At that, the American motorist has small cause for complaint. Gasoline is cheaper in the United States than elsewhere in the world, and better. Gasoline is one great commodity in the United States that has decreased in price since the bulge in commodity prices began some years ago. Since 1913 the average prices of gasoline have decreased 40 per cent.

I hold no brief for the oil companies, but the facts of oil production and the manufacture of oil products in this country, though suffering from the evils of overproduction, which is solely the fault of the producers and refiners, and laboring under many restrictive laws, show that the producers and the manufacturers have not been extortionate. The old cry of oil monopoly is silly, as this gasoline situation proves. There is no major business in the country where the competition is so keen. With $12,000,000,000 invested and considerably more than 1,000,000 men employed, an average of twenty cents a gallon for their product, which includes the universal gasoline tax, is fair enough.

Gas Taxes and Good Roads

This gasoline tax is an item of magnitude. It was applied to meet the demand made by motorists for better roads, and it has resulted in a marvelous system of highways throughout the country. First came the automobiles, then the increased use of gasoline, and then the good roads, due in large measure to the tax, for though some states divert part of their tax receipts to other purposes, many states devote their gas-tax funds to highway making and improvement.

I asked several men who should have an idea about such things to estimate for me what the total of gas-tax collections in all states would be this year. The highest guess was $100,000,000. Based on collections already made, the total gas tax collected in all the states and the District of Columbia for 1930 will be $550,000,000. The tax collected in 1929 was $449,731,000, and in 1928 it was $305,233,824. California led all the states in 1929, with a collection of $37,599,713, and the roads of California reflect that vast sum and the great sums of preceding years. Ohio was second, with $36,000,000, and Pennsylvania third, with $35,038,619. There were wide increases also in Kansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Montana, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas and Washington. There were no decreases in any state from the collections of 1928.

In 1921 only thirteen states taxed gasoline—most of these at the rate of one cent a gallon. Now all states and the District of Columbia have a gas tax, three states collecting six cents a gallon, nine, five cents, and nineteen, four cents. The rest range below four cents. The average tax was 3.5 cents a gallon, and the average tax in 1930 will be 3.77 cents, for several states have raised their rates.

Economists tell us that a considerable proportion of the lax condition of business in this country during the greater part of the past year was due to overproduction, and there is no business where this situation is more apparent than in the oil business. For some time the oil producers, brought back from prodigality and waste to sane business methods by a chaotic condition in the producing end, have been trying to establish and enforce a conservation program, and with a fair measure of success. The superfluous oil output of the country has been eliminated to a degree, and if the agreements hold and the producers do not go production crazy again, if they do not begin to drill ten wells where one would suffice every time a new field is discovered, or turn loose to capacity all wells now producing, that portion of this great business may be fairly well stabilized.

That is but half the problem, for to bring the oil business back to sanity requires reformation and restriction in the manufacture of oil as well as in the production of it. On July first of this year the combined stocks of gasoline in reserve, or storage, were between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 barrels more than at the same time in 1929, which shows that despite the curtailment of crude-oil production most of the refiners have been going ahead to capacity.

The manufacturers awakened not only to the perils but the preposterousness of this situation some time ago. They came out of their wasteful and expensive distribution frenzy and did two basic things. The American Petroleum Institute prepared The National Code of Practices for Marketing Refined Petroleum Products, and, at the latest report I had, more than 5000 refining companies, marketing companies and individual dealers had signed this code and were operating under its provisions. This code was devised to correct many of the abuses and business insanities in the marketing end of the business, and probably will if it is observed.

The second step was curtailment of refining operations. A number of the greatest refining companies have put their refineries on a six-day instead of a seven-day basis, which means a vast restriction of output, but with twice as much gasoline in storage as there should be, this by no means composes the situation. It only palliates it. There were, on July first, nearly 700,000,000 barrels of crude oil and petroleum products—mostly gasoline—in storage in this country. Unless these stocks are diminished to a reasonable amount and not added to by overproduction, all this regulation, restriction and ethical agreement is merely a gesture.

The Two Phases of Conservation

The oil men are fond of saying that theirs is the greatest basic industry in the world, and they have considerable warrant for the claim, but unless they contrive to find a way to stop this wasteful overproduction in the producing and the manufacturing ends and reduce their marketing to business sanity, it will not be amiss to revise their claim that they conduct the greatest basic industry in the world to read: The greatest boob industry in the world.

Kenneth R. Kingsbury is one of our leading oil men, of wide vision and tremendous practical success. He is foremost in the conservation movement as to production and in the curtailment movement as to manufacture. He has swung his vast company into the lead in the back-to-sanity movement and has a most enlightened view of the necessities of the situation. He says:

"Real conservation of the oil resources of the United States is a dual problem of wide ramifications and large proportions, for it includes not only the production of the crude oil from the earth in required quantities, and not in excessive quantities, but also the manufacture and merchandising of the various products of oil, particularly of gasoline, the most valuable oil product.

"It is a wheel within a wheel. Curtailment of production, though it accomplishes the needed reform of prodigal oil operations and production, takes only half the required step that will

It Pays to Examine the Plug Before Buying an Appliance

OLD FASHIONED appliance plugs, molded of breakable materials, are sources of great annoyance and expense to users.

Today, the finer appliances for the home, office or factory come to users equipped with the Belden Soft Rubber Plug—*The Plug Unbreakable for Things Electrical.*

When choosing a washing machine, flat iron, adding machine, electrical tool or similar appliances look for the Belden Soft Rubber Plug. It is an easy way to free yourself from the inconvenience of breakable appliance plugs.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT

on the following:

37 Washing Machines
35 Radio Units
24 Medical Equipments
22 Electrical Tools
8 Refrigerators
5 Paint Sprayers
9 Business Machines
3 Vacuum Cleaners
6 Floor Machines
2 Portable Saws
3 Grinders
44 Miscellaneous Machines

Write for booklet "The Tale of Two Plugs" that tells how to eliminate the expense and annoyance of broken appliance plugs.

Belden Manufacturing Company
4627 W. Van Buren St.
Chicago, Ill.

Belden Soft Rubber Plug
The Plug Unbreakable for Things Electrical

Does it look

a little shabby...

now that you're home again?

REMARKABLE, isn't it, the way the details of your home's appearance stand out—after you've been away for a while? You notice that floors, which looked well enough before you went on your vacation, appear scratched and lusterless now. Woodwork that seemed bright enough, looks dingy. You're surprised to see that your furniture looks scarred and shabby. How many brightening touches does your home need to make it the sort of place you like to live in?

You can make any of the floors in your house fresh and sparkling—easily and quickly—with Kyanize Floor Finish. It is a new, quick-drying, transparent varnish which preserves the wood grain and gives new life to old surfaces. It comes in eight transparent shades, brushes on easily and dries in four hours. Or you may wish to use Kyanize Floor Enamel. In nine beautiful colors, it covers equally well on wood, cement, concrete or worn linoleum. Boston Varnish Company, 360 Everett Sta., Boston, Mass.

Redecorating old furniture

● Kyanize Lustaquik Finish is made in 18 beautiful shades to harmonize with the decorative scheme of any room. It brushes on easily, dries completely in four hours and retains its brilliant finish after long and hard wear.

Brightening your woodwork

● Kyanize Celoid Finish is a medium gloss enamel that gives a subdued velvety luster, resembling an expensive hand-rubbed finish, to your walls and woodwork. Its long-wearing quality and the variety of its tints have made it immensely popular for the refinishing of household furniture.

Look around your home—your guests do

● *There is a Kyanize product for every household use. Write for free booklet, "The Colorful Home," or see your Kyanize dealer today.*

bring us to essential conservation. The second half of that step must be curtailment of manufacture to correspond with the actual needs of the consumers of gasoline, with such reserve as will furnish a safe margin for marketing contingencies. The production and manufacture of oil in this country is a vast business, with enormous investment, and not, as in former days, a gamble with Nature. The basis of it is a natural resource, and one indispensable to our continued progress and prosperity. The absolute necessity, both from patriotic and business viewpoints, is adequate and efficient conservation of this resource, with the interests of the people as a whole—the consumers and the producers and manufacturers—properly safeguarded.

"The first part of the problem was to arrive at a method for a real and orderly curtailment of production of oil that would be no more onerous on one than on all producers. Ours is a highly competitive business, and the natural business tendency, in such circumstances, is to do all the business possible. The potential production of oil in this country, from the fields already discovered and developed, is greatly in excess of our oil requirements. It became apparent, some time ago, that with no limit to production the oil business in this country would become chaotic, with consequent ruinous effects on the producers and manufacturers, and consequent detriment to consumers. The solution of this situation was to cut down production to such a point as was needed for our requirements and conserve the remainder of the oil in the earth.

"The difficulties and complications of this program will be appreciated when I say that the crude oil of the United States is produced by about 16,000 companies, partnerships and individuals. Manifestly, it was impossible to suggest curtailment of production to all these producers, and the effective step taken was to curtail production and stabilize the industry in the three greatest of the oil states, Oklahoma, Texas and California, which states furnish more than 80 per cent of the oil produced in the United States."

Confining Production to Demand

"Under our present system of laws these agreements, of necessity, were largely voluntary, and were made sectionally. A tremendous amount of labor was involved, and a long time, but, eventually, curtailment programs were adopted in these three states and are now operating satisfactorily. In California, for example, the production in July was 1000 barrels a day under the allowable limit set by our coöperative agreements. Similar results are noted in Texas and Oklahoma and elsewhere, and, so far as the producing end of the business is concerned, production is stabilized, and the hope of all oil men is that this beneficial situation will continue indefinitely.

"However, this is merely half the battle. Curtailment of production will mean next to nothing unless, also, there is a curtailment of manufacture. In a recent statement of our position on this matter, we said:

"'So far as crude oil is concerned producers have done their share. Throughout California they have cooperated to confine the production of crude oil to the demand and to conserve for future requirements this invaluable resource, the waste of which is indefensible. This is only the first step. It loses its effectiveness if manufacturers and marketers of refined products of petroleum do not similarly refrain from overproduction through the withdrawal of crude oil already in storage.

"'Laws enacted nearly forty years ago to meet different conditions have been interpreted to prohibit agreements to curtail the production of refined products as well as agreements to regulate the price structures under which they are sold. Nevertheless, much can be accomplished if those engaged in the industry will use their individual efforts to stabilize marketing conditions for gasoline, and if they will practice fair dealing in competition. Without a production of gasoline restricted to the demand, and without stabilized marketing conditions for the product, the curtailed production of crude petroleum will be only an idle gesture and the conservation of oil so earnestly supported by the Federal administration will be doomed to failure.'"

The Need for Orderly Marketing

"The excess manufacture of gasoline and the wasteful and expensive methods of marketing it have for a long time plainly indicated the absolute requirement of a system of stable and orderly refining and marketing. A few months ago the suggestion was made by the Federal Oil Conservation Board that refiners should close down on Sundays, or, in effect, run one-seventh less crude oil each week. This suggestion was complied with by many refiners, but many others refused to curtail production, so that policy was only partially successful. The position of our company is that we intend to confine our manufacture of gasoline to the quantity required by actual demand.

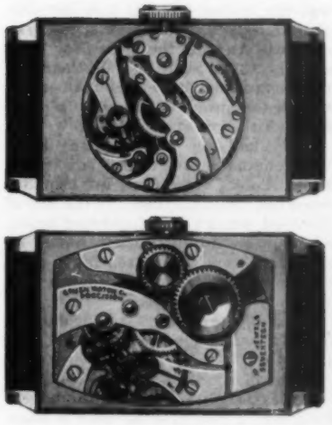
"One of the greatest benefits that could come to the oil industry and, indeed, to most industries throughout the United States, would be the creation of a fact-finding commission to which could be referred agreements looking to the stabilization of marketing conditions and to the elimination of duplication in production, manufacturing and distributing operations and facilities—agreements which are daily becoming more vital if the prosperity of the American oil industry is to continue.

"If such a commission were vested by law with authority to determine that such agreements, in themselves not harmful to the public interest, were, therefore, not unreasonable restraints on competition, the protection of the antitrust laws to the public would be preserved without their present oppressive and destructive restrictions. Stabilization as well as elimination of waste could then be accomplished and maintained, with a consequent salutary aid to real conservation. That is of the future. At present, with the production end of the industry stabilized, all we can do is to curtail manufacture to the limits of the demand, and seek to impress on everyone in our industry the necessity for strict adherence to that policy.

"Curtailment of production was not the work of a short period. It began several years ago, met with many difficulties and much opposition from many producers. Now that it is working out satisfactorily and beneficially, I feel that there is ground for reasonable optimism over the outlook for curtailment and stabilization in the manufacturing and marketing ends of the business, and for the consequent additional avail of real conservation of our oil resources."

YOU MEN

who want *pocket-watch accuracy* on your wrist



THE OLD WAY

Larger, stronger parts than in any round movement in the same size case. By using all the case space, the Gruen Quadron movement makes possible a new standard of wrist watch accuracy!

THE QUADRON WAY

It is one thing to make a large pocket watch accurate. But a wrist watch—that calls for unusual skill!

The Gruen Guild has always specialized in small movements. They were first to make an accurate thin pocket watch. They introduced the wrist watch to America. The accuracy they have achieved in small movements is uncanny!

Two hundred Gruen Precision Quadrons—exact duplicates of the Quadrons your Gruen jeweler can show you today—were subjected to official observatory tests in Switzerland.

Every one of the two hundred received the Observatory certificate for timekeeping excellence.

Here is the nearest approach to pocket-watch accuracy ever put on the wrist! Made possible by the common-sense Gruen Quadron principle explained above.

The Gruen jeweler nearest you can show you the Gruen Quadron, as well as many other fine Guild creations, priced $37.50 to $3500. In the larger cities, his name is listed in the Classified Telephone Directories under "Gruen Guild Watches."

Write for a copy of the free booklet "How to Select and Care for a Fine Watch" to Gruen Watch Makers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U. S. A. Branches in various parts of the world. Largest manufacturers of fine watches exclusively—engaged in the art of fine watch-making for more than half a century.

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

Gruen's golden pledge mark, placed only on watches of higher accuracy—none less than $65.
Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

GRUEN QUADRON

Dartmouth—*Gruen's newest Quadron, natural coin gold-filled case with adjustable link band carrying out design of watch. 17 jewel* PRECISION *Quadron movement, $65; with leather strap, $75.*

Annapolis—*Another new Gruen Quadron, 17 jewel* PRECISION *movement, 14 kt., white or coin gold-filled case, with adjustable link band carrying out design of watch, $90.*

York—*17 jewel* PRECISION *Quadron movement, 14 kt. solid white or green gold case of modern tailored design, flexible Guild band, $107.50.*

Listed in the Classified Telephone Directories of the larger cities under "Gruen Guild Watches" is the name of your nearest Gruen jeweler. His store is marked by this Gruen Service Emblem

THE DOLLAR THAT BUYS

THE GREATEST UNDERWEAR VALUE

IS THE DOLLAR YOU SPEND FOR HANES

HANES Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras pajama checks and broadcloth. Patented belt.* $1.

HANES *Shirts and Shorts in smart new styles and colors.* 50C, 75C, $1. *Wide choice, real comfort.*

Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers,* 75C *to* $1.

Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits. Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. *Red Label Lightweights,* $1. *Boys', age 2 to 16, "heavies,"* 75C *to* $1.

Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 to 12. 85C. *Also made ankle length with long sleeves.*

You can pay more than HANES costs—but you can't get more. Just try to match HANES values.

There's the Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight. Packing more satisfaction to the thread than you ever experienced before. The soft, durable hanespun cotton is knitted and cut to careful measurements of both trunk and chest. No binding, bunching, or wrinkling. Seams lie flat—never irritate. Buttons won't pull off. A great garment for fall or winter and all-year-round wear in mild climates.

If winter to you means ice and snow and polar gales, keep snug and warm in HANES Heavyweights. Millions wear them—despite the city man's swing to HANES Athletic Union Suits and HANES Shirts and Shorts.

See HANES Underwear at your store. If your regular dealer hasn't the complete line for boys as well as men, write P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — FOR EVERY SEASON

TRADE MARK HANES

IT WAS A GRAND WEEK-END, BUT—

(Continued from Page 15)

nice, very nice indeed, but it was all so new, so annual, if you see what they meant. The elm trees weren't large enough, the honeysuckle vine was a mere infant and, worst of all, their hostess hadn't a smitchen of old box! And let me tell you that a country place in Connecticut without old box is unthinkable, almost a disgrace.

Of course the two guests were sweet and understanding about it, and kind, and the hostess tried to hide her chagrin and shame, but there it was—no old box. And all the time they were conscious of it. So, to distract them and get them into a better frame of mind, the hostess proposed going for a drive through the countryside.

They had not gone so many miles when one of the guests shrieked: "Stop! Stop! Look!" She flung her arms toward the right and there, by the side of the road, was an old dilapidated house, nothing to stop for in itself, but at its side were some half dozen fairly good specimens of old box. English box too—not the tree sort.

"Exactly the thing for your garden, exactly," cried the guest who had seen it first.

"It will simply look too wonderful over near where you're going to have a fountain, if you ever do have a fountain," cried the other guest.

By this time both guests were climbing out of the car.

"But wait a minute," cried the hostess. "The natives all round here know what box is worth and ask horrible prices for it, and I'm up to my neck with bills now, and there are so many other things I want for the house ——"

Finders Keepers—Temporarily

But they didn't wait. Those two powerful, unscrupulous creatures turned on the poor girl, who up until that time had been an honest woman.

"Who said anything about buying the stuff?" they cried. "This is a deserted place; we'll simply dig it up and put it in the back of the car and lay our coats over it and dash back to your house and plant it before you can say knife."

"But we can't do that. Remember I'm going to live near here, part of the summers at least. It's sure to be found out!" protested the hostess, who really wanted to do right but, it must be confessed, had not the strength of character to cope with her companions.

They laughed her feeble objections to scorn. One of them went into the woodshed and found an ancient and decrepit spade, and together the two conscienceless but strong-armed wretches did actually succeed in digging up four of the six box plants—all the car would carry—while their hostess wrung her hands and wailed that she knew no good would come of such behavior.

In this, moreover, she was perfectly correct. None of the raiding party had noticed the telephone wire running into the deserted house, which was not deserted at all, but inhabited by an active-minded elderly lady who observed all from a window and, feeling unequal to cope with three young and athletic females—and, moreover, being convinced that they were inclined to stop at nothing to accomplish their fell purpose—had spent a fruitful fifteen minutes phoning to the nearest village constable even while the vandals labored.

Presently the car sped away with its load of stolen beauty, and the two guests were remarking proudly, "Now see, how easy it was!" and "We don't mind getting our hands dirty and ruining our clothes one bit," and "It would have been madness to let such a chance go by," and other remarks intended to cheer and soothe their hostess' feelings. She, however, stepped on the gas. She wanted to get home. She wanted dreadfully to get home.

Well, to make a long story very short indeed, the constable met them, arrested them, they all very nearly went to jail, the box was taken back and replanted beside the quasi-deserted house—at the expense of the husband of the hostess—and the fines and the costs and handouts here and there totaled up to the tidy little sum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars. It was, taken all in all, quite a week-end.

The Professional Week-Enders

But let us go back to normalcy—precious word—and consider Saturdays and Sundays spent not with those who are unable to suppress their criminal instincts but among the professional week-enders. For there is, as you may have observed, an ever-growing class of professional week-ender, both male and female. They are the unattached, the bachelor, the spinster not too old nor too unattractive, the *divorcée* and *divorcé* about whom only a minimum of naughty talk is whispered. They are the odd men and extra women of the winter dinner and bridge tables, and they are ever ready, as Mr. Bryant sang so feelingly in Thanatopsis, to

—— *leave*
Their mirth and their employments,
and come
And make their bed with thee.

Not that Mr. Bryant was singing of professional week-enders. In his day they didn't exist. And had they been his subject, he would not have said "make their bed," but rather "take their room and board and entertainment"—in return for which they are able and ready to furnish easy unexacting companionship to you and your other guests. In the social scheme of the summer home they are analogous to the troop of yes-men which surrounds the big-business executive, for the professional week-ender is a cushion, a convenience. Professional week-enders will golf or swim or ride or play tennis all day long if that is the program, and in the evening come down to dinner all fresh and smiling and ready for the evening of cards or conversation or even—*horribile dictu*—the ghastly games which many hostesses have substituted for conversation.

Some of the week-enders can also be counted on for a few harmless parlor tricks—music, perhaps, to fill in the deadly half hour immediately after dinner—but this species is growing rarer as time goes on. They are invariably good-natured and do not mind a bit if told to talk to a bore or amuse a deaf uncle. They have no special tastes or preferences. Neither male nor female has any opinions or any beliefs to argue about with other guests; they

will not even fight for or against the Vanderbilt convention. They have always read the latest book, seen the latest play and heard the latest scandal, or will invent one coming down on the train to give their visit the proper snappy start.

The truth is that all the professional week-ender wants is to spend the week-end out of the city afar from the dullness of his own society. He dreads being alone. Besides, he has a pride in his invitations—he likes to look back over a summer in which not one single week-end but was spent in other people's houses. He keeps an extra set of toilet things packed and ready, and knows the suburban train schedules far better than he knows his prayer book.

There are, of course, some professional week-enders who can also boast, along with the number of their invitations, that their visits cost them nothing. If he or she is clever enough at cards and the stakes are sufficiently high, car fare and tips may be more or less honestly earned. And a dollar-a-hole man at golf will yield a canny player a small harvest—sometimes. Nevertheless, the professional week-ender is not primarily a gambler or out for material gain. He would soon queer himself as a guest if he were, and he knows it.

The professional woman week-ender can be trusted not to outdress her hostess, or annoy her by flirting with her husband or her pet young man. She isn't given to headaches or nerves. She is a good listener, but can be gabby if gabbiness is required. She comes to meals on time and is ready when the others are for any excursion or picnic. She makes little trouble for the servants and tips them sufficiently. She comes on the train she said she would come on, and departs likewise on schedule. She brings her hostess some amusing trifle of a gift which has no great intrinsic value, but shows care and taste in selection. She writes her bread-and-butter note promptly.

Those Who Week-End and Tell

The male professional week-ender shows the same characteristics. Both types depart smiling and amiable on Monday morning. They have had a lovely time. They go back to the city to await the next week-end, when another host and hostess will receive them, and they will do exactly the same thing in the same way. More power to them. They may not be thrilling, but likewise they are not harrowing, and among their negative virtues they have a truly great positive one—after they have left they do not talk about the hospitality they have received in derogatory terms. This may merely be from policy, or it may be from good manners, but in any case it is a real virtue.

It is also, I suspect, a severe test of self-control. For, outside of the professionals, the returned week-ender usually has some edifying things to say about his experiences. Turning to my case book of week-enders who have poured their troubles into my ears, I find such tragedies as the following:

"Case No. 27. Miss B. visiting in a luxurious Long Island château, retires at a late hour, very weary, very sleepy. She gets ready for her bed and drowsily seeks to turn off the handsome and elaborate lamp on her night stand. There is no button, key, pull or other gadget visible, or tangible, to Miss B.'s searching fingers. It is Miss B.'s first visit in this house, she does not like to disturb her hostess, is not even sure where her bedroom is located. It is too late to ring for a servant. Miss B. works and toils at the lamp, lifts it, shakes it, up-ends it. Nothing happens but the falling off of the shade. After full thirty minutes spent in this exasperated futile search, Miss B. yanks the plug from the outlet and goes to bed. But by now her drowsiness has departed, and for two hours she lies awake in a fury of nervous annoyance. In her subsequent reports on the matter Miss B. leaves the inference that this lamp was a deliberate malicious want of attention on the part of her hostess, and that she, the hostess, was only too pleased that Miss B. did not get her proper rest, but appeared haggard and unattractive on the day following her arrival."

The Breakfast-Tray Test

So much for Miss B. We will now turn to Case 38, Mr. G., a comfort-loving gourmet nearing sixty, who has been roughing it in a squalid Adirondack camp where there is only one bath for each two guest rooms, and only eight servants, not counting the guides. Mr. G., after a few spicy comments on the bathroom situation, leaps into his chief grievance with every adjective and adverb bristling and showing its teeth. "My breakfast tray was an outrage, a hideous outrage," said Mr. G. "Most breakfast trays are, for that matter, but this one was particularly shocking. A slice of honeydew served with lemon instead of lime, toast with the crusts left on, a pat of salt butter, no muffins of any kind, a dab of commercial marmalade instead of something interesting, such as preserved wild strawberries or brambleberry jelly, a couple of slivers of tasteless bacon, two eggs which had been simply fried in butter—not black butter with a touch of vinegar, but ordinary butter of the baser sort; and the bacon wasn't Irish or Canadian—and as for the coffee, dammit, when I think of the coffee I simply see red. The coffee was putrid, filthy, indecent, and not even hot! In every civilized home coffee served on a breakfast tray is in a vacuum jug; no one except utter barbarians would even dream of serving it in an ordinary pot without so much as a wrapping round it. And as a final abomination, there was a great pitcher of hot milk, which I presume they thought was a Continental touch, and a very small and inferior jug of cream."

There is much more in the same vein, but enough is enough. In this connection I notice that people who hate having breakfast trays invariably seem to week-end with people who never serve breakfast in any other way, while people who love breakfast trays and can't get through the day without this meal in solitary ease are firmly and loudly summoned to a family table every morning at eight. At least, this is the state of the great breakfast-tray controversy, if I am to believe what I am told. Also, I am assured by those who speak with the authority of many and varied week-ends that the breakfast tray is the final test of the hostess, and that its standard of excellence is her rating among her guests, and that most hostesses seldom receive more than eight points out of a perfect score of ten. There is one solution to all this difficulty, and one which is being more and more used—namely, to eat no breakfast, either from table or tray, and sleep until lunchtime.

To return to another striking entry in my case book, somewhat analogous

(Continued on Page 117)

sets a new Altitude record for SHIRT value

— by offering the Shirtcraft AIRMAN Shirt in both WHITE and solid COLORS at one price —$1.95. No extra charge is made for COLOR. And they're fadeproof too. Eight Colors with a silky lustre that is on the Broadcloth when you buy it and is still there after repeated laundering. The Shirtcraft AIRMAN is skillfully tailored by one of America's largest Shirtmakers whose guarantee stands back of every Shirt.

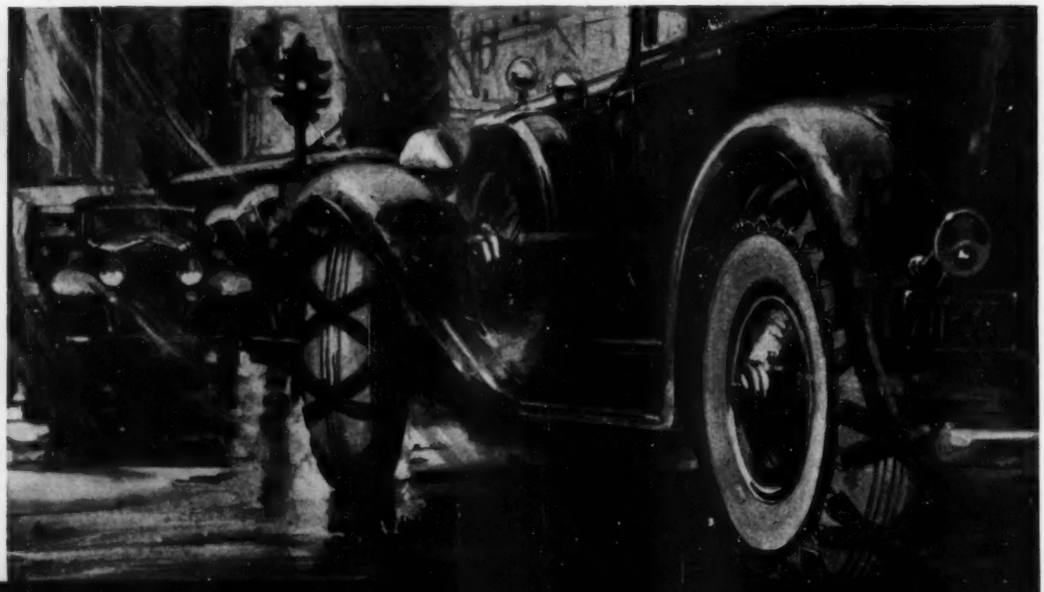
$1.95

WHITE and FAST COLORS

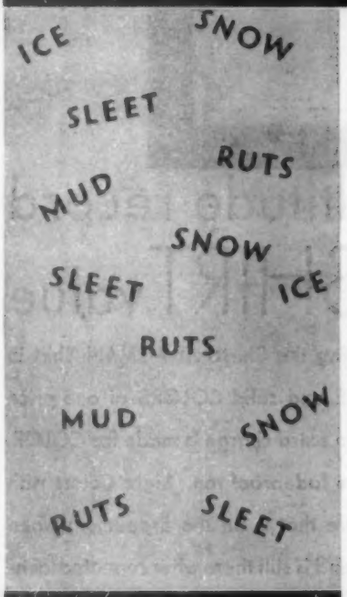
For the name of the dealer nearest you featuring the Shirtcraft "AIRMAN" for Men; or featuring the Shirtcraft "AIRMAN, Jr." for Boys, write to THE SHIRTCRAFT COMPANY, 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY; MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO; 746 SO. LOS ANGELES ST., LOS ANGELES.

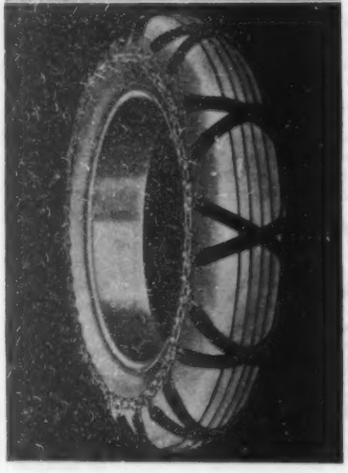
SHIRTCRAFT AIRMAN

with the EVERFIT Collar (IT CAN'T SHRINK)



IN THE INTEREST





GOODYEAR *makes this announcement*

From the earliest days of automobile development our experience with traction problems and skid-protection has convinced us that safety is a primary concern of the automotive industry and its allies.

With this in our minds, and with a strong interest in giving our dealers a line of merchandise to strengthen their program of sustained year 'round business, we entered the tire chain field with the manufacture and sale of Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains.

For some time, however, we have felt that the interests of the public, as well as the interests of our dealers, would be furthered if rubber chains were merchandised by specialists in the tire chain field.

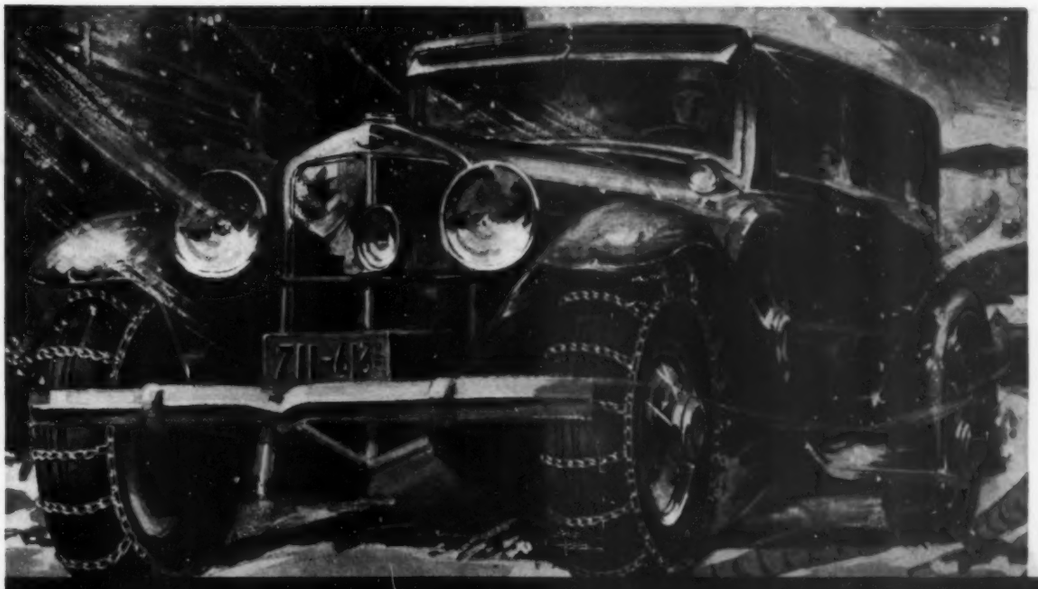
For this reason, we are pleased to announce that the United States Chain & Forging Company, manufacturer of McKay Steel Tire Chains, has taken over all production and merchandising of the rubber chains formerly made by us.

We know of no greater endorsement of the rubber tire chain and no higher promise of its future than its acceptance and sponsorship by the manufacturer of McKay Tire Chains. It amply confirms the faith we have maintained in this important contribution to the cause of safety in winter driving.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC., AKRON, OHIO

McKAY

RUBBER TIRE CHAINS



OF SAFE DRIVING

McKAY

announces RUBBER TIRE CHAINS

Tire chains with rubber cross-links appeared on the motor accessory market six years ago. We have watched them closely during that time. We have become keenly aware of their tested traction qualities, their effective skid protection and their conspicuous convenience. We are convinced that to offer a complete service of safety to the motoring public both rubber and steel tire chains must be available. The McKay line now includes both.

Today, more than ever, the name of McKay is synonymous with safety in wet weather driving, in snow, mud, ice or sleet. The McKay road to motoring security is now a double track route.

Through a complete nation-wide organization of selected dealers the United States Chain & Forging Company offers you your choice of two recognized types of tire chains. Both types are thoroughly tested by years of service. Both are sponsored by a company that has promoted safe driving since the earliest days of the automobile industry.

You will find one of these dealers near you. Ask him to discuss with you the various features of these two types of chains. Let him equip you with full tire protection before danger catches you unaware.

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

McKAY

STEEL TIRE CHAINS

Have You Seen the New and Improved Toastmaster?

Works Automatically . . . Won't Burn Toast!

AN utterly new model of the Toastmaster! See it by all means—this amazing new edition of the famous toaster that "Pops Up the Toast!"

It works *automatically*. And—it won't burn toast!

It comes in 1- and 2-slice sizes and is a revelation in simplicity and smartness.

Of the hundreds of thousands who saw the remarkable first model which revolutionized toastmaking in America, not one would have believed it could ever have been improved upon.

Yet—that has been done!

It is even more simple, more amazing, more beautiful!

Whole Operation in One Lever

With the new model, all you do is drop in the bread and press but a *single* lever. And *forget* about it!

In a minute—a piece of evenly browned toast pops up, *automatically*.

TOASTMASTER

The Automatic Electric Toaster That Pops Up The Toast

That's all there is to it. No waiting! No watching! No turning! No burnt toast!

And by simply setting a small, new-type indicator, you get the kind of toast you like—browned to the exact shade.

Won't Burn Toast, Won't Burn You

Another point about a Toastmaster—it won't burn the toast. For when the toast is done, it turns off the current *automatically*.

For the same reason it can't overheat, or ruin your table-top.

A Toastmaster can't burn you—it pops the toast up on the top where you can reach it *safely*. And now it comes with cool-type carrying handles that permit you to move it about without danger of burning your fingers.

See the New Toastmaster

If you want the easiest way to have perfect toast—see the new and improved Toastmaster. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

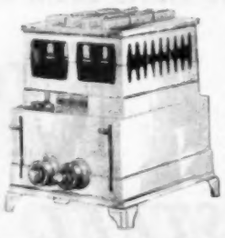
Now on display both in 1- and 2-slice sizes, at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 North Second Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota

A Division of
McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

BIG PROFITS IN TOAST

Write for Facts About Commercial Toastmaster



Today many leading Restaurants, Cafeterias, Sandwich Shops and Counter Services rate the Commercial Toastmaster as one of their best profit-makers. Over 40,000 now in daily use. Made under Strite patents in 3, 4, and 8 to 12-slice models. Send postcard for complete information. No obligation, of course. 280

(Continued from Page 113)

to that of Mr. G. but infinitely more touching—Case No. 47, Mr. W. D. This case cannot be presented in Mr. W. D.'s own words because this magazine is not printed on asbestos paper. But here are its main points. Mr. W. D., after an arduous day of life in a great city, spent sitting in the Union League club and alternately phoning to his broker and disputing with other members about the new clubhouse, took train for the palatial estate of a Westchester magnate, and by some horrible oversight neglected to have his flask filled before starting. He arrived about five o'clock, was met by his hostess and taken for a delightful walk to look at the estate's prize cattle, of which, according to an estimate which Mr. W. D. claims is conservative, there were some ten thousand seven hundred and eighty-five scattered over twenty large rough fields.

At 6:30, worn and spent, he went upstairs for a short rest and to dress for dinner. He found a large bottle of iced water for his room and rang the bell, intending to ask the attendant valet for a shot of something strong and recuperative. But the bell was answered by a stern elderly Swedish maid, and under her cold eyes Mr. W. D. lost his nerve and said that he had rung by mistake and please excuse it.

Dinner was at 7:45, and Mr. W. D. was down early with his tongue literally hanging out. He waited with all the patience he could muster, and presently he was gladdened by the sight of the butler bearing a large tray with no less than two mammoth shakers, entirely surrounded by glasses of generous size, followed by a second man with another tray containing all those engaging little titbits of caviar, smoked salmon, balls of chive-flavored cheese rolled in thin, pink, dried beef, large olives with smoking bacon overcoats, tender celery stalks filled with various savory mixtures, everything to aggravate and increase thirst in the most agreeable way.

The butler remarked Mr. W. D.'s avid eye and approached him. "Which will you have, sir?" he asked gently. Mr. W. D., moistening parched lips, opened his dry mouth to reply "Both," but before he could speak, the butler went on, "Will you have tomato or sauerkraut juice?"

And that was the case of Mr. W. D., and a very sad case it was, too, as you will admit.

Let Joy be Unrefined!

Quite different, however, was Case No. 59, that of Mr. S. M., who was never known to touch a drop of anything stronger than ginger ale with a dash of lemon, and sometimes wondered if that wasn't just a mite—just a mite, you understand—on the erring side. Mr. S. M. was invited to Westport, and was obliged to take a late train, arriving just before dinner. It seemed to be a merry party, judging from the sounds down in the living room, but he was too rushed pushing the studs in the stiff shirt and pulling the trees out of the patent-leather pumps to listen closely and analyze the sounds. Just as he was tying his tie, however, his bedroom door opened and in came a pagan rout of revelers, who flung themselves upon Mr. S. M. in an abandon which he had never before experienced. Fair ladies who were unknown to him called him by his first name and kissed him passionately and twined their arms about his as yet unfinished tie. Gentlemen whom he had never seen before and hoped never to see again played about him, and taking up the more intimate garments he had discarded in changing his clothes, but had not had time to put away, waved these garments in the air and composed ribald songs about them and him, songs which did not in the least appeal to his sense of humor. With vivid splotches of lipstick upon his bald spot, his cheeks, his collar and his ears, Mr. S. M. was dragged downstairs by the merry party and cups which obviously did not contain ginger ale with a dash of lemon were forced into his unwilling hands, amid a general expression of regret that they were all so far ahead of him, and urgent requests that he should make haste and catch up. But Mr. S. M. was true to his principles as a noble experimenter. He did not touch a drop and spent the week-end being the one cold-sober person in a crowd which exhibited all degrees of blottodom, incipient blotto, demisemiblotto, semiblotto, three-quarters blotto, seven-eighths blotto, and entirely blotto or paralyzed.

A Cat-and-Dog Life

I have always longed to get a statement from Mr. S. M.'s hosts about this occasion for my case book, but as they are strangers to me I have been unable to do so. I have a suspicion, however, that it would be even more colorful and full of feeling than was Mr. S. M.'s. Should this article meet their eyes I beg they will write me, and I promise that all will be kept in perfect confidence.

There are many other items in my case book which would seem, on casual reading, to be far more trivial than those cited, but to a psychologist they present valuable material. For instance, I find case after case of persons who, being utterly unable to sleep except in total darkness, are invariably allotted rooms which face the east and have either white or pale-yellow blinds adapted to letting in all the light there is from the very peep of dawn.

Also there are criticisms of guest-room beds, as follows: Too hard; too soft; insufficient covers; too-abundant covers; hard pillows; soft pillows.

I find two rather unusual cases among these—namely, Miss A. W., who cannot take her proper repose unless she has a supplementary small pillow to tuck under her shoulder and carries her own with her because no hostess ever thinks of this detail; and Mr. R. G., who tells of an experience in one home where the guest-room bed was also the favorite resting place of the family dog, an aged ill-tempered Airedale. Mr. R. G. reports that his host told him laughingly that he hoped he wouldn't mind old Jock; the dear old rascal didn't like to sleep anywhere but on that bed, and wouldn't be a bit of trouble unless Mr. R. G. was restless, when he was apt to bite.

Concerning this matter of family pets, there is much to be said on both sides. Having once spent a week-end in a family where there was a small boy whose favorite pet was a white rat which he carried about with him constantly and which peeped from his collar and sleeve at unexpected moments, my sympathies are inclined to be with the guest. And here is Case No. 89, Mrs. L. D., a nice woman possessed of an acute ailurophobia which she tries to conceal, who went to spend a week-end with a well-known artist and his family only to discover that they had thirty-five cats. She reports with some humor that she shuddered so much during the two days she was there that though the thermometer stood at ninety-two she did not feel even comfortably warm.

Other guests are not so amiable in reports. Case No. 72, Mr. T. K., who had a large hole torn in the shoulder of a dinner jacket by the claws of his host's large friendly parrot, was distinctly peevish over the matter. Case No. 93, Miss W., was also peevish. She is not, it seems, specially fond of dogs, and two days spent in a home which was practically a kennel has not increased her affection for them. In her own rather sharp words: "I smelled dogs, I walked on dogs, I ate with dogs, I listened to and looked at dogs, fourteen of them, ranging from a Peke to an old English sheep dog as big as the Subtreasury. And if I ever go back to that house it will be because I am drugged and carried there unconscious."

A paragraph or so above I have told some of the acrimonious comments made on guest-room beds. An entire section of my case book has been devoted to more of these concerning the guest room and the guest bath. It seems that neither of these ever quite suits the guest, no matter how much less complete in detail her own room and bath at home may be; I speak of "her own room and bath" because most of these criticisms come from women guests. They report that few guest-room dressing tables are properly lighted, and that guest-room dressers invariably have drawers that stick. They add that closet space is all too brutally limited, and that the scanty number of hangers and their quality indicate a low order of mentality on the part of the hostess. There are complaints of clocks that won't run, and clocks that will run and do it with offensive audible ticks.

If drinking water is provided it is either insufficient in quantity, too warm or too cold. On the subject of the bedside reading matter usually offered, such things are said that I cannot repeat here. Suffice it that he or she who never looks at anything but the works of Van Dine and Edgar Wallace is given volumes of Proust and Joyce, while the devotees of T. S. Eliot and the Sitwells find Longfellow's and James Whitcomb Riley's opuses ready for their delectation.

Guest Rooms That are All Wrong

And now, come with me for a moment into some hundred guest bathrooms and listen to what those who have been there officially have to say about them. The water runs too hot, or too cold, comes out with a fearful gush or a paltry rusty trickle. The faucet in the basin leaks, and the ones in the bath are labeled cold on the hot water and hot on the cold. The turn-off does not turn off quite tight. There is no hook on which to hang a negligee or pajamas. The bath towels are not large enough, and no toweling robe and sandals are ever offered. The bath salts and soap are not scented with the guest's favorite perfume, or else there are no bath salts and soap. If there is a hot-water bag, it leaks. And all the little bottles and boxes of toilet stuffs and simple medicaments are wrong—all wrong. Sometimes it seems to me that guests had better forswear bathing, just for the sake of their own peace of mind.

So far, it will be noticed, most of my reports have been from disgruntled and disappointed guests. But the hosts are not inarticulate. Many a guest who goes away on Monday morning in a state of high complacency with himself

High Standards of Sauerkraut

What the Packers demand of their members

"PROOFS of the growing popularity of Sauerkraut, not only in America, but throughout the world, and of the recognition of its health giving and disease preventing qualities—for children as well as adults—pour in upon us daily at headquarters in Clyde, Ohio."—Roy Irons, Secretary-Treasurer, National Kraut Packers' Association.

"Only a few years ago, as the winter months approached, it was our custom, following tradition, to announce that the Sauerkraut season was coming and advising readers to lay in their supply of the wholesome, nutritive and economical food.

"But Sauerkraut is no longer an exclusive winter dish, delicious as it is in the cold months, and healthful as it is to those who eat it. It is now as popular in July as in December. It has become an all-year-round dish for young and old, rich and poor alike. In the summer just passed, Sauerkraut salads—also a delight in winter—and Sauerkraut combinations—cooled or iced—were offered on countless bills of fare, and prepared in numerous homes throughout our land. Its lactic ferments, its mineral salts, its vitamins are potent twelve months in the year.

"May I, in this first fall announcement, stress two or three things which will interest the school teachers who, through this journal, have helped us spread the good news about this wonderful food. The National Kraut Packers have spent large sums of money telling the people the truths about Sauerkraut. They have established a standard of Sauerkraut in conjunction with officials of the U. S. Government. They have adopted the Emblem published herewith, which they alone are licensed to use. They feel that it is in the consumer's interest to watch for that Emblem when he buys. All Sauerkraut is not up to standard. But Emblem Sauerkraut always means Sauerkraut of First Quality—Sauerkraut in harmony with government requirements—Sauerkraut packed in sanitary plants in the most sanitary way. Our booklet, Sauerkraut as a Health Food, is Free. It tells all about this delectable, economical and healthful dish. We shall gladly send teachers as many copies as they can judicially use."

Bellevue Kraut & Pickling Co. Bellevue, Ohio—"Shur-good"
Canandaigua Kraut Co., Inc. Canandaigua, N. Y.—"Council Rock"
Castle Co. Lyons, N. Y.—"Castle & Pirate"
Crampton Canneries, Inc. Celina, Ohio—"Ohio's Best" and "Ohio's Pride"
Clyde Kraut Co. Clyde, Ohio—"Silver Fleece"
Empire State Pickling Co. Phelps, N. Y.—"Silver Floss"
L. C. Forman & Sons Co., Inc. Pittsford, N. Y.—"Forman's"
Fox Valley Canning Co. Hortonville, Wis.—"Silver Fox"
Fremont Kraut Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Snow Flum"
Jeffery Pickle & Kraut Co. Huron, Ohio—"Bulk"
F. A. Kauffmann Mfg. Co. St. Louis, Mo.—"Tantalizer"
Kerner-Empson Co. Brighton, Colo.—"Kerner & Empson"
Lutz & Schramm Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.—"L & S"
McIver Kraut Co. Cato Corners, N. Y.—"McIver's"
Meeter's Inc. Lansing, Ill.—"Meeter's"
Onalaska Pickle & Canning Co. Onalaska, Wis.—"Opneco"
J. J. Scherer's Sons Co. Inc. Irvington, N. J.—"Scherer's"
Saginaw Kraut Co. Saginaw, Mich.—"Saginaw"
Seneca Kraut & Pickling Co. Geneva, N. Y.—"Seneca"
Sleeman & Sons Clyde, Ohio—"Sleeman"
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15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

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Please send me postpaid ..... copies of your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes. I am a teacher in ..... School.
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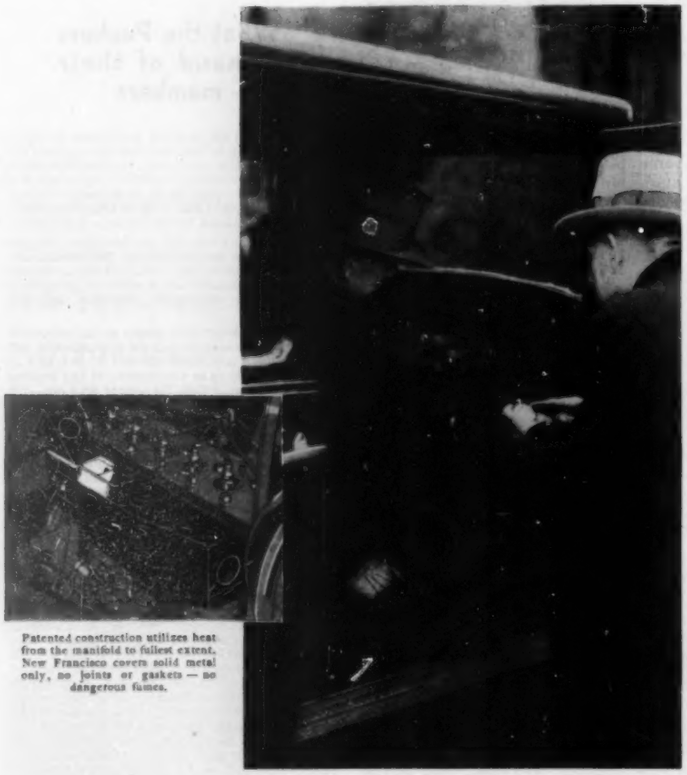
"In 90 SECONDS Feel the Flood of HEAT!"



Patented construction utilizes heat from the manifold to fullest extent. New Francisco covers solid metal only, no joints or gaskets — no dangerous fumes.

On cold mornings — when icy winds whip through floor-board crevices and the steering wheel bites at your grasp — then you'll appreciate the quick heat of your Francisco.

Heat within ninety seconds after starting your motor! And a few seconds later, a volume of warmth that no other heater can equal! *Pure, fresh air that constantly ventilates as it heats!*

Through an exclusive principle, Francisco Car Heaters have *always* provided heat more quickly and in greater volume than by any other method. This year, a new electric blower unit gives you still greater comfort — all the heat you want — at any car speed — and even while parking.

The standard Francisco—guaranteed to deliver more heat than any other car heater and absolutely fume-proof—only $3 to $10 (extra for V-type motors). De Luxe outfits, with quiet-operating electric blower unit, at higher prices. Car dealers, automotive stores and garages everywhere can supply you.

Electric blower doubles the heat volume. Always plenty of heat!

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.
Columbus, Ohio. . . . *In Canada:* The Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co., Hamilton, Ontario

The Francisco Car Heater

would have ears that burned like red-hot coals did he hear what Mr. said to Mrs. about him that night at dinner.

"I suppose we have to ask him here now and then, but really he is impossible—puts his shoes outside his door to be cleaned as if this was an English inn. The upstairs girl was simply awful about it. I had to give her five dollars to square it. And do you notice how he never listens to what anyone is saying, but interrupts constantly? That habit's growing on him. I was telling him about my sprained ankle and before I had hardly begun he had broken in with a tedious drool about how he wrenched his wrist last summer. Selfish, that's what he is, and growing more so every day."

And listen to this wail, taken down verbatim: "She uses the towels—my best towels, if you please—to wipe off her make-up, mascara and everything; you never saw such a mess. And she asked to have somebody unpack her bags when she knows that I know she had packed them herself, for she hasn't any personal maid and never did have. And I'm sure she took away with her all those cigarettes I put in her room; they were a much better brand than her own, and she couldn't have smoked them all, for there were a hundred. And when I asked her if she'd found her room comfortable she had the nerve to tell me that the light pull on her bedside lamp was so short she couldn't reach it unless she sat up in bed. Can you imagine thinking of such a picayune thing as that? Why can't she sit up in bed? What's the matter with her that a little exertion like that bothers her?" And so on and so on.

The Persona Most Non Grata

Perhaps the loudest yells come from hosts who have had the borrowing week-ender with them—the man who borrowed his host's golf sticks and warped a favorite putter out of recognition; the woman who took her hostess' new angora sport coat for a walk in the woods and brought it in picked threadbare about the hem by briers. It is always a toss-up whether they shall head the list of Those Who Will Never be Asked Again, or whether that distinction shall go to the lady who introduced the Personal Question Game—did you ever play it? You do it this way: One person—we will call him X—thinks of some one of the other persons present. So far, so good. Now each of the others, in turn, including the unknown thought-about, asks X questions as follows: "What animal is he most like?" "What mineral is he most like?" "What vegetable is he most like?" "What flower is he most like?" "What color is he most like?" This continues until someone guesses correctly who is in X's mind. I hardly need to point out what marvelous possibilities there are in this game for paying up old grudges and sowing a brand-new crop.

Sweet Vengeance

Between ourselves, what started the feud between Mazie Bish and Fifi Toodle was that to Mazie's question "What animal is he like?" X replied "The sea cow," whereupon Mazie exclaimed, "Oh, you're thinking of Fifi." Of course Fifi is thirty pounds overweight and yet fancies herself very much in a bathing suit, but still, among us girls, kind hearts should still be more than coronets. And there is that other story about how Roddy Giff suggested that the color yellow must surely point to X's thinking of Tim Jallaby—that was how Roddy lost two front teeth. He didn't have time to explain that yellow is the imperial color of China and indicates princely rank. The Game of Personal Questions, or Guess Who It Is, played by a large week-end crowd on a rainy afternoon after a heavy lunch is pretty certain to end in arson, murder, mayhem or something.

After all, something has got to be done about this week-end business. I have no constructive ideas to offer, but I have heard of one man who was so tired and bored with going to other people's week-end parties that he bought himself a big place on the Hudson and now entertains everyone he knows and many he doesn't know every Saturday to Monday. I understand that he feels he has worked out the most frightful revenge possible—and that many of his guests agree with him.

But—as to week-ends—aren't we all?

DRAWN BY I. KLEIN

"That's My Husband. You'll Love Him When You See Him in Street Clothes"

Some day

...she will write this letter about Monel Metal

-2-

an old and time tried friend. You may remember that years ago I bought one of the first Monel Metal washing machines. In those days, you didn't see them in most stores as you do now.

Well, anyway, that early washing machine was a gem - so good looking, so durable that it turned our thoughts to Monel Metal for other uses. The next step was a Monel Metal sink and table. What a blessing they turned out to be!

Now that I know how Monel makes good housekeeping easier, I regret the years I kept house without it. It's always so nice to look at - so bright and cheerful - so modern looking with every color scheme. And it doesn't show a sign of wear after all these years. It's so easy to care for, I have more time

Manufacturers of Monel Metal washing machines

Barlow & Seelig Manufacturing Co., Ripon, Wis.	Grinnell Washing Machine Corp., Grinnell, Iowa
Brammer Washing Machine Co., Davenport, Iowa	Horton Mfg. Co. . . . . Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Chicago Dryer Co. . . . . Chicago, Ill.	Hurley Machine Co. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
L. M. Decker Co. . . . . Omaha, Nebr.	Nineteen Hundred Corporation, Binghamton, N. Y.
Dexter Co. . . . . Fairfield, Iowa	One Minute Manufacturing Co. . Newton, Iowa
General Utilities Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich.	Voss Brothers Mfg. Co. . . Davenport, Iowa

In Canada:

Beatty Bros. Ltd. . . . . Fergus, Ont.	Easy Washing Mach. Co. . . . Toronto, Ont.
J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd. . . . Ottawa, Ont.	Thor-Canadian Co., Ltd. . . . Toronto, Ont.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Monel Metal is a registered trade mark applied to a technically controlled nickel-copper alloy of high nickel content. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

MONEL METAL
MODERN AS TOMORROW

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S. E. P. 10-4-30

MILLIONS of years ago in the Devonian Age—while the world rocked with earthquakes and mighty, armored fish swam the seas—Nature stowed away in the Bradford-Allegany District of the Pennsylvania field her most valuable crude oil.

Most crudes refined for motor oils today are millions of years younger than Bradford-Allegany crude. A few are older. *But among them all this Bradford-Allegany crude was formed at a time when earth conditions were 100% favorable—so favorable that a hundred million years of filtering and mellowing have brought this crude to the highest known point of lubricating quality!*

That is why Sinclair has built at Wellsville, N. Y., the largest single refinery devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Pennsylvania grade motor oil. Here, under the careful supervision of laboratory experts, Sinclair refines Bradford-Allegany crude into Sinclair Mobiline.

Ask for Sinclair Mobiline today—use the grade recommended by Sinclair dealers according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication. At draining time notice how the used Mobiline comes out of your crankcase still rich and oily—positive, visible proof of protection for the last mile as well as the first!

Send us your name and address and a list of states where you intend touring and we will send you road maps and the Sinclair Law of Lubrication booklet, free. SINCLAIR REFINING CO., Inc., 45 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

SINCLAIR MOBILINE

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Pennsylvania MOTOR OIL

Made in the newest, largest single refinery using PENNSYLVANIA grade crude exclusively.

guaranteed by SINCLAIR REFINING CO. INC. to be 100% pure PENNSYLVANIA GRADE OIL

35¢ *per quart*

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THE SQUAW WOMAN

(Continued from Page 23)

For the fugitive, he felt, would work lightly in those waters. She would take her ease there, lulled by the thought that the current was carrying her as she wished. And he, strong stroke by stroke, was more than doubling the speed of the current. He refused to pause even when he saw a caribou standing high above him on a gneiss ridge, silhouetted against the delft-blue sky. He scarcely glanced at a cub bear playing and romping along the sloping bank. Broods of gray geese rose noisily at his approach, dispersed and reassembled again in his wake. But he lunged on, intent on only one end—to overtake the abandoned and foolhardy woman whose life, after all, had been placed in his keeping.

Yet he knew, as he found himself being whirled through restricting bluffs of sandstone, that the miles between him and the portage head were limited, were depressingly few. He was glad when the river widened out again, with its momentary aspect of leisure. He was correspondingly dejected when broken walls of rock once more overhung him and the current dipped over a perceptible ridge, with a faint trace of white water as it fell. That alone, he felt, should be warning enough for any questioning tripper. Before another five miles, he remembered, he would be in sight of the spray drift that overhung the rapids themselves. And within those five miles, he also remembered, as he raced on, would be decided for all time the question of triumph or defeat.

He might already be too late, he told himself as a touch of panic crept into his strokes. The issue might already have been decided and a sightless face might already be staring up at a high-arching sky of azure. That thought sickened him, absurdly, and threw a new passion for speed into his aching muscles as he rounded a shoulder of dolomite and saw the river straighten out for a glimmering half mile that reminded him of a canal roughly cut through limestone freckled with patches of white-quartz stringers.

And it was then that he caught sight of her. He saw her, clearly defined, yet remote, as the hawk-beaked birch-bark answered to the tug of the current and swept in a graceful curve about the far-off bend of the river. He caught the flash of her wet paddle in the sunlight, the half-questioning forward stoop of the body as she looked, with arrested strokes, to see what lay ahead of her. When the river cliff swallowed her up, a moment later, it seemed like a door swung shut behind a sliding shadow.

Darrow called out to her foolishly, without quite knowing he was doing so. Then, with an odd tingling through all his tired body, he fell to paddling frantically after her, leaving an everwidening wake as he went. He was paddling Indian-fashion by this time—with stiffened arms and curved back. Every stroke was a slash, a slash at the amber-tinted water that hissed in quick rhythm against his canoe bow. And every stroke brought him closer to the woman who was so lightly throwing her life away.

But even as he swept about a channel bend and came within view of her again, he heard a sound that brought a second tingling of nerve ends along his straining back. Muffled and remote, he heard the roar of the rapids. She, too, must have heard it, for she sat motionless, with her paddle poised. She sat passive for a moment or two, apparently amazed at the express-train speed with which a still deceivingly smooth current dimpled with small eddies was sweeping her along between two twisting walls of broken rock. And it was then that he shouted to her for the second time, with all the strength of his lungs.

She must have heard that shout, for she looked back, hesitated a moment, and then drove her paddle into the water. She was, he could see, deliberately heading for the rapids. He knew well enough what it meant for her and for him. But he no longer resented her foolhardiness. He even pitied her in a phantasmal sort of way. She impressed him, poised in her careening eggshell of a craft, as pathetically slender and small and incompetent to be committed to such relentless force. For he knew now that there was no escape. They would have to go together into that roaring hell of rock-fringed water. He could even see the mist cloud above the cataract. The roar was no longer a muffled one. And they were hurled faster and faster between the constricting walls of striated rock that shut them off from a pleasant woodland world over which a mellow afternoon sun still shone. All he could do now was to work his way as close to her as possible and wait for the inevitable. There was still a chance—the ghost of a chance—that one or the other of the two canoes might in some way ride out that watery avalanche, might survive the pound of waves and the lash of bowlder points. And if luck was with him, there was still a tatter of hope that he might be beside her when she most needed an arm stronger than her own.

They were still in dark water, he noticed, with merely a tell-tale crown of spume above deeper green shadows where hidden bowlders lay. He could see, too, that the girl in front of him was still cool-headed enough to persist in her paddling, was still forlornly determined to remain in control of her canoe, to keep it from losing headway. And to do that she must travel faster than the racing water itself. She must also have realized the necessity of keeping to the center of the channel, for he could see her struggle frantically against every side tug as she went flashing and pounding along that sinuous canyon. It was only as they came to the head of the pitch, where the river itself seemed to fall away into nothingness, that her paddle hung idle. She crouched lower, steadying herself against shock, as the first boiling waves of white water caught her up and tossed her down the slanting course overhung with mist.

Darrow followed her as best he could, fighting to keep his craft to the center of the current, where the water ridged higher with its own speed. It was like riding on the back of a race horse, of a thousand race horses with manes of white, with a thousand rock points roweling at him as he went. Then came a sharper dip, a plunge over a foaming ledge, a crash through a curling amber-green wave, a second sickening plunge and recoil, and a shower of spray that wet him to the skin.

But he was conscious, all the while, of the other canoe close in front of him. He knew it was there, tossed lightly along, pounded and bruised and strained, yet still afloat. But he could give no thought to it. For all his attention, in that hissing and roaring tumult, had to go to keeping his own birch-bark afloat, to sheer off from hidden rocks, to arrow through angry back waves, to circumvent giant bowlders that roaringly opposed his advance. Then came another pitch, and another descent that sent spray flying in clouds about him. But his canoe by this time had shipped an alarming quantity of water. It became less resilient, less responsive to the paddle. He knew, as he glanced ahead, that the final test still awaited him. For at the foot of this last pitch was the cellar, the grand swell where the overdriven current curled back on itself, confronting him with a tossing and boiling wall of green fringed with white which he must in some way hurdle.

Darrow took a deeper breath and steadied himself as he swept down on that watery barrier roaring back its hate at him. He knew that he must strike it true, head on, or say good-by to his last hope. But he had no time to consider his course. He was only dimly conscious, as he felt the shudder and leap of his birch-bark, of the second canoe within a biscuit toss of his bow. He caught sight of it, empty and upended, as it twisted and floundered down the diminishing white horses that lost themselves in the foam-flecked whirlpools where the river, broadening briefly out over innumerable gravel bars, momentarily forgot its fury. He saw it battered and frayed and tossed along like a broken skeleton. But he was powerless to search for the slender figure that must be tossing along in its wake.

His own canoe was already half full and another short pitch of white water lay ahead of him. No swimmer could survive long in such tumult; no arm could combat it. All he could do was to watch his course as he was swirled helplessly on, face the final cellar and hope for the best.

But the birch-bark, riding low, headed sulkily into that last watery wall. It seemed without life enough to mount that final hurdle. Darrow could feel its shudder as a ton of tumbling water pounded its overweighted bow. He could feel it go down under him and the pound of water on his own bewildered body as he was swept and tumbled between green-shadowed bowlders and carried on into a foam-streaked whirlpool which he slowly circled, without the strength to fight his way ashore. But he refused to give up entirely. He threw the last of his strength into a series of languid strokes that brought his knees against a gravel bar. There he clawed and clutched at loose stones, kept his panting mouth above the water line and crawled dizzily up into the light and warmth of the afternoon sun.

Yet it was only for a moment or two that he sat there panting. Struggling to his feet, he stared along the broken waterway, dreading to find the very thing he sought.

Then he saw her. He saw her wedged flat against a quartz bowlder that lay in the middle of the river channel, some fifty yards downstream. He thought, at first, that she was dead. But when he surrendered his body once more to the hurrying current and fought his way out to her, he found her still breathing and languidly fighting to keep her face above the water, the tugging and everpressing water that held her a prisoner there, pinning her close to the obstructing shoulder of rock.

He had to mount that rock and rest for a moment, before he could summon the strength to free her. She was only half conscious and he had to hold her there for a time, to keep her from slipping back into the current. He tried to tell her, when she stared at him with dazed eyes, that everything was all right, that all they needed was to get ashore and get dried out. He even showed her how she must hold on to him, how she must link her fingers through the rent in his shirt shoulder for that final effort. But he could feel the shudder of her exhausted body against his as he lowered himself once more into the amber-green current. She even, at the last moment, tried to draw back.

"Never mind me," she murmured, with a listlessness that angered him. "I'm not worth it."

"Keep hold there as I told you," he commanded as he drew her down beside him.

"I'm not worth it," she repeated, thin-voiced and quavering.

"We'll be ashore in two minutes," he gruffly assured her. He was, apparently, in no mood for argument, for he struck off without further words with her and once more pitted his strength against the hurrying and eddying current that seemed so intent on frustrating his aim. He could feel, as he swam, the small hand that clung to his shoulder. He could feel the relaxed body that casual side currents tossed against him. And that contact in some way gave him the strength to keep on.

He kept on, disregarding the ache of exhaustion that throbbed through arm and chest, until a friendly backwater carried him into a sandy-banked cove piled high with bleaching driftwood. There he staggered to his feet, supporting the woman with the listless and half-closed eyes until he could get his breath again. Then he took her in his arms and carried her up the sloping bank of sand still warmed by the late afternoon sun. He put her down, chilled and dripping, and dropped on the sand beside her, drinking in great lungfuls of air. He seemed to have forgotten her for the moment, crouched as he was with his back to her while he stared morosely down the shadowed waterway flecked with foam.

"Will we die?" she suddenly asked, with a thin and childlike tremolo in her voice.

"Why should we?" he abruptly demanded. He seemed unwilling, for some reason, to turn and face her. "We've got to get a fire and dry out. And then I've got to recover one of those canoes and patch it up."

She raised herself on one elbow with an effort and stared frowningly about her.

"But how can we get a fire?" she questioned, remembering her own unhappy efforts in a similar predicament.

"Easily enough," he retorted, with a sharpening note of impatience. She looked up at him with languid inquiry, as his accustomed air of remoteness returned to him. But he disregarded that stare of mute protest, just as he disregarded her small hand gesture of disappointment, as though in his final hour of triumph he was confronting her with unlooked-for inadequacies.

She sank back in the sand, as listless as before. She watched him, remote and indifferent, as he took a lace from his moccasin, walked to a pile of driftwood and selected a curved stick from the débris. To either end of this stick he tied the lace, with slack enough to provide for a loop about a second short stick

(Continued on Page 134)

Train Them now..

Brownbilt Footlites

beginning Friday Oct. 3, Nationwide N.B.C. (Blue) For time and station nearest you see papers or retailers' announcements

To walk their way to

GLORIOUS FOOT HEALTH!

Train them to walk with toes pointed straight ahead —nature's way. It promotes foot health, poise, correct posture, life-long freedom from the strain that is caused by "toeing-out." . . . Let the new, correctly designed Buster Brown **Tread Straight** Shoes train them for you. Further information on this subject appears on this page.

Brown Shoe Company
SAINT LOUIS

BUSTER BROWN
TREAD STRAIGHT SHOES
For Boys and Girls from Infancy to College Age

Tread Straight to Foot Health

By William Kaut

SOMEONE with a sense of humor recently observed that the use made of feet in these modern times is determined by the distance from the house to the garage.

We do ride a lot where formerly we walked, but the need for healthy feet is greater today than at any time in human history.

The greatly accelerated tempo of living demands more of men and women than ever before. We work harder and we play harder. And a pair of sound feet contribute much to success in one and enjoyment of the other.

The abuse of feet is one of civilization's greatest crimes against nature. Despite the fact that most babies are born with perfect feet, few attain adult age without having this precious heritage in some measure impaired. The fault lies largely with unwitting parents, who zealously guard the child's health in every other respect, but woefully neglect its feet.

The Tread Straight feature as used in Buster Brown Shoes—Heel longer on inside and slightly higher. Acts as a pivot causing little feet to track straight.

The healthy foot makes tracks like these.

The effect of a bandage around the arch is created when a Buster Brown Tread Straight Shoe is laced or otherwise adjusted.

Symptoms of Foot Weakness

Perhaps this is due to a lack of available information on the care of feet. When a child is developing a cold, or some more serious illness, certain unmistakable signs are quickly recognized. The necessary treatment is given, or the doctor is called. The symptoms indicating a weak foot are not so well known, and not so readily recognized. And yet, the condition, if permitted to go on unheeded, frequently causes much suffering and impaired health in later life.

A healthful, smart-looking shoe for girls ages 6 to 14. It is one of many models in Buster Brown Tread Straight Shoes.

Watch your children as they take the first few steps when they get up in the morning. If these first few steps are stiff and somewhat strained, if they lack the normal freedom and resilience of youth, you have observed the early symptoms of weakened arches. Nothing to seriously alarm you, but a warning that the child's feet need attention.

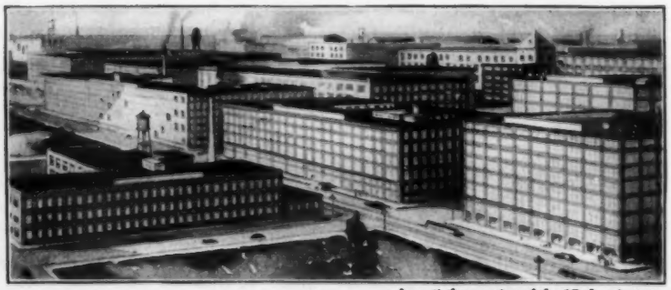
These stiff and strained first steps in the morning may continue for but the length of a room, or they may continue for some few minutes, depending upon the degree to which the weakness has developed. The stiffness was caused by the continuous strain placed on tendons and ligaments by the flattening of the arch structure each time the child's weight was placed on the foot during the previous day's activities. While barely noticeable in its earliest stages the symptom gradually becomes more pronounced.

When you examine the child's foot you are quite certain to find a very soft flexible condition. If the full weight is put on one foot, you may find an extreme spreading of the toes, and the foot flattened so you can hardly move an ordinary pencil freely under the arch.

Fortunately the science of children's shoemaking has progressed to a point permitting a mother who exercises as much care in the selection of shoes as she does in the selection of a diet, to be sure that her child will grow up with a healthy, sturdy pair of feet.

Certain important features must be looked for. Foremost among these is the tread straight feature. It isn't so many years ago since authorities were practically agreed that feet should "toe out". A few thought feet should toe in slightly, claiming the Indian, notably a fleet runner and tireless foot traveler, inclined that way. But the government military authorities evidently were of the "toe out" school because that is the method they insisted on. Toeing out was quite generally accepted as the proper

These look just like Dad's, and they will train him to walk his way to tireless energy. One of many Buster Brown Tread Straight models for boys.



An artist's grouping of the 17 shoe factories

way to walk. The lasts over which shoes were made had a tendency to throw the toes out, so everybody was happy except a few "fanatics" who clamored to be heard, insisting that nature had made the human foot to track straight ahead. Of course, so obvious a thing as that was not to be accepted.

Still, the truth has a way of asserting itself. Today authorities are unanimous in their belief that toes should point straight ahead in walking or standing.

Correcting a Fault

Toeing out places unnatural strain on certain nerves and tendons of the feet. Try it on your hands. Hold them for several minutes at an outward angle from your wrist. The strain is noticeable well up to your arm pits. Feet and legs have construction similar to that of hands and arms. The nerves and tendons of the feet and legs may get used to it, but the effects remain. The first principle of foot health, therefore, is a straight ahead tread.

Children's shoes are now being manufactured in sizes from infancy to college age which embody features that are a distinct aid in permanently establishing the habit of treading straight. The feature is illustrated on the previous page. The rubber heel is higher and longer at the inside point, acting as a pivot for the step. Children wearing shoes with this feature, even though showing a tendency to toe out, will—without conscious effort—correct the fault. The feature is a preventative also, and should be worn by children even though they show no tendency to toe out. Beside the foot health that comes with pointing toes straight ahead comes the healthful habit of good posture, and a pleasing gracefulness and poise.

A smart style for afternoon. A Brownbilt shoe.

Having helped your child to tread straight, your next attention should turn to the scientific support of the very delicate arch. If your child has a weakened foot, this is doubly important. If you notice no weakness, then see that its arches are correctly supported as a precautionary measure.

A smartly styled Brownbilt shoe for Men.

Foot Construction

The bones of the foot are bound together by ligaments which are flexible though inelastic fibrous structures, comparable to bandages which, in fact, they are. Under normal conditions of use and exercise, they hold their "tone". They lose their normal function, however, from two very different causes. One, when an unnatural strain is put on them constantly, as when the shock of contact with hard surfaces is not cushioned. The other, when their function is usurped by too much support from shoes. Nature has a way of relinquishing any function on which she is given too great assistance.

The correct shoe for your child, therefore, is built to absorb the shock of contact with hard surfaces. It has a piece of spring steel placed at the point where the shock registers. This is on the outer side of the foot.

Then the high inner arch should have yielding support.

Under no circumstances, short of deformity, should this support be rigid. This yielding support is accomplished with a flexible, upward sprung sole, which is "hollowed out", or, in other words, cut deep under the arch, with the upper so designed, that when the shoe is laced, or the strap buttoned, a virtual bandage for the arch is formed.

In shoes like these, the weakened foot is nursed back to health. The healthy foot is preserved in its natural perfection. The scientific features, if perceived at all, add beauty to the lines of the shoe.

Correct Shoes for Adults

The correct principles that have been built into children's shoes are being adapted to shoes for men and women. Of course, there are modifications to fit the adult foot.

Highly scientific shoes are being built to relieve the pain and fatigue that result from broken arches. Where such a condition exists, these corrective shoes should be worn. Normal adult feet, however, do not need these corrective shoes. In fact, they are better off without them. It is necessary only that the shoe selected be made over a last that conforms to the lines of the human foot. Foot health for adults with normal feet demands no sacrifice of style. Proper fitting, of course, is essential. And so is frequent change of pairs.

The man who changes to a fresh pair when he gets home at night and who alternates from day to day enjoys foot ease unknown to the one-pair-till-they-fall-off fellow.

The woman who wears low or military heeled oxfords for the daily tasks can change to higher heels for afternoon and still higher heels for evening and enjoy comfort and foot health in all of them. But woe be unto her if, in a mood of mistaken economy, she decides to "wear out" the high heel slippers while engaged in her household duties, or at the office.

Daily change to various heel heights is endorsed by all but a few foot authorities. These few insist that high heels should never be worn. Their view seems to be extreme. There is no reason why you should not dance in high heels—no reason why you should not wear them for hours at a time, provided you do not make a practice of walking great distances or standing for hours in them.

Good advice to people with normal feet is to wear normal shoes selected with regard to the manufacturer's reputation for building healthful shoes.

of the Brown Shoe Company, Saint Louis.

Enjoy . .

GLORIOUS FOOT HEALTH

in Shoes Correctly Styled

No need to accept foot aches and fatigue as a penalty for smart style. No need to sacrifice style for glorious foot health. Enjoy them both in Brownbilt Shoes.

There's a Brownbilt retailer near you. For your own satisfaction, test the style and comfort of Brownbilt shoes. They are made in styles for both men and women.

Brown Shoe Company
SAINT LOUIS

"You don't have to be rich to be stylish"

Brown bilt Shoes

Brownbilt Footlites
beginning Friday Oct. 1,
Nationwide N.B.C. (Blue)
For time and station
nearest you see papers or retailers' announcements.

Silk pajamas and rompers—two of the many distinct, separate classifications into which laundry bundles are sorted for safe, efficient handling

SKILLED HANDS sort your laundry bundle

Many separate classifications assure safe, correct washing of all your precious things

THOUGHTFUL care protects your washing from the minute it leaves your hands until it is returned spotlessly, hygienically *clean*. This care starts with the important task of sorting or classifying each piece according to fabric, color fastness, and other washing qualities.

White goods and colored—silks and woolens and rayons—overalls and lingerie—such is the variety found in the average washday bundle. Today's laundries know how each can best be handled. More than a dozen separate washing classifications are recommended by the American Institute of Laundering—the million-dollar "proving ground" of the laundry industry.

And in each laundering step...in the 3 to 5 sudsings and 4 or more rinsings of the modern *multiple-suds method*...in the use of gallons upon gallons of pure, rainsoft water...the same thoughtful care continues.

You need the leisure, the freedom that today's laundries bring at trifling cost. Phone for service today! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

Your clothes, after being carefully classified according to fabric, color fastness and other washing qualities, are given maximum protection throughout the washing process by the multiple-suds method, in the present-day laundry

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

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(Continued from Page 121)

which he held upright on a grooved fragment of sun-bleached tamarack. He held it in place, she noticed, by capping it with a fragment of hollow stone. And having powdered a handful or two of punk wood from a rotted log, he began a sudden and violent fiddling with his rough-looking bow. He sawed frenziedly back and forth, spinning the upright stick until the end that rested on the sun-bleached timber began to smoke.

Claire realized, as she watched him, that he was making fire by friction. She saw the smoke thicken, the fiddling become more violent, the tiny worm of red crawl deeper into the heaped punk-wood as Darrow threw aside his fire bow and began blowing on a widening spot of ruby. It seemed incredibly simple. It also seemed incredibly easy, when one knew just what to do. For on this spot of ruby, a moment later, Darrow was piling shreds of wood. And the chilled and shivering woman, as she watched, saw a small tongue of flame lick at the shavings, saw them ignite, saw the flames grow stronger until they coiled and leaped at the heavier sticks tossed across them.

She felt numbly grateful for that gift of fire. It meant warmth and protection against the coming night. It made her feel less hopeless, less homeless. She even, as Darrow threw heavier pieces of driftwood on the flames, crawled closer to that relieving warmth. He glanced at her cursorily as she wrung out the wet mop of hair hanging over her face.

"You'd better strip and dry your clothes," was his curt suggestion. "I've got to go downstream and see what I can salvage there."

She sat silent, watching him with an oddly meditative eye as he turned away. She watched him as he went clambering down the river bed, over rocks and gravel bars and scatterings of driftwood that lay bone-white in the slanting sunlight. And if his going left her with a sharpening sense of deprivation, she stubbornly refused to admit it.

He returned, two hours later, tired out, but quietly triumphant. For he brought back with him a torn blanket which he had rescued from a riverside pine root, a paddle, and a grub bag that still held half a side of bacon, a few sodden balls of pemmican and a caddy half filled with wet tea leaves.

"I've found one of the canoes," he said as he carefully spread his precious tea leaves on a flat piece of timber to dry out beside the coals. "It's in bad shape and nearly a mile downstream. The other canoe went to pieces. But I've located one side of it, and that'll give us enough birch bark for patching."

He seemed singularly matter of fact as he took out his knife and wiped it dry. But he seemed averse to meeting the eye of the woman beside the fire, the woman who sat studying his face, feeling that so little was being said where there remained so much to say.

"What are you going to do with me?" she finally asked. She spoke quietly, but her voice shook a little.

"We'll have to lay up here for a day or two," he replied, determinedly impersonal, "until we can get in shape for traveling again."

She sat silent a moment. "Then you're going to take me back?" she ventured.

He seemed to resent, as he busied himself cleaning out the caddy in preparation to using it as a tea pail, some impending threat of emotional tension.

"No, we're not going back," he said with his studied remoteness.

She experienced, as he spoke, an abrupt reaction of resentment. In him, still again, she could detect the overfamiliar note of the conquistador. She had been willing, an hour before, to admire him for his courage and power. She had instinctively respected him, for all his bedraggled and ragged figure, when he had so cunningly brought the solace of fire into the midst of their empty wilderness. She had known a warmth not born of driftwood at the thought that he was once more there to befriend her. But always, when the flower of some kindlier feeling seemed ready to unfold, he stood ready to tear it from the stem and toss it away.

"Why aren't we going back?" she asked with a carefully achieved quietness.

"We haven't grub enough to carry us comfortably to Camp Reliance," was his indifferent-noted reply.

That prompted her to suspect, for a moment, that he was taking her back to her lost world. She swung about on him, all her earlier quietness forgotten.

"Are you taking me out?" she demanded.

He glanced toward her, at that, with a new grimness about his mouth.

"No," he solemnly asserted. "We're going to strike southeast toward the Little Bear and work our way down to the head of Lake Winnetowoc. There's an Indian camp and a sort of trading post there where we can get supplies."

"And when we get the supplies?" she questioned as he turned to feel the torn blanket draped before the fire, as though to make sure it was sufficiently dry for use. He shook it out and folded it methodically and frowningly placed it on the sand beside her.

"You'd better put that around you," he said with his habitual gruffness. But she disregarded the warm blanket. The chilliness that kenneled in her tired body, she knew, could never be warmed by any woven tissue of wool.

"And when we get the supplies?" she repeated, conscious of a renewed frustration as the man before her began stoically to slice bacon and spear it on a wand of green wood.

He did not answer that question until he had carefully placed his skewer of bacon strips above the coals. And a double-edged humiliation crept through the woman watching him. She sat dismayed at the discovery of how compelling the aroma of cooking meat could be to a hungry body; of how she was, after all, the slave of appetites over which she had so little final control. She was being tamed once more by hunger. And no matter how strong her hate, she would have to bow to the hand that fed her.

"When we get our supplies," proclaimed Darrow, "I'm going to arrange so this sort of thing can't happen again." And he appeared to find it possible, for the first time that day, deliberately to meet her questioning and meditative gaze.

x

CLAIRE, in the bow of the roughly patched canoe, rhythmically swung the paddle which Darrow had so patiently carved for her out of spruce wood. She found consolation, as she did so, in the thought that she was helping a little, that her strokes were lightening the labor for which she alone was responsible. It remained the only way, apparently, in which she could express her gratitude toward her rescuer. He seemed determined, in fact, to avoid all talk on the subject of her flight. And even when her obvious contriteness of spirit seemed to bring them

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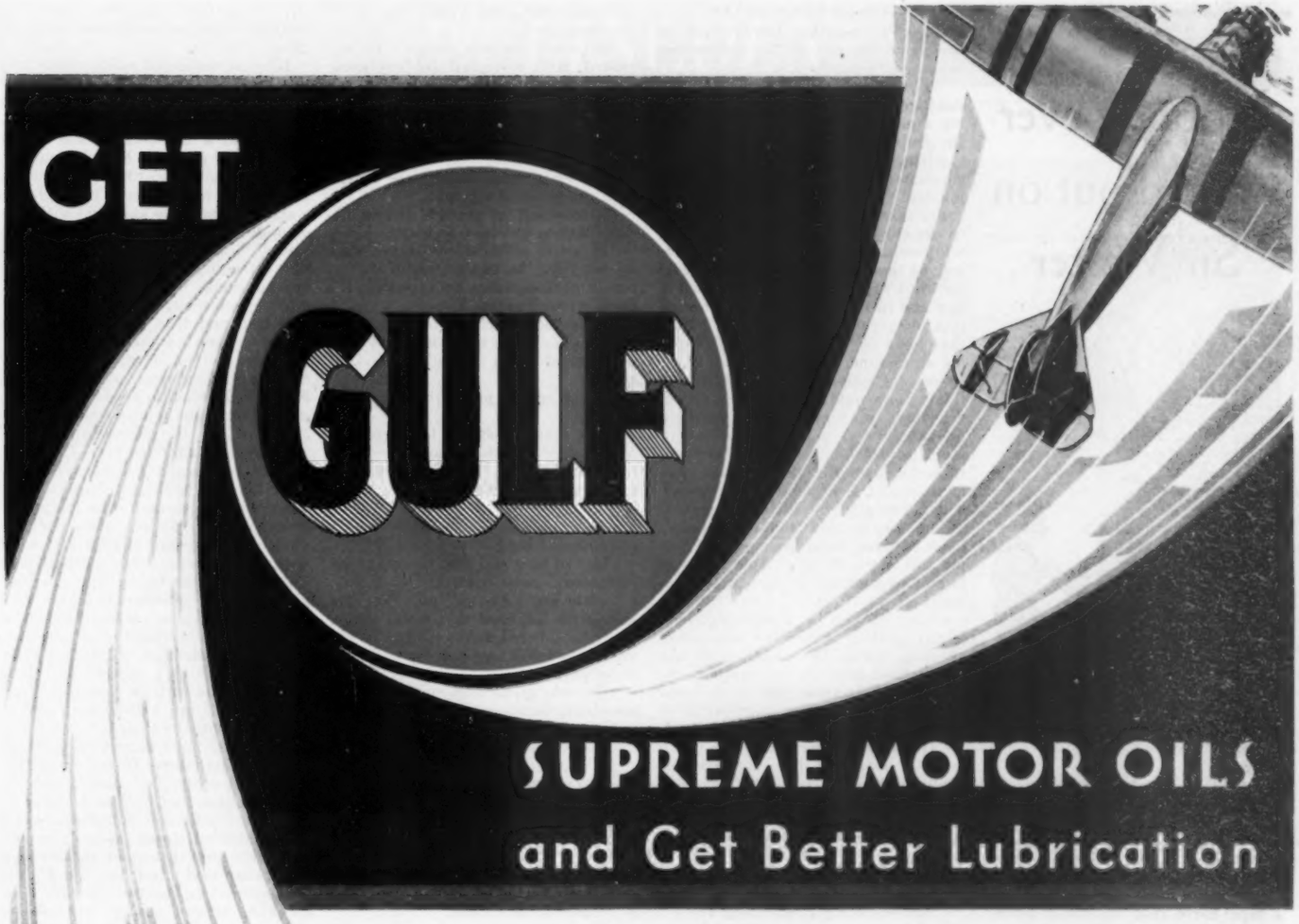

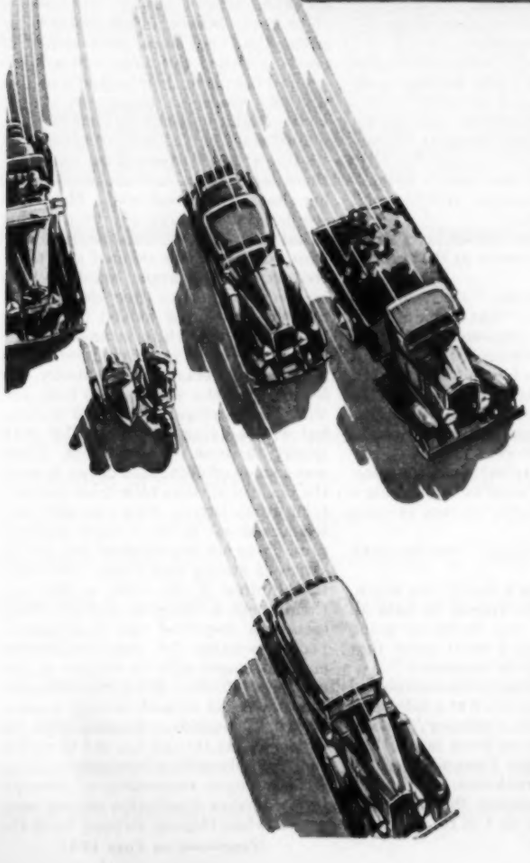

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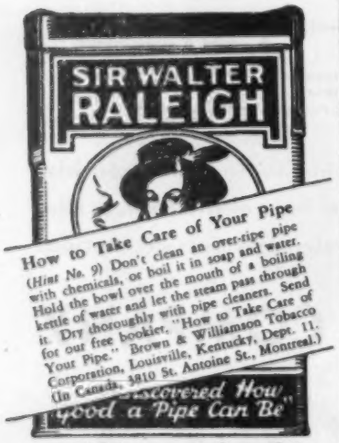

How to Take Care of Your Pipe (*Hint No. 9*) Don't clean an over-ripe pipe with chemicals, or boil it in soap and water. Hold the bowl over the mouth of a boiling kettle of water and let the steam pass through it. Dry thoroughly with pipe cleaners. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 11. (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

"Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

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(Continued from Page 124)

a little closer together, Darrow repelled her again by one of his deliberated sarcasms.

"You haven't much respect for my intelligence," she observed when, during a portage, she found she had left the grub bag behind.

"How can I respect what I've never encountered?" was his brusque rejoinder.

She made no reply to that, dreading to show how much he had hurt her. She remained silent until she had retrieved the missing grub bag and could confront him once more composed in face and spirit. She even found herself making excuses for him, contending that his ways were primitive because his environment had been primitive. It was, she supposed, a case of adaptation. You couldn't naturally expect drawing-room manners in a northern muskeg, just as you couldn't look for much privacy on the lee side of an overturned canoe. But the man might at least accept her as a human being. There was, after all, little to be gained by building up this Chinese Wall of silence between them, no matter if people did seem to lose their sense of humor in the land of the Aurora Borealis.

Claire, nettled by a renewing sense of indignation, shifted her position so abruptly that the birch-bark, as she had hoped, indulged in a sympathetic lurch. But Darrow, having steadied the canoe again, once more went on with his paddling.

"If you're sharing nothing else with me," the woman in the canoe bow suddenly cried out, "you might at least share an occasional thought!"

"We're sharing more than you imagine," said Darrow as his paddle dipped and rose again.

"But so terribly against your will," she reminded him.

"The one thing I like about the Indian," he quietly observed, "is that he never complains."

Her chin went up, at that. She even laughed a little, as she resumed her paddling, but it was a quavery and uncertain laugh.

She paddled on, for a meditative minute or two, and then suddenly sat motionless. It was foolish, she decided, to keep on fighting against the cage bars that held her a prisoner. It was almost as absurd as trying to swim against the rapids of the Smoky River.

"I wish you'd be kinder to me," she said, with a quietness that held him arrested.

"And what would I gain?" he demanded.

"My loyalty," she answered, wondering why she found it so hard to utter those two words.

"But you've already broken a promise," he reminded her.

"I'm sorry about that," she told him, with a little of the color ebbing from her sun-browned face, "and it will not happen again."

"But how am I to believe that?" he asked.

"How can I make you?" she countered, her color once more deepening, for all her quietness of tone.

"It can be arranged easily enough," he surprised her by saying. "And it can be done as soon as we get to that Chippewaian camp tomorrow."

"What can we do there?"

"You can marry me," he said, with a purely achieved quietness of voice. She turned about quickly at that and searched his face. But all she found there was a granitic hardness and grimness.

"And what good would that do?" she demanded.

"It would do two things," he answered, with a studied deliberateness that did not entirely hide some inner commotion: "It would protect you, when the time arrives for such protection. And it would make my course easier."

"Easier in what way?" she asked, with the ghost of a laugh.

He frowned, as though finding his explanations not easy to make.

"It would establish my responsibility for you," he finally ventured, "so that if past mistakes are repeated, I'll know where I stand."

She smiled wintrily, after a moment of thought. "You mean it would give you a legal claim on me?" she challenged.

"If you care to put it that way," he retorted.

"But what good are legal claims? Aren't they like those game laws you told me about up here, where people take what they want when they want it?"

"You may not always be up here," he reminded her.

"But so long as I am, you want me completely under control?"

"I am not expecting miracles," he said, with his brief and bitter smile. Then he sobered again. "But I've a mission to fulfill, and it doesn't seem to be an easy one."

"But why go through the motions of something that is bound to be a farce?" she demanded, doing her best to meet frankness with frankness.

"It's something, I'm afraid, that I'll have to insist on."

She sat silent a moment, waiting until her wave of opposition had spent itself.

"Doesn't that rather sound like marriage by capture?"

His own face darkened at that, but he refused to be ruffled.

"I'm not expecting much from it," he quietly informed her.

"Naturally," was her equally quiet retort. "But aren't you making an altogether unnecessary sacrifice?"

He flushed, under the lash of her irony, but remained stoically in control of himself.

"I've thought this out," he proclaimed, "and haggling over it won't change my decision."

She was able, for reasons he failed to fathom, to laugh openly at that proclamation.

"I keep forgetting," she said with mock solemnity, "that Indian word for 'master.' It's '*hugemow*,' isn't it?"

He sat silent, seemingly praying for patience that was beyond him.

"It's not a matter of mastery," he finally explained, "but of expediency."

"But you demand my compliance?"

"I'm asking for your promise."

It was her turn to be silent a moment. "Well, since you seem to be exacting a promise from me, it's my turn to exact one from you."

"What do you mean?" was his quick inquiry.

"Oh, it shouldn't worry you much, from the way you appear to hate all my sex. But if you insist on going through with this, I must insist that my privacy of life be respected."

He seemed willing, in his unexpected embarrassment, to catch at a side issue.

"But is there any privacy," he objected, "living as we have to live?"

"You know what I mean," she said, with clear-eyed frankness. "And you'll also have to remember that the compact ends as soon as I'm in a position to have it ended."

"I'm not likely to forget that," he acknowledged as he resumed his paddling.

But she remained oddly silent and depressed for the rest of the day. Even beside their camp fire that night, when she sat mending her torn clothes with *watap* and a fish-bone needle which Darrow had made for her, she found it impossible to smile at her companion's struggles as he sharpened his knife on a slab of sandstone anointed with fish oil and did his best to scrape away the ragged beard that covered his face. She sat equally depressed when, the next morning, their river debouched into a green-watered lake fringed with reed beds and flats. Along the slightly higher ground on the eastern end of this lake she could see the scattered encampment that was known as Laird's Point. She beheld a cluster of smoke-stained tents and tepees, a squat shack or two of logs, the charred skeleton of what might once have been a mission house, a rectangular building of sawed pine boards, with a plank-covered stoop where a couple of unkempt Indians lounged. She saw other Indians, slattern-looking and slouching, passing between the tepees, from which meager coils of smoke drifted up into the clear air. On a ridge of stones along the lake front she saw a group of squaws, squatting low at the water's edge as they washed nondescript clothing. They impressed her as a somber and dun-looking group, without color or animation, without any redeeming trace of picturesqueness in their poverty.

She had thought to find solace in the sight of other human beings, no matter what their color. But these stolid figures that squatted back and stared at her with hostile and animal-like eyes, as she drifted closer, only depressed her. They seemed to mock and cheapen all womanhood. And she herself, she remembered as Darrow lifted his paddle and stepped ashore, was one of their kind. She could not claim to be better than they were, she told herself as she watched the silent and copper-colored figures in their ragged and grotesquely patched clothing.

She could hear the yelping of lean-bodied dogs as Darrow strode to the trading store of sawed pine, and from there went on to an unclean-looking log shack with a sod roof. She could see half-naked brown children peering about tent corners, and a very old Indian, with a face as seamed and withered as a winter apple, smoking with his back against a tree stump. He neither moved nor looked up, Claire noticed, as the white stranger strode past him. And he intensified her earlier impression of some timeless decay, her feeling that she was face to face, not with the carefree children of nature, but with a dying race too dulled with misery to sense its own doom. There was a smell of death and decay in even the unclean air that blew from the outlying camp litters. This, she told herself as she sat in the crudely patched canoe, was not the north of which men spoke as strong and virile. Nor were the children of the wilds as she saw them there a thing to respect. They seemed a dispirited and disillusioned people, waiting for some unforeseen end, no longer able to believe in the goodness of life. Even the denuded hills about her seemed to carry a sense of age, of weariness touched with indifference, as though too old to revive their own dwindling memories.

That vague impression of decrepitude and slow dissolution seemed confirmed when Darrow stepped from the

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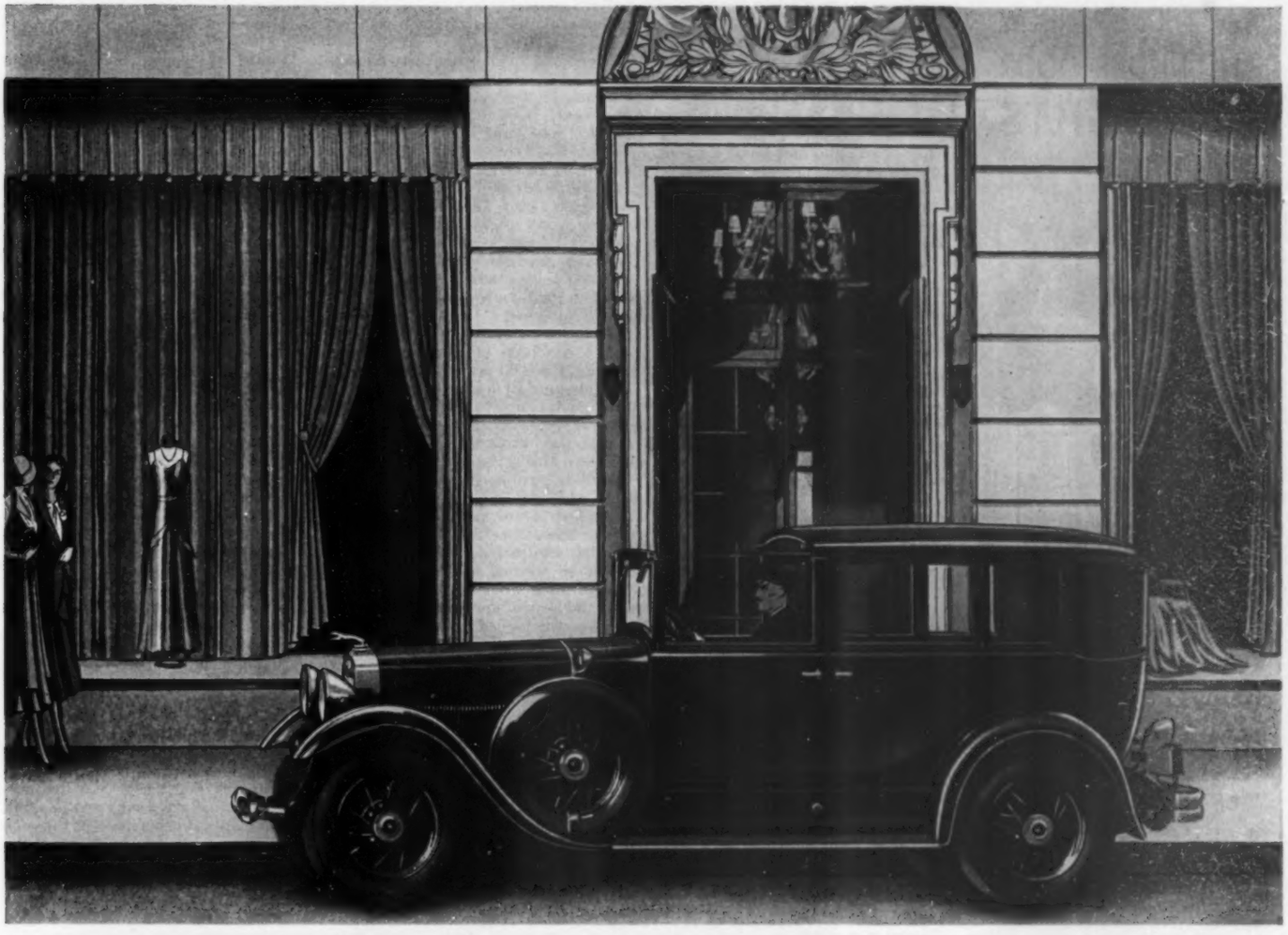
THE LINCOLN



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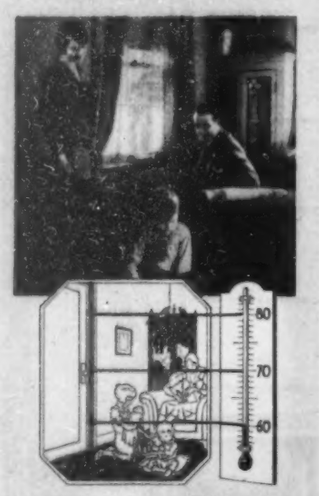

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Beware of window and under-door drafts. They chill rooms, waste fuel. They cause colds. They're responsible for the low morning temperatures that endanger health. Unless you weather strip your home, you'll have such drafts constantly. Why? Because to permit opening and closing, every window and door must have clearance cracks equal to a hole the size of a brick. And here's where your drafts blow in. Chamberlin Weather Strips seal these cracks permanently. They save you enough in fuel besides to pay for themselves in 2 to 5 years. Chamberlin protection is sure. Exclusive factory direct-to-consumer service—only Chamberlin mechanics on the job. Lifetime satisfaction assured. Write for costs.

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Address_____ FC 183

(Continued from Page 126)

log shack followed by a man in an oddly constructed wheel chair, a corpulent white man with a flaming red beard and a disordered shock of red hair streaked with gray that fell to his shoulders. Those thick and flaccid shoulders were covered by a faded mackinaw patched with tent canvas, and about his knees was draped a ragged and grease-stained Hudson Bay blanket. Claire watched him with stricken eyes as he propelled himself along the close-packed earth to the trading store. His movements, as he wheeled himself up the sloping planks to the store stoop, seemed grotesque and labored. Even the chair in which he sat impressed her as grotesque, made as it was of an antique horsehair rocker to which had been attached on one side a sadly warped tricycle wheel and on the other a slightly larger wheel of wood, apparently from a road cart. Trailing behind it was a smaller wheel of cast iron, ingeniously wired to pivot as the strange vehicle turned in its course. He reminded the watching woman, as he disappeared through the narrow door, of a wounded amphibian crawling into its cave.

She was glad when Darrow reappeared and strode back to the canoe. Whatever he may have been, he was at least straight of shoulder and sound of limb. He was clean of body and alert of mind. He was not like these shrunken ghosts who belonged to the ghostly past.

"Laird says he can outfit us for our return trip," he explained as he drew the canoe farther up the bank. "He can also let us have nearly half a bolt of unbleached muslin and some fishing tackle. And he's ready to perform the ceremony."

She detected in Darrow a new constraint of manner. But some equally new mood of humility prompted her to respect it.

"What is the muslin for?" she asked as casually as she was able, her eyes following the wheel chair as it labored back to the shack.

"I thought you'd like it for making things," he said with studied vagueness.

"Thank you," was her quiet response. But Darrow, apparently, was thinking of other things.

"Laird may not look it, but he was once a scholar and a gentleman. He's been stranded out here for nearly twenty years."

"Then we both ought to remember what it did to him," she said in a sharpened voice. But Darrow disregarded that thrust.

"He was once the Hertford scholar at Balliol and tutored at Magdalen. And he's still an ordained clergyman."

"He doesn't look it," observed Claire, frowning over Darrow's movement as he held out a hand to help her in stepping from the canoe.

"On this occasion, at any rate, he seems to be quite sober," proclaimed Darrow, promptly dropping her hand again.

"It wouldn't have made much difference," observed the woman who followed him up the uneven path. But she stepped closer to her companion, a moment later, as he curtly welted aside a bristling and snapping mongrel that stood challenging their right of way. She even reached for Darrow's arm as they stepped in through the low door.

The strange figure in the wheel chair was turned away from them at the moment. He was frowningly intent on some food stewing in an iron pot, which he stirred thoughtfully and then scanned with a sigh of satisfaction. The woman's quick gaze, pioneering about the shack walls, saw how they had been pathetically mended with tattered pieces of tar paper, how air holes had been covered with bits of tin nailed over the log vents, how even a bread pan, pounded flat, did patchwork service beside the top of a tobacco container.

The roof that had once been lined with felt paper was now sagging and broken, held up here and there by nails driven through disks of tin cut from marmalade holders and condensed-milk cans. Back of the red-iron stove stood a wall bunk holding a litter of unclean blankets. In a corner beside it leaned an ax and a shovel and a rifle with an inordinately long barrel. Beside these, again, was a shelf holding a meager array of cracked dishes, shadowing a narrow table on which lay a few dog-eared copies of the Weekly Times, a well-thumbed copy of the Odes of Horace, a coverless Alice in Wonderland, Somervell's Disraeli and Gladstone with berry jam on its abraded jacket, a volume of Dowden's Life of Shelley splashed with pork fat, The Discourses of Epictetus with a charred back, and a surprisingly clean-looking copy of Maurois' Ariel. Outside the small open window, where the flies clustered thick, lay a pile of offal, obviously where household refuse had been carelessly tossed. An aroma of mustiness, shot through with a smell of grease and smoke and long-neglected bedding, contrasted strangely with the ozonic air scented with balsam which the frowning woman knew to lie just over the nearest spruce ridge.

When she turned back to Laird she found him regarding her with an indifferent and lackluster eye. It was only when he spoke that she forgot the bulbous nose and the purple-veined face between the tangled mats of hair.

"You'll have to pardon me for not rising," he said in an unexpectedly deep and vibrant voice, "but I lost the use of these legs of mine seven winters ago. And in wilderness life we learn to do without many things." He turned with his faintly mocking smile to Claire's none-too-happy companion. "And you'll not forget, Darrow, about the outboard motor and the reading glasses I spoke of?"

"Of course not," said Darrow, with a small movement of impatience.

"An exchange of favors most agreeable to me," averred the man in the wheel chair as he turned to stir up his stew and then reached for a tattered and dog-eared prayer book. "'A poor thing, but mine own,'" he quoted as he inspected the unclean pages. "But even in the forest we must remember our philosophy. There has been one Ice Age, and there will be another."

Claire, trying not to shrink back, watched him in silence, startled by the resonance of that full and musical voice with its incongruous scholarly intonation and its persistent note of mockery. It was a beautiful voice, full-voweled and bell-noted, but carrying always on its limpid current a coloring of irony. Such a voice, coming from a body so gross, made her think of a swamp orchid, of a fragile and lovely flower rising out of rotting muck. And its very mockery prompted her to the conclusion that here was another failure in life forlornly trying to hide his defeat behind a mask of flippancy.

"This, oddly enough, happens to be the third service I've performed this week," Laird observed as he motioned away a half-naked Indian child staring in through the open door. "Marriage doesn't mean much to these redskins of mine. But I still try to make them conform to civilized standards in such things."

"We don't happen to be Indian," interrupted the tight-lipped Darrow.

"Even so," acknowledged the other, with his faintly mocking smile. "And the beneficence of the church can still remain unchallenged. For it is better, as Saint Paul put it, to marry than to burn."

Claire was conscious of the color that flamed up into Darrow's gaunt face. She was equally conscious of the other's shoulder shrug as he took up the little volume and essayed a rapid mumble of words, which he interrupted to lift the scorching pot from the stove.

It was not only meaningless, she told herself, it was ugly and repellent. She found herself repelled by the coldness of Darrow's hand as he awkwardly placed the overlarge seal ring which he had taken from his finger on her own. The unclean smell of the place sickened her a little. She even noticed that the man in the wheel chair, as he read the words that should have been impressive, but so dismally failed to impress her, thrust a hand in under his patched mackinaw and scratched his plump ribs. And she was glad when it was over.

"I regret extremely that we have no bells to ring," observed Laird as he tossed his book aside and reached for his blackened pipe. "I still feel there should always be bells after a service of this sort." He turned to light a spill at the stove and held it poised. "And speaking of bells, did either of you ever happen to hear the bells of Oxford? Ah, they were beautiful, those Oxford bells! I can still hear them in the night, now and then, the different silvery bells of the colleges, the bells of Magdalen, the bells of Christ Church across the Meadows. And St. Mary's, you might remember, that always used to announce Convocation."

"I don't know much about Oxford," averred the impatient-eyed Darrow.

"Perhaps not," said the dreamy-eyed exile. "But it seems odd to think of old Tom's still booming out its one hundred and one strokes to signal the closing of the college gates every night at nine. I awaken quite often and imagine I can hear them." He swung about to poke a stick of birch-wood into the rust-reddened iron stove. "Ah, it's a city of bells, is Oxford!"

Claire moved toward the open door, tugging at her jacket neck as she went. There Darrow, startled by the tragic look in her eyes, held out a hand to steady her. He realized, as her pleading gaze met his, that the place had become unendurable to her.

"Speaking of Oxford," Indian Laird continued in his indolently sonorous voice, "did you ever climb Magdalen Tower on a May morning? Or perhaps you happened to know Addison's Walk, after which I have named this lordly promenade of mine between the shack here and that deplorably untidy row of tepees along the water front?"

Claire backed away from the greasy-armed chair as it was propelled a little closer to the open door.

"Let's go," she said in a husky whisper. "This is simply awful!"

Darrow nodded understandingly. He led her outside, where a stolid half circle of watching squaws and Indian children stood blinking at the strangers. Then, with a deeper breath, he turned back to the man in the wheel chair.

Claire, when he emerged again with Laird at his heels, was stooping over a slender-bodied Indian girl in beaded moccasins and a slip of faded calico.

(Continued on Page 131)

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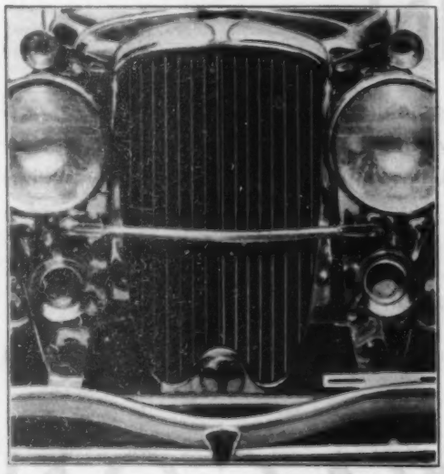
The beautiful new Pines Automatic Winterfront is designed after the models built into costliest cars. The same streamline beauty. The same dependable action. The same vertical type shutters. And now—to place this vital motor protection within reach of every automobile owner—prices are substantially lowered. $15 buys the new type Winterfront for small cars—$20 for the larger cars.



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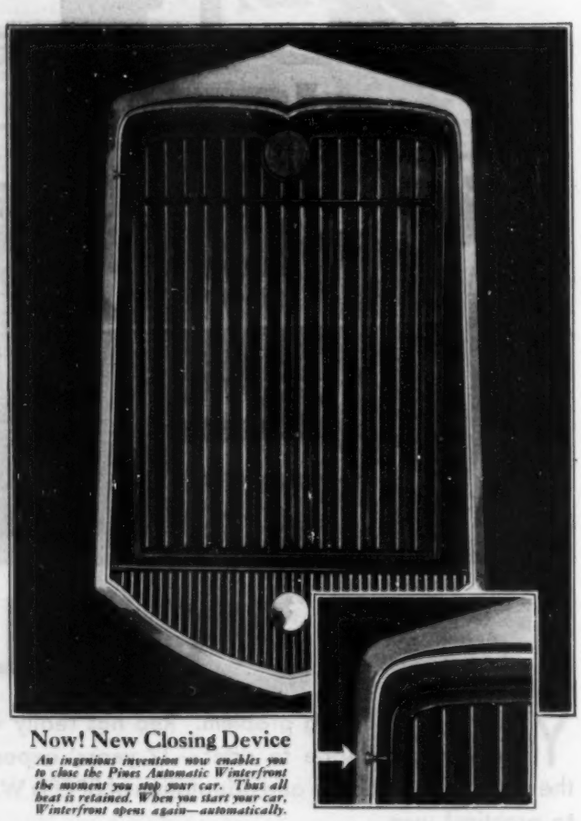

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THE GENUINE WINTERFRONT IS MADE ONLY BY PINES. LOOK FOR THE NAME PLATE

(Continued from Page 128)

"Yes, these are my sheep, my flock," explained Indian Laird with his habitual note of mockery. "And there's a child you might be interested in, Darrow. We call her Singing Pine."

The child advanced obediently but shyly, moving forward with slow and fawnlike steps. She seemed lighter of skin than the other children about the camp and here and there in her Indian-black hair were unmistakable glints of copper. When she glanced up, showing small white teeth as she smiled bashfully at the strange white woman, her eyes took on the limpid and mournful look of a deer's. But a high cheek bone and a quaintly triangular jaw gave the small face an unexpected look of intensity.

"She's beautiful," cried Claire.

"But obviously in need of a little soap and water," observed Darrow, untouched by his companion's enthusiasm.

Claire was kneeling before Singing Pine with a hand on either butternut brown shoulder.

"There are many other things she needs besides soap and water," she tremulously protested as she drew the small body closer to her own. And the purple-faced man in the wheel chair watched that gesture with a nod of approval.

"She's the best little worker on the Point," he protested. "She's been taught to cook and wash, and she can pick berries with the best of them. And she can knock over a jack rabbit with a bow and arrow at forty yards."

"But what will become of her?" asked Claire, with a none too flattering stare about the disorderly camp.

"That's something I've worried over a good deal of late," was Indian Laird's suavely impersonal reply. "She ought to be given her chance in the world."

If Claire was conscious of Darrow's movement of disapproval, she disregarded it.

"Couldn't you let me give her that chance?" the ardent-eyed young white woman asked of the gross-bodied man in the wheel chair.

Indian Laird, instead of answering her, looked stolidly at Darrow. His smile of half-defiant mockery even widened at the latter's shoulder lift of comprehension.

"Who is her father?" demanded Darrow.

It was Laird's turn to shrug. But never for a moment did his urbanity depart from him.

"It's not easy to say, among these children of nature," he answered with his absurdly precise enunciation. "But her mother died of your white men's flu, two winters ago at Lake Malheur. And since then she has been a charge of mine."

Claire was on her feet again, a new resoluteness in her bearing.

"Then there's no reason I can't have her?" she proclaimed with the immediacy of an older and vanished order of things.

"If such a move would meet with the approval of my good friend Darrow," averred the ponderously triumphant Laird.

Darrow hesitated. He was not unconscious of the new light in Claire's eyes. And he was not unconscious of other things that remained unknown to her.

"Do you realize what it means?" he finally asked

"It means that I won't die of loneliness," was Claire's unexpectedly passionate retort, "and that I'll have something to live for."

Darrow stiffened at that, wincing under the impact of its none-too-flattering implication. He looked intently at the woman confronting him and just as intently at the child with the limpid and wondering eyes.

Something in those eyes moved him in spite of himself. He even knew a vague compassion for the small brown body with its satinlike skin and the back-thrust shoulders that gave it a sense of dignity.

"It's just as you say," he conceded, with a half-grudging gesture of withdrawal. He knew as little of children, he remembered, as he knew of women. And life, he realized, was once more threatening to get beyond his control.

"Then you're to come with me!" cried Claire, drawing Singing Pine to her side. "Will you do that?"

The Indian girl remained silent, embarrassed by caresses that were incomprehensible to her. But she signified, by a faint head nod, her willingness to go.

"You will find her exceptionally adroit in the use of the paddle," observed her gross-bodied guardian. "And she will earn her way, I fancy, in more respects than one."

"We'll also find her verminous," was Darrow's unexpectedly savage comment as he turned back to Claire. "And the first thing you'd better do is to strip and wash her and burn her clothes."

Claire smiled at that, knowing as she did so that her companion's roughness was largely defensive. She was beginning to understand a little better this man who was not only afraid of others but also of his own feelings.

"Have you a cake of soap?" she demanded of the man in the patched mackinaw.

"Soap?" repeated the slightly abashed Laird. "We haven't such a thing in the settlement. But you will find wood ashes and clay a very good substitute"

Claire's laugh was curt and a trifle contemptuous.

"I've already found that out," she said as she took the child's small brown hand in her own.

Darrow, watching the two slender figures, one tall and one short, as they receded toward an arm of the lake beyond the flag beds, nursed a brief but sharp feeling of deprivation. They seemed intent on ends of their own, ends from which he was being abruptly excluded. And in the days to come, he realized, they would draw still closer together, shutting him beyond the pale of their interests.

A new and unlooked-for desolation of spirit took possession of him as he said good-by to Indian Laird and waited beside the laden canoe. Nor were his feelings in any wise lightened when Claire returned to the camp landing with the freshly clad Singing Pine at her side. They impressed him as already held together by secret compacts, as having ghostly understandings and confidences to which he must remain a stranger. Claire even turned to him with a new note of fortitude in her bearing.

"You'd better take this," she said with studied carelessness. "I nearly lost it back there in the lake water."

She was holding out to him his seal ring, which he viewed with a cold and unsympathetic eye.

"That no longer belongs to me," he solemnly informed her.

"And it certainly means nothing to me," she informed him, stubbornly casual as she still held the ring out to him.

(Continued on Page 133)

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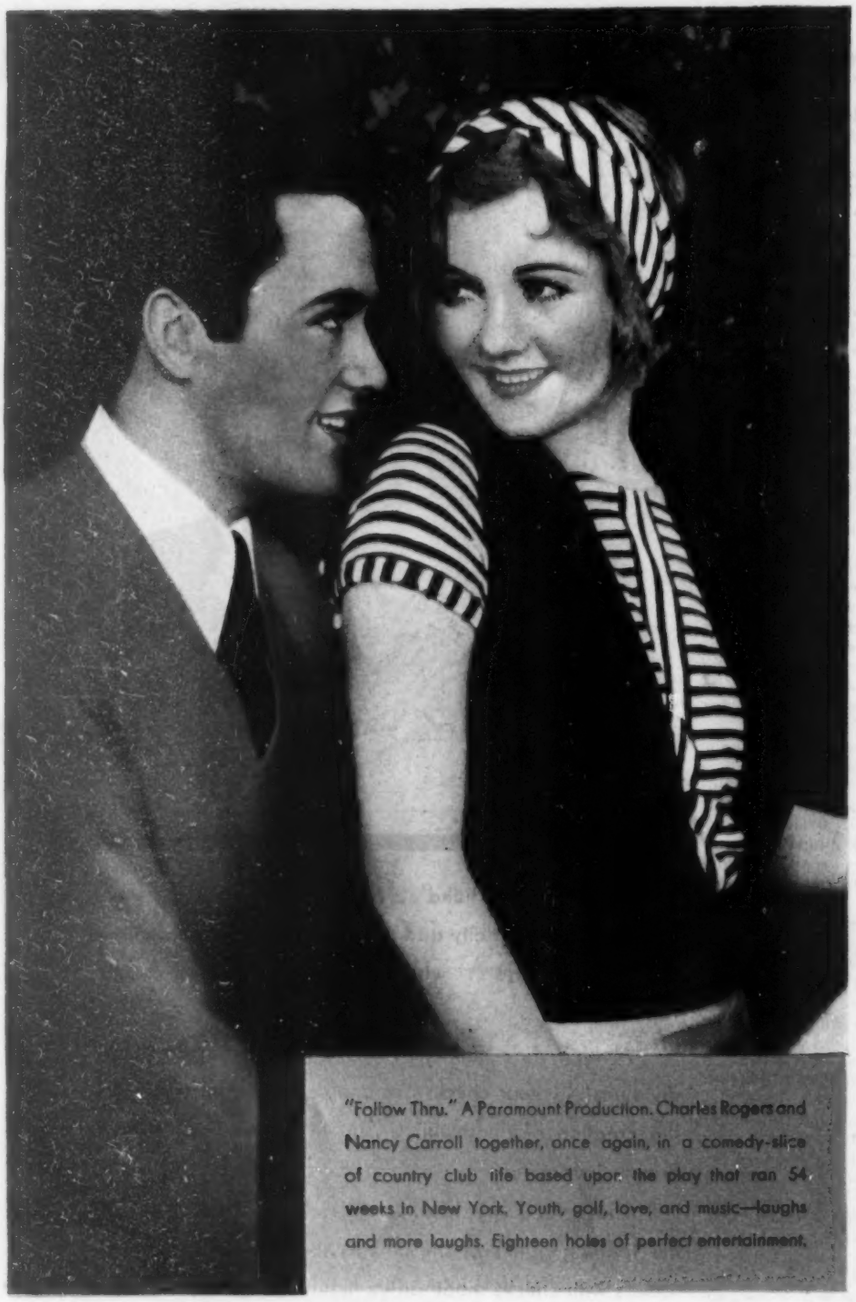

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(Continued from Page 131)

But he refused to take it. Her first impulse was to fling it into the lake. But she turned, a moment later, and faced the group of ragged Indian children who stood watching them from the trodden earth of the encampment edge. Then she tossed the glittering band of gold into the midst of the ragged group.

There was a scuffle and tussle the next moment that brought a dozen half-naked brown bodies together, shrieking and clawing and fighting together in a cloud of dust. It did not end until a lean-legged youth broke away from the mêlée with his copper-colored fingers clutched tight. He raced off through the smoke-stained tepees, heading for the higher, wooded slope where he might sit in contemplation of his unexpected wealth.

Darrow, without speaking, watched that shadow disappear in the dappled shadows of the hillside. Then, still without speaking, he took up his paddle. But he refused to meet the eye of the waiting woman, who, as he made ready to push off from shore, silently reached for the second paddle and took up her position in the canoe bow. She kneeled there, clearly outlined in the afternoon sunlight, her body swaying with each steady dip of her paddle, her gaze fixed determinedly ahead of her. She kneeled there, within four paces of where he kneeled, timing his strokes to hers, so that the flashing paddles, as they dipped and rose, made a faint duet of sound. But it came home to him for the first time that she was a million light years away from him.

It also came home to him, when they made camp later in the evening, that there was still a good deal of the savage in Singing Pine, for all the soulfulness of her eyes. She ate like an animal, silently and voraciously, and solemnly wrapped Darrow's discarded bacon rinds up in a piece of birch bark for future consumption. Yet Claire's gaze, as she watched the child, was a pitying one.

"I'm afraid there's a good deal we'll have to teach this little barbarian," observed Darrow, his condoning eye resting on Singing Pine as she licked the cold grease from the skillet.

It was the first time, Claire remembered, that he had acknowledged any partnership in that impending obligation.

"Perhaps there is something she can teach us," ventured Claire, after a moment of silence. And some unlooked-for humility in her voice brought Darrow's quick glance about to her face. But he could find there no decipherable answer to his questionings.

He noticed, however, a vague softening of voice and movement as the quiet-eyed woman made the child ready for bed on a mattress of feathered balsam brush under the same windbreak as her own. From his bed on the far side of the dying camp fire, he could hear the murmur of their voices in the thinning light. He felt, as he heard them, singularly alone in that outer quietness. But he refused to acknowledge the source of that momentary desolation.

There were many things, apparently, that he refused to acknowledge. For when, the next noon, they were about to reëmbark after a midday meal on an open rock shelf overlooking an emerald lake, he was astonished to see Singing Pine suddenly stand immobile, in an intent attitude of listening. He could see the dark and deerlike eyes widen and a frown furrow the small brown forehead.

"What is it?" he demanded, glancing about for some movement in the forest about them.

"Something is coming," Singing Pine said in the labored yet full-throated intonation which he knew to be an inheritance from the crippled man who still remembered the bells of Oxford.

Darrow listened, but he could hear nothing.

"What is coming?" asked Claire, crossing to the slender brown body that stood poised in perplexity touched with wonder.

"A big bird," answered the child as she stared over the dark green fringe of the spruce ridges. But still Darrow could catch nothing of the sound coming to her alert Indian ears. And he protested, with a laugh, that the little beggar was imagining things.

"There it is," announced Singing Pine, with a small brown arm suddenly extended. Together Claire and Darrow turned toward the southeast. And each upturned face suddenly altered. For to each listener there now came a faint throbbing drone that rose and fell away again in the distance.

"It's a plane," gasped Claire, watching the drifting black mote that grew more distinct as it advanced toward them.

Darrow, listening to the drone that increased to a roar, experienced an odd constriction of the heart. But it was not the time for hesitation.

"We must signal them," he said in an unsteady voice as he reached for the camp blankets at his feet. "Take one end of this."

Claire, instead of looking at the outstretched blanket corner, looked intently into Darrow's lean and sunburned face.

"Wait," she commanded, with her hand on his arm. Her upturned face, as she watched the aircraft high overhead, seemed to have lost much of its color. The hand resting on Darrow's arm even shook a little. But her mouth was resolute as she lowered her head again.

"We'll be too late!" cried Darrow as the plane soared on, directly over them. He was vaguely conscious of Singing Pine's cry of "Wendigo!" and her frantic movements as she struggled to secrete herself under the upturned canoe. "Don't you want them to know you're here?" he demanded, wondering why his vague sense of triumph should be shot through by a still vaguer sense of guilt.

Claire, instead of answering that question, stood watching the floating shadow as it diminished to a mote again, its roar once more fading down to a droning throb. Then it passed entirely out of sight beyond the blue-misted pine ridges, leaving a strange silence in its wake.

"Why didn't you signal them?" asked Darrow, puzzled by both his hesitation in a moment of emergency and the unsteadiness of his voice as he spoke.

"What good would it have done?" countered Claire, with a brief and enigmatic smile on her lips.

"They could have taken you out," averred her companion.

"Perhaps I couldn't have left Singing Pine," was the other's surprisingly solemn retort. He couldn't be sure, as he studied her defensively smiling face, whether she meant it or not. He could no longer be sure, he concluded, on any question in connection with women. They were and always would be indecipherable, he told himself as he launched his birch-bark and resumed his long and tortuous journey toward Camp Reliance.

All the way back to Lake Sequomack, in fact, he remained singularly quiet and self-contained, as quiet, almost, as the tongue-tied and watchful Singing Pine. If Claire looked for any lightening of his spirits at that second home-coming, she was doomed to a prompt enough disappointment. For Darrow's glance was a troubled one as he once more surveyed the camp which had been so hurriedly deserted.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked as she observed the solemnity with which he was studying the footpaths about the lodge.

"Lacasse has been here," was his curtly brief reply.

Instead of following her first impulse and questioning him further, Claire looked hurriedly about the camp, from the canoe shed to the sturdily locked storehouse.

"He doesn't seem to have taken much," she suggested as she rejoined the still thoughtful-eyed Darrow.

"It's not what he takes," retorted her companion; "it's more what he brings here."

That statement was not entirely clear to her. But her spirits were shadowed, for a moment, at the thought of an incalculable and phantomlike figure hovering about the fringes of their solitude.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

He taps it steadily on the table until the crisis is safely past.

10:50¼. He has replaced the card, amid general excitement. He closes his hand together with a confident smile and leans forward to study the dummy. In his present superb form he seems good for any length of time. He fans the cards open again, one at a time, and rubs his ear briskly.

That's his first sign of weakening, and the opponents take advantage of it. They are clucking their tongues and grunting. Something's got to be done at once! It looks as if Zilch is licked, folks! He's drawing a card! He's playing it—wait! Just in the nick of time he fumbled it and let it drop to the floor.

While his head was under the table he must have been thinking fast, for when he comes up he's once more the cool, indomitable Zilch we've all come to know. Without a moment's haste he reaches for the last trick, turns it over and spreads it out.

The situation is saved! The minute and a half devoted to the previous trick was all he needed. With the help of a little thumb wetting and a last-minute bit of clumsiness, he finally slides out a deuce of clubs at 11:02:07, breaking the previous record to smithereens and winning for himself a year's engagement of seven evenings a week at Canfield solitaire. I'll turn the microphone now, folks, so that you can hear the crowd moaning feebly.

—JEROME BARRY.

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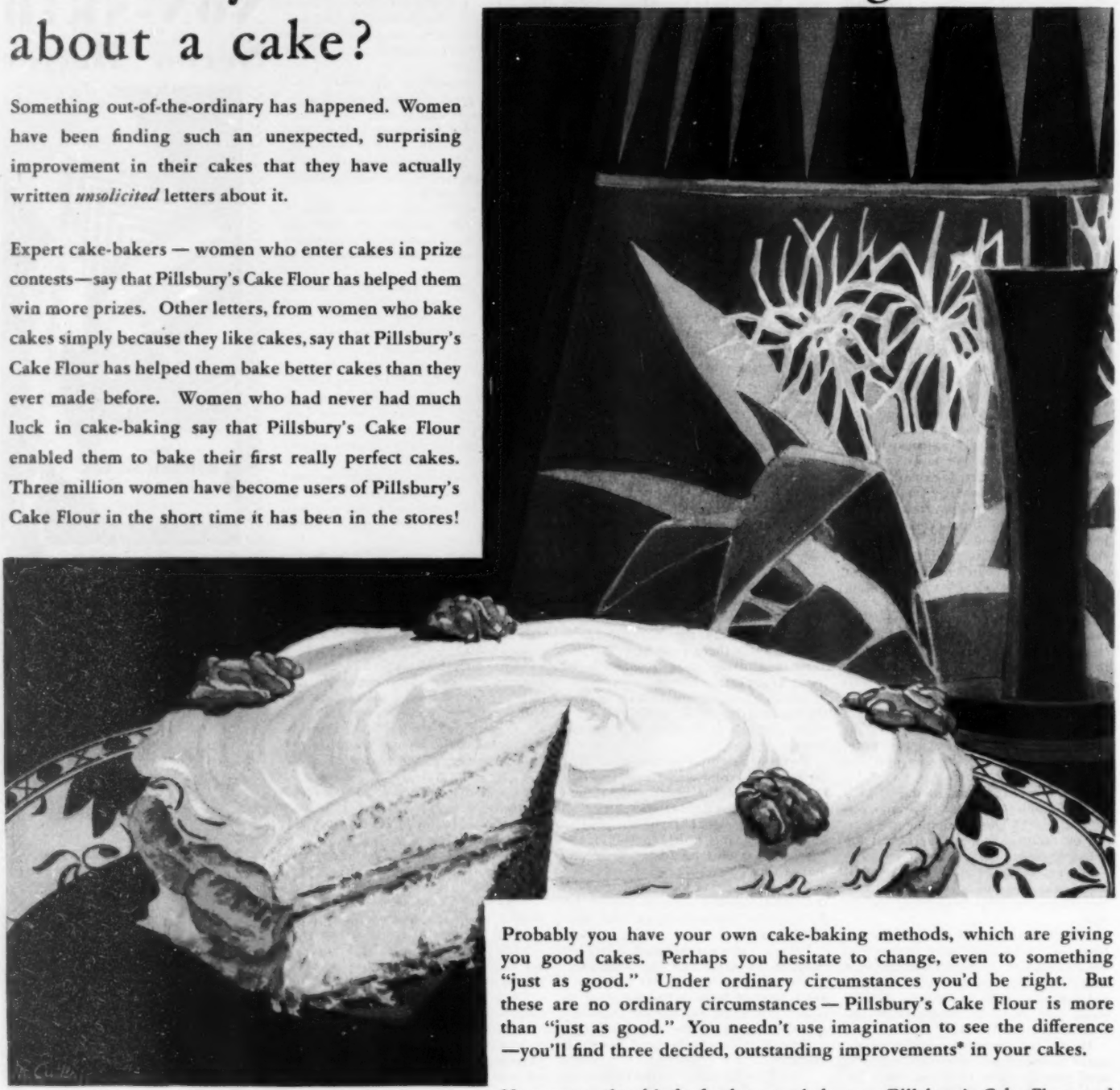

Probably you have your own cake-baking methods, which are giving you good cakes. Perhaps you hesitate to change, even to something "just as good." Under ordinary circumstances you'd be right. But these are no ordinary circumstances — Pillsbury's Cake Flour is more than "just as good." You needn't use imagination to see the difference —you'll find three decided, outstanding improvements* in your cakes.

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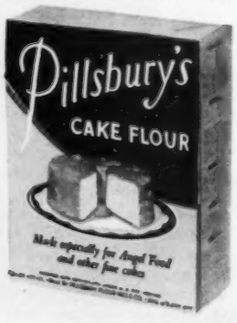

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SUMMERING IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

(Continued from Page 7)

So I ascended the low muddy bank of Aklavik, surveyed by Eskimos in parkas who pressed forward to shake hands, by Indians who smiled a welcome and by white people who waited for me to make the advances. Among them the scarlet coats of the Mounted struck a vivid note of color. The corporal in charge took me home, and his wife made up a bed for me in their living room while he prepared toast and tea. We talked and talked. I was waiting for bed, but I soon became aware that they were waiting for something else. Then entered Dr. James Urquhart, who saw service in the war and in China, and when he was deciding on a place to locate, the government, knowing his reputation as a surgeon, asked him to go to Aklavik and preside over a territory of two hundred and fifty square miles. He manages his beat by schooner and "kicker" and dog teams. When he answered my questions about his work, I felt again the terrible deprivations of the North, for perhaps his greatest achievement was saving the life of a woman to whom he traveled ninety miles by five relays of dog teams, making the journey in just under twelve hours. Contrast our white, speedy ambulances, white operating rooms, attendant surgeons and nurses, and this long travel at fifty below zero, made by help of twenty-five dogs and five Indians, the operation done in a log hut under a gasoline lamp by one tired man in caribou-skin garments!

With the doctor's arrival I understood that we were waiting for the mail, which the clergyman was sorting. I could hear people talking, see them passing, hear gramophones going, and the sound of chopping wood, which meant that a native was about to make tea. At something after four my hosts got their letters, and at five we went to bed. It appears that the long sunshine here makes people forget about sleep. When they feel like it they just bog down and take a nap. I never knew, when I went calling, whether or not I'd be disturbing naps, and if I came upon people at a meal, I never knew whether they were counting it as breakfast, dinner or supper.

A Cambridge Bay Native. Southeast Coast of Victoria Island

Winter's Cloud in June

People in the Far North don't especially distinguish between time and eternity. A job decided on for the coming Monday may not be possible for a month. What use to settle on fish for Friday when the nets may break away in a wild storm Thursday night? Aside from the air, the road of the Aklavik people is the Mackenzie River. It can be safely used in fluid state for perhaps three months. For several weeks during spring and autumn—in break-up time and freeze-up time—it cannot be used at all, and no plane can come in. Blizzards, wind storms, thaws, the movement of caribou and moose and other fur-bearing animals—all these matters, not subject to the will of man, affect the time sense of the people here and have armored them with long patience. Without the power to wait they would go mad.

I got a queer impression of this winter power the next day when I went for a walk with Doris and Marjorie, the corporal's delectable little daughters. About me was green summer, balmy air and in the distance the half circle of the Rocky Mountains. We were walking toward the tents of the trappers in what they are pleased to call Rotten Row. On our left were the Eskimo schooners, gay-colored washing strung above the decks; on our right fluttered the crimson flags above the government buildings. I don't know what made me see and feel winter; perhaps the sight of the dogs, lying in the holes they had dug for themselves, or the *komatiks* near the barracks, or the long piles of wood on the foreshore, or the sight of the pinkish-brown fish, the winter dog feed, drying on racks hard by the smokehouses, or the realization that there were almost as many storehouses for food as living houses in the place, or the sight of an Eskimo coming toward us, the hood of his parka over his head, the fur shading his face.

Just for a moment the summer scene; then I had the impression of the dogs howling and the Pacific gulls screaming and all of it coming to nothing in vast space. Then I felt winter and the fury of elemental things. I heard the hollow groan of shifting sea ice and saw a fading Arctic sky darkened by millions of wild fowl, beating their tireless wings, honking and crying, wild things flying before a shrieking gale. Then I saw Aklavik in winter, a few dark dots on a white surface under a sunless sky. The tents of the trappers and Indians were gone. The Eskimo schooners were gone. The boats belonging to the regular colony were drawn far up on the bank and bore a heavy overburden of snow. White drifts rose against the windows of the log houses. Out on the river a man was cutting ice. Three policemen were going out on patrol, one breaking trail through drifts, the others guiding.

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF THE DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA

Coppermine River Eskimos

The Failure's Epitaph

Their *komatiks* were piled high with tent, rifles, primus stoves and boxes and bundles of food for themselves and the dogs. Their frozen breath rose in clouds. I could see the dogs climbing slowly over little hillocks of ice. No one was on the trail that ran before the houses. Here and there a light shone from a kitchen. There was no sound of bird or of beast. Complete silence, perfect whiteness.

That swift vision interested me more than ever in the quality of these people who not only endure but like the North. They have the usual pioneer virtues of courage and alertness and resourcefulness. They never, so to speak, take their eyes off the ball. They have extraordinary self-control. They have consummate independence and self-respect, which come from having battled with a most merciless frontier. And they are the most unadulterated democrats I have ever met. A man stands out here for what he is; accessories don't count and background means just nothing. All props have fallen away. The most scathing criticism you can make of a man in the North is to say, "He couldn't take care of himself." He has to take care of himself or leave. Further, they are all sharply marked individuals. Among them there is no foreshortening. Each stands out like a single tree in a wide plain. Nobody makes a real fortune here, either in trapping or in trading. The traders expect a good profit above their expenses and overhead; the trappers hope for a good catch; the government people expect to do their jobs expertly and have a good time; the missionaries expect to do their duty and to work hard—and I think they work harder than anyone except, perhaps, the trappers. If fur is poor and prices are down, as they were this past year, the people smile and hope for better things.

Talking with the men—Canadian, British, Americans, Scandinavians and men of other races—I decided that the chief reason they are in the North is that they like freedom. In the

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twenties, love and money may seem more important, but with the years comes the strengthening wish not to be bound more than is absolutely necessary. A trapper would say to me, "I was sick of punching a time clock, so I came north." Or, "Here I am my own boss and the dogs and the foxes are my kingdom." Or, "My boss is three thousand miles away; I never see him and as long as I get results he doesn't care what time of the day I work." Or, "There are so few responsibilities here; nothing to worry about." Or, "As long as you are decent and a good neighbor you can live without criticism and nothing is exacted of you."

The Week's Washing

My own feeling—not, I believe, shared by the men—is that they pay a good price for freedom. I had a chance to see this from the Anglican mission, where I made part of a hard-working household consisting of the young clergyman and the mission assistant and his wife, who taught the school. If I had not been allowed to help with the housework I should have been a terrible outsider, for Aklavik has no place for tourists. I had the one free room in the place. I estimated that the inhabitants spend from 50 to 75 per cent of their energy just seeing that they don't freeze or starve, just getting ready for the job.

In the mission hospital the two nurses and the assistant not only do all the cooking but also the washing. In winter they begin on Monday morning by melting snow; they use dozens of tubs of snow every day. They dry what they can in their own living and sleeping rooms; after school they lug the rest to the schoolroom, retrieving it again in the morning. By smart sleight of hand and quick footwork, everything is dried, ironed and aired by Friday night. All this preparatory to the nursing.

The mission burns a hundred cords of wood in a year, which may be cut from three to fifty miles away. It takes all the winter time of the mission assistant and part of the time of the clergyman to cut it and the ice for drinking water. The wood, brought home in the summer, has to be drawn down to the bank, loaded on a scow, ferried home, drawn up on the bank, sawed, split, carried to the home woodpile and finally into the wood boxes. Each log is handled at least six times. The ice is cut on the river, hauled home by the dogs; part of it is put in the ice houses and the rest left outside for winter use. In the open season most of the men hunt moose and caribou. This is sport, but it also means hours or days on the trail, preparing the meat for use and building caches to keep safe what can't be carried back on the first load. Fishing is imperative. Most of the white people have nets, which they visit twice daily, and then clean and begin drying the haul. To feed ten dogs for a year takes about five thousand fish. White men and Eskimos work constantly during the summer while the fish are running, but the Indians are not so foresighted. In the winter when their fish gives out, if they have the fur or money, they buy dried fish, or else they use caribou or moose stew, or else a combination of flour or corn meal and lard.

As to human food, there is no such thing here as telephoning to the grocer; no fresh milk is ever available. Except for fish, caribou and moose, everything is imported. Only about twice a summer, when the boats come in, are fresh vegetables possible. The eggs that come then are put down in salt or water glass. Grapefruit will not keep long and cannot be safely frozen. Oranges, lemons, potatoes and onions freeze, but they can be safely restored in cold water, though the oranges lose a good deal of their juice and flavor. Root vegetables do not keep long. Anything that comes in by plane costs about a dollar and a half a pound for freight. But no one ever complains about anything.

Nevertheless, I cannot regard the Far North as anything but a camping-out place for bachelors. It may be also regarded as a test of character. It is not really a place for homes, for families. Unless a woman has native blood, the North tells on her nerves and on the health and nerves of her children. The Hudson's Bay Company and the Anglican mission engage their people for a term of five years only, though renewal is possible. The mounted police come for a definite term of years. But the North holds them. I have known prospectors and trappers to come outside, vowing that they are through with the North. They plunge into an orgy of salads and fruits; they sink themselves in the diversions of a city—and the next year sees them again in the North.

For me, Aklavik meant a delightful vacation. When my few chores were done, I talked to the trappers and traders, whose adventures surpass much that I have read. I get the impression that these Northerners do not think they have been represented accurately in fiction or, perhaps, in articles. Several have said to me that they suppose the editors won't take a manuscript unless the facts are highly colored or distorted. Still it must be said that if a writer's tale of a trapper edited by that trapper differs in one or two details from the experience of another trapper who reads it, he is likely to condemn the whole piece. Of a novel of the North they will say, "Well, I liked the plot well enough." Or, "If that fellow could get that lake five hundred miles from where it really is, he can't be any good as a writer." Or, "It's so interesting to see from the pictures in this magazine that the Indians in the Barren Lands are wearing breechclouts. That's going to be a big surprise to the Indians." Or, "That Mounted I told you of looked good on his horse; trouble is there aren't any horses for as much as five hundred miles south of where the story was laid." One trapper said, "Say, please tell the fiction writers that it isn't always the Mounted that are the heroes and us the villains. Give us a show."

A Kitten Goes to School

I watched the Eskimos and the Indians "getting debt" from the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northern Traders. Those who brought in sufficient fur during the past year, and who can be relied on, are given credit for so much canned food and clothes and ammunition. The traders are really pretty generous with credit, especially since there is competition. If the natives like a thing they don't care what it costs. If an Eskimo wants a case of oranges or eggs costing anything from a dollar to a dollar and a half a dozen, he buys them and eats them eight at a time, gives them to his friends and is done with the case in two or three days. When the natives come in at Christmas and at Easter they are supposed to square their debts with their fur catch.

I visited the Catholic priest and the lay brother and the Gray Sisters, devoted people who have the school for Indians. The Anglican mission has the Eskimos and most of the halfbreeds. I played ball with the girls, who catch the ball in their aprons. I watched the boys at a kind of blindman's buff. The most fun I had was taking a kitten which arrived on the steamboat and showing it to the children in the Anglican mission. They were being assured in print that the cat sat on the mat, but they had never seen a cat.

I watched the dogs being fed their daily meal. Up would go their tails in a lovely curl the while they watched sharply to see that the division was fair. Sometimes I watched the Indian, Lazarus, using a big wooden needle to back two fishing nets, half a day's work. Then he washed them in strong soap; a chore that has to be done every two weeks. I went canoeing on the Mackenzie. I went in a kicker along lovely winding Jackfish Creek with the Eskimo, Uingnak, whose Christian name is Cyril, and his little stepson Otto, to the fish nets. Otto looks white; his father was white and his mother, a tattooed Cogmollock from Coronation Gulf, was a widow before she was a mother. She believes that when she gave Otto his father's name his spirit entered the child.

Natural Mechanics of the North

I liked especially to visit the Eskimos on their schooners. Because of the caribou skins they wear, the Eskimos exude a solidity of stench. I tasted their seal oil, or *ochuck*. It was not much worse than mayonnaise dressing gone very stale. I sat often in the smelly tent of old Mary and Charlie. Mary interested me because she had with her husband the coy ways of an old-fashioned flapper. We asked Charlie if he was fond of her, and he lifted his eyebrows, which is the Eskimo fashion of saying yes. For emphasis he added, "Ee," which is assent, and he also said, "Yes." But when we asked Mary if she liked him she said, "Maybe." She told me that her husband had had a bad operation in the hospital. "Me very glad he got well," she said. "Me no want him die, because me steal him from another woman." I saw the Eskimo dancing. They have various sorts—for hunting, for fishing, for sealing, for love—all done with appropriate gestures, and with singing from the Eskimo bystanders.

The Eskimos are wonderful with their hands. If they see a mechanic handling an engine just once they can imitate him. They can repair clocks and even tiny watches. Some of them have electric lights on their schooners. When Punch Dickins, northern pilot with the Western Canada Airways, took the first plane into Aklavik, almost two years ago, one of the natives wished to buy it. At that, some of them might have afforded it. I have seen Eskimo schooners which could not have cost less than ten thousand dollars.

They don't like the name, "Eskimos," which the Indians gave them. It means, "eaters of raw flesh." Their name for themselves is "In-no-eet," which means, "The People." The Indians in this region, the Loucheux—Squint-eyes—have for themselves the name, "Dene," which also means, "The People." The Eskimos in the Mackenzie Delta have been here only about forty-five years. They were brought in by the whalers from Alaska. A good many of them spend the winter sealing and trapping along the Arctic coast, but others have adapted themselves to life in the bush. In the Arctic archipelago they can manage better

than the white man. They are of great economic value to Canada. Lovable people; and some of their best qualities are such that they can be easily exploited by the unscrupulous. Both Eskimos and Indians are dying out, but the Indians are going more quickly. The influenza has taken heavy toll of them. Moreover, the white man's food is not good for them.

During my first days in Aklavik I was so absorbed that I realized only vaguely a certain tenseness in the air. But presently I woke up to the fact that everyone was eagerly awaiting the arrival of the first steamboat. For Aklavik it has always been the main event of the year, and the people look forward to it from about the time that the sun begins to come back.

February and March are the mad months here, the time when people get a little edgy. They are sick of the long twilight; maybe a little tired of the same faces. This is the time when they may find offense when none is intended; the time when two partner trappers may quarrel about the right nail on which to hang a saucepan. The steamboat means a much-needed change.

It means the replenishing of the food stores, trapping outfits, and the like. The second boat also brings food, household gear and anything that has been forgotten on the first boat. It is always a question whether there will be a third boat. The Hudson's Bay Company does its best. It has a monopoly on the river. The freight charge from Waterways averages ten cents a pound.

Some freight is carried from Vancouver to that icy rock called Herschel Island, by the Hudson's Bay boat, Baychimo, and by the boat of Peterson, an American, very highly regarded by the people of the North. Anyone who cares to take a schooner from Aklavik to Herschel can get rather good freight rates. The long travel accounts for the high prices. A smallish can of peas costs fifty cents; a can of pineapple such as sells with us for twenty-one cents costs here eighty; coffee is a dollar a pound; a hundred-pound sack of flour costs ten dollars. The traders say they could not survive if they did not charge about 100 per cent on their stock.

A Big Day in Aklavik

But the excitement about the first boat is not due merely to the coming of food. It means orders to move to unguessed regions for members of the police, the wireless, the Hudson's Bay and Northern Traders, and perhaps for members of the Anglican mission and the hospital. It means the arrival of new people in the organizations. How will they fit in?—an important question to people who must stay put for at least a year.

Everyone was guessing; everyone was restless. The white men had arranged a sweepstakes and were betting on the hour and the minute—not the day—of arrival. No one dared hazard the day.

School had to be dismissed, for the children could not study. Even I felt the thrill of the occasion, although I kept telling myself that it was only a steamboat coming in. During my slow travel down the river on the Distributor, I had been outside looking in. We had drawn in to the shore at the various forts with all the population on the banks to welcome us. I remember that we came into Providence at eleven o'clock at night, to find the children of the mission in files on the banks to watch us, perfectly motionless, but with eyes that spoke many chapters.

And now I was inside looking out. As the time drew near no one but me went to bed for more than an hour or two. People kept whistling, "The steamboat's coming round the bend. Don't you hear that whistle blow?" No one went up the creeks, wooding. I believe the fish were occasionally neglected. There were various false alarms. Then early one morning a whistle sounded down at a woodpile, six miles away. All the flags that were not already up were run up. We all rushed down to the shore, the police looking very grand in their scarlet and gold, their hats tilted at the most nifty angle.

The Eskimos crowded off the steamers. The Indians came out of their tents. The trappers filed in from Rotten Row. We waited, watching the smoke come nearer and nearer. At last she rounded the curve, the white Distributor, pushing a barge before her, the old more or less reliable stern-wheeler bringing the outside world to people who had been shut in for more than ten months. The passengers, calling down greetings from the upper deck, could not possibly have been so interested as we people on the shore.

"Only a Steamboat"

The passengers poured off—inspectors and police and wireless men and trappers, and a much needed dentist; the Indian doctor and the Indian agent. There were children coming back from the school at Hay River to go to Herschel Island and "in East" as all the region east of Bailey Island is called. There were three white women—one for Aklavik, one with her baby for Herschel, and another with a baby, bound for Coronation Gulf, where she would be five hundred miles from the nearest white woman and three hundred miles from a doctor.

Her husband did not yet know whether his wife and child were safe, and whether the baby was a boy or a girl. Mail goes to Coronation Gulf once a year usually.

Greetings and handshakings, the Eskimos looking as happy as if these passengers were personal friends. Then an immediate fever of activity as the barge began to unload. The purser, beloved with good reason along the whole length of the river, was besieged by people wanting to know if this and that had come.

Men passed up and down the gangplanks and into the storehouses bearing freight. Hour after hour the work went on. Hardly anyone thought of bed. There was a controlled fury of effort and, on the part of the spectators, a hot intensity of interest. I hung about with the others, repeating to myself, "After all, it's only a steamboat unloading."

But values, as we are always told, are relative. Here was much more than a boat unloading. Compare it to the thrill that comes from the first wedding in the family, or the first baby, and you have some idea of the emotional energy involved.

So we hung about, watching. On the boat, Mr. Flinn Harris, the Indian agent, paid treaty. Each Indian who is a ward of the government receives for himself and each of his family five dollars in clean one-dollar bills. It is a picturesque ceremony, and it may be amusing when, for example, a man who the year before got only five dollars, this year gets fifty because he has married a widow with eight children. The government also supplies starvation rations at need. As I watched this treaty taking, outside on the deck marched a couple of Eskimos, looking in, their faces inscrutable. The Eskimos don't take treaty.

The first steamboat not only brings food but drink—the famous "permits." In the Northwest Territory only white men and women are allowed to order liquor. What the police get comes through their own commissioner. Other people are allowed, for the year, two gallons of spirits or wine, or two cases of strong beer, or two barrels of weak beer.

I shouldn't have been surprised at a celebration something like that of our own New Year in New York. Not at all; no noise, no disorder. I won't say that nobody got drunk, but I saw nothing that made me lift my hands in horror. I have the impression, however, that the two gallons are by no means spaced throughout the year. Unless there may be some secret bootlegging or booze making that I do not know of, Aklavik must be dry for at least eleven months.

Three days of intense excitement, and then the boat left, laden with bales of fur, and the children were rung back into school. But the freight had to be unpacked and sorted. Tense activity still; men checking off boxes, opening boxes. Eskimos carrying loads down to their schooners. Indians carrying gay-colored tins to their tents. Trappers loading up their scows or canoes or caches. Constant movement; still the constant sense of excitement. Then the Eskimo schooners began to move out, loaded heavily. You could see anything—new expensive trunks, rocking-chairs, washtubs, gramophones, rolls of blankets and many scarlet tins of oil and gasoline. Children sprawled on the deck; women strolled around clad in their bright-colored summer parkas; dogs wagged their tails on the deck, free for a while, and howling their exultation to those on the shore that were still chained.

The white people were moving out too. Various trappers were going to this and that point to fish for their dog food. The Dane, Persild, who is to receive the reindeer from Alaska this year, sailed to his post at Kittigazuit. Next went the police boat, bearing the inspector and some of the police to the winter quarters at Herschel. Followed the Hudson's Bay boat, carrying its quota, also bound for Herschel.

Back to Normal

And at Herschel would be repeated exactly the same scene of excitement as had taken place at Aklavik. At first nothing; then the Eskimo schooners coming in, but this time from the east; then the arrival of Peterson's boat, which is not allowed to go farther than Herschel; and of the Hudson's Bay boat, the Baychimo, which goes as far as Cambridge Bay. Again there would be the unloading and buying of supplies; the trading in fur; a secret auction, perhaps, for there is also competition at Herschel. Then the withdrawal of the schooners, and winter promising.

Each morning I woke to find Aklavik diminished; more schooners gone—the Saucy Jane, the Lily of the Lake, the Golden Hind—more tents struck. I realized, too, that the thirty or so regular white inhabitants were rather relieved to be getting back to their normal state. Just a little excitement and they want back their quiet days.

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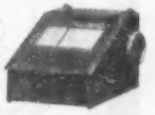

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SIMON PURE

(Continued from Page 5)

stared at the faint purple squares marching across the shoulders of a brown topcoat. When the train stopped he followed the young men into the street and watched them covertly as they held up warning hands in front of a street car after the manner of traffic policemen and shouted "Stop!" in thundering tones.

The car swung around a corner and went up a tree-lined avenue into a district of barbered hedges and shadowed lawns. A baby-blue sedan hung momentarily by the car window, its driver pushing at metal levers with svelte, shining legs, the wind running over the windshield and down into the seat, whipping at a brief hem of skirt. The sunset glow came through a gap between two buildings and made a polished, metallic cap of her bright hair. She raised a slim hand to one of the topcoated youths and turned to the right at a corner.

Moby followed her with his eyes. When a building blotted out the vision of receding blue, he looked at the vocal group before him with new interest. It would be swell to know a girl like that. To wave nonchalantly at her and receive in return a gay, comradely greeting. But of course a girl like that would only lend herself to friendship with the really big men on the campus. The prom chairmen, the class presidents, the athletes. The athletes —— He tensed his muscles tentatively beneath his coat and vest. He spread his fingers as if to hurl a forward pass and looked down at them with detached admiration.

The wearer of the purple cheeks put a finger on a white button and held it down, pretended to be concerned with novel and fascinating sights glimpsed through the window and oblivious of the steady buzzing over the motorman's head.

The car stopped with a jerk and the motorman said, "University Place," and the young men got out. Moby got out too, and the car gathered momentum again and left him standing in the drooping twilight. Before him against the sky loomed the curving bulk of an archway. He walked through the archway and up a long walk toward parallel rows of light in the distance.

Behind him the hammer of the trolley wheels on the crossing grew dim, died away to a murmurous vibration against his eardrums. Off to his right a row of houses sat upon a little rise. Their doors and windows were open and through them ran the thin tinkle of pianos and the indistinguishable words of a song. The twilight thickened and the yellow lights from the windows and doorways hung suspended like huge rectangular lanterns above him.

The young man in the G. A. A. office made him wait at the wire grille with the ticket windows in it while he went over to a correspondence file and took out a folder full of letters with yellow sheets of carbon paper glued at their corners. He pulled out a letter and ran his eye over it, and Moby wondered if it was the letter Happy Holmes had written to Frank Godfrey. The young man put the letter back in the file and came over to him.

"Mr. Holmes is out just now," he said. "But I'll be mighty glad to take care of you. My name is Smith I'm in the football-managership competition."

Moby shook hands with him, and Smith said: "I'll take you over to the Varsity House and get you a room. You can leave your bag there and I'll get the chef to scare up some food for you."

Moby said, "Don't bother about that. I had something to eat on the train."

The Varsity House was separated from the stadium by a row of poplars—turning silver now in the incandescent twilight—and the lofty arches of the stadium, looking like the pillars of a Roman viaduct, stretched away in the distance. Smith took him across some cobblestones and pushed open a door. Inside of the door sat a colored man in a gray porter's cap.

Smith said: "Hi, Slewfoot. Mr. Holmes around?"

Slewfoot let the legs of his chair fall to the floor with a little crash.

"No, suh, Mistuh Smith. Ah ain' seen him since this aftuhnoon."

"Slewfoot, this is Mr. Bryant. Mr. Bryant comes from down in your part of the country. We got to get Mr. Bryant fixed up for the night."

Slewfoot got up and climbed the stairs behind them with extreme weariness.

"Ah guess you bes' put him in Numbah 14, Mistuh Smith. Mistuh Rollins is in there, but Ah guess he won't mind that. Everybody in this house got roommates."

He knocked on a door and feet moved on the floor inside and the door opened.

"Ed," said Smith, "this is Mr. Bryant. We're going to put him in here with you."

Rollins put out his hand and said, "How are you?"

Moby put his bag on a chair, and Smith said, "I'll be round to get you in the morning and get you all lined up with the registrar's office and the bursar, and help fix up your courses."

Moby said, "That's mighty white of you," and Smith and Slewfoot shut the door and went downstairs.

Rollins sat on his bed and watched him unpack and fired questions at him:

"Where you from, Bryant?"

"Virginia."

"Well, well! Do you really say 'you-all'?"

"Sure we do, but we don't say it like you think we do. That's just an idea some guy got looking out of a train window on his way to Florida. And we don't drink mint juleps either. For one thing, there ain't any real bourbon any more. We get corn and put it in a charred keg and bury it out in the back yard to age, but the next day we get thirsty and go out and dig it up again."

Moby had never tasted bourbon and had only had corn once in his life, when Spud Bizell had tried to make eggnog out of it one Christmas. But he couldn't let Rollins down flat. He had to act casual and big.

Rollins thought about the corn for a while. Then he said, "What you out for?"

"Football and track."

"What do you play?"

"Half."

"I'm an end."

Rollins waited for him to say something, but he was busy finding a hanger and draping a suit over it. He watched Moby put a pair of shoes under the unoccupied bed and hang a toothbrush over the washbowl. Then a thought struck him.

"Are you on the gravy train?"

(Continued on Page 141)

They BALANCE their Books with IDEAS . . . . .

THE MOST significant clues to progress often elude the statistician.

The movement of freight is important ...but the movement of ideas is more so.

Bank clearings are vital . . . but no more vital than brain clearings.

Visible assets attest financial strength . . . but real business vitality is gauged by invisible assets of resourcefulness.

What's ahead in business depends on what's in business heads.

★

THE OWNER of a mountain hotel improvises a vest-pocket golf course for his lawn. It catches public fancy . . . and in twelve months' time runs up a volume of $10,000,000 on a product that didn't exist three years ago.

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★

HOW AN idea — or a group of ideas — has developed a vast business out of waste materials is described in the October issue of Nation's Business. See "He Took an Idea to Market".

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IT IS the function of Nation's Business to keep business men in touch with the X-forces of business. Thousands of executives find it a vital aid in meeting the demand for ideas to help them cope with current business situations. Advertisers find it a vital aid in reaching key men of business and industry. Published by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in Washington, D. C., it goes to more than 320,000 readers each month with timely interpretations of important business and political developments.

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HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S.T.37

(Continued from Page 138)

Moby straightened up with a shoe in his hand and looked at him. Rollins hastened to explain, "Aren't you on the General Alumni Scholarship Fund?"

"Yes," Moby admitted.

"Well," Rollins said, "that's it. That's the gravy train."

Moby put the other shoe under the bed and sat down.

"How's to tell me what it's all about?" he said. "I guess I'm pretty dumb."

Rollins propped his feet on a chair. "Well," he began, "I don't know how they do it any place else. Maybe some places they are pretty crude. Some places I know they are so pure you have to get a requisition to get a new ankle brace, and athletic scholarships are out. But here at Trent it's like this: This General Alumni Scholarship Fund is just a sum of money they get together each year over at the G. A. A. to take care of poor, hard-working athletes. I don't know just where it comes from, but I guess it's partly contributed by wealthy alumni who like to have a finger in the Trent athletic pie, and partly trimmed from the profits the G. A. A. makes each year. Of course, the figures they give out each year make it sound as if they ran at a loss all the time. Well, maybe they do. And maybe that's why they build a bigger stadium and hire more expensive coaches and line up such tough schedules, so they can lose more money all the time.

"Well, this fund is split up and allotted to each sport. Of course, football gets most of it. There's a man named Flannigan, who is the big shot back of the scenes and sort of the godfather of the G. A. A. Then there's a guy named Cowan, who is secretary of the football committee, who is a sort of paymaster for the fund. The tuition bills go to him and he pays 'em. This Cowan don't actually hand you a pay envelope or anything as crude as that, but if you go broke he'll lend you something to help out, and if you run up a bill some place, you tell him about it and he fixes it up. Then there's all the grafts."

"What are they?" Moby asked.

"Well, there's a flock of them. There's the waiter graft; the ice-cream-concession graft; the auto-parking graft; the keeping-attendance-at-the-training-table graft; the summer-job graft, and so on. My main gravy last year came from the program graft. The G. A. A. gets out illustrated programs for the football games. You know—'Name and number of each and every player.' Kids sell them for a quarter. Bosworth game programs are fifty cents.

"The graft is you're supposed to hang around the stands during the games to see if the kids are really selling, and watch them to see that they don't grab off the jack and run away without checking in after the game. Well, you don't watch the kids at all. You just sit and watch the old game, and after the game dash over and get your ten bucks for being a program inspector. For the Bosworth and State games, the pay is fifteen bucks."

"How can you be a program inspector and play football too?" Moby wanted to know.

"It's a pipe your freshman year. You have lots of time when you're not playing games. I won't be able to work it this year, being on the first team. Why don't you ask Happy Holmes to give you my place? Maybe he hasn't given it to anybody."

Moby thought it sounded like a good idea. Only, of course, he would really check up on the kids. He wouldn't cheat on the G. A. A.

"Thanks," he said. "I guess I'll ask Holmes about it."

Rollins stood up and buttoned his coat.

"Guess I'll run out to the wagon and grab off a Western and a glass of milk."

Moby bent over his suitcase. He didn't want to talk any more. He wanted to be left alone and think and get the things that were tangled up in his mind all straightened out.

"I'll be seeing you," he said.

Rollins went out and slammed the door, and Moby shoved his suitcase into the closet and turned out the light and lay down on his bed. The empty feeling that had bothered him on the train came back to him, and he felt a little lonely and far away from home. He wanted to be pushing his long legs under Nelly's table and digging into some of her apple cobbler and brown Betty. He thought about Virginia and the moon coming up, big and round as a silver dollar, over Jefferson's Mountain, and the girls walking down to Doc Venable's drug store after dinner with their arms around one another's waists, their white dresses making misty blotches against the elm trees. None of the girls he had known down South had driven baby-blue sedans and lived on terms of gay intimacy with big men on the campus. Still he missed the noise the crickets and frogs made on still nights, and the sound of a hound dog's bark away off in the distance toward Fry's Springs.

He got up and put his elbows on the window ledge and looked down into the street and beyond the street, where the open country began, with great stretches of velvet black where no houses were. Children were playing hopscotch below him in the street. He watched them for a while.

The dope Rollins had given him was all mixed up in his mind. He had stopped worrying about the two-dollar bill and the small change in his pocket. Evidently Holmes would let him in on something that would keep him from going broke, but Rollins had made it all seem vaguely underhanded and queer. Perhaps if he showed up well at football and track and made a lot of points for the team, he would be giving them their money's worth after a fashion. If the G. A. A. was satisfied to take a chance on his crashing through, he supposed he was a fool to let it bother him. Still, he couldn't help thinking about it.

One by one the children on the street went away, and after a while the street was deserted. Somewhere a big clock struck the hour. After each stroke the echo seemed to linger in the air until the next one came to take its place. Subconsciously he counted the strokes. There were nine of them. He was tired of thinking about himself. Thinking about things wasn't getting him anywhere. Somehow he felt that the less he thought things out, and took them for granted, the better it would be for his peace of mind.

He took off his clothes and got into bed and tried to make his mind a vacuum into which sleep would inevitably flow.

IV

THE early sun came through the ramps of the stadium and ran fanwise along lanes of dust motes to the turf. Moby walked aimlessly down the street until he found a sign composed of white letters on a blue background spelling out the command to EAT. He went inside and ordered orange juice and scrambled eggs and black coffee. The orange juice seemed watery and lacking in rich, fruity flavor, and the scrambled eggs were white and pale. He watched the counter man prepare an order for a taxi driver on the next stool and saw him pour milk in with the eggs and stir them together before pouring them into a skillet. That explained the eggs.

He paid the check and walked back to the Varsity House. Smith was waiting for him in the Varsity House living room.

"Well, how's things?" he said.

Moby said, "Fine."

"Well, I guess we'd better get organized," Smith said. "Give me your trunk checks and I'll take you up to Doc Waters and get you registered, and after that I'll get going on having your tuition card stamped."

Moby wondered if Smith knew about the General Alumni Scholarship Fund and that Holmes had promised him his tuition would be taken care of. Somehow he felt that he had better wait and ask Holmes about things like that. They walked past the battery of tennis courts, and Smith said, "Now, Bryant, you let me handle everything with Doc Waters. You don't have to do anything or say anything, and everything will be jake."

"Suits," Moby agreed.

Smith turned into a building of graystone with ivy-fringed mullioned windows and pushed through a frosted-glass door with the word "Registrar" written on it. A typewriter stopped chattering in a corner and a woman said:

"Good morning, Mr. Smith. What can I do for you?"

Smith said, "Miss Jones, this is Mr. Bryant." Then he turned to Moby. "Miss Jones here is the power behind the throne. She's the cream in Doctor Waters' coffee. What she says goes. She's a good one to stand in with. See?"

Miss Jones smiled and said: "Don't believe him, Mr. Bryant. He's a great kidder."

Smith was suddenly businesslike. "Doctor busy?" he asked Miss Jones.

Miss Jones said, "Go right in," and smiled vaguely at Moby.

A gray-haired man looked over his spectacles as they entered. He stood up to shake hands with Moby and rang a bell for Miss Jones.

"Bring Mr. Bryant's credits, please, Miss Jones."

Miss Jones came back with some cards and put them on the desk. Doctor Waters took off his glasses and put them on again and looked down at the cards. He picked one of them up and examined it carefully.

After a while he said, "There seems to be a question as to whether you have 14½ or 15 credits, Bryant."

Moby started to say something, and Smith kicked him on the shin and said quickly, "I believe Mr. Holmes spoke to you about Bryant, doctor."

Doctor Waters looked down at the card in his hand again and said: "Oh, yes. I recall the conversation. Mr. Holmes seemed to think yours was a very special case, Mr. Bryant, and we decided to give you the benefit of the doubt."

He stamped the card with a rubber stamp and handed it to Smith.

"What course are you taking, Bryant?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," Moby said.

"I guess a general course will be a good course for Bryant, doctor," Smith

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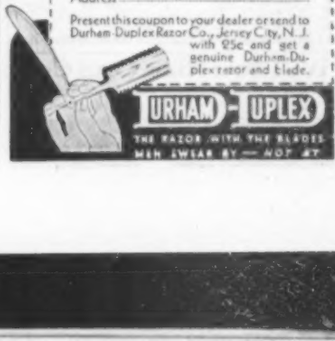

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said. "Rollins and Jones and Trenholm are taking it. I'll help Bryant pick out his instructors and make up his schedule."

They nodded again to Miss Jones in the outside office and went down a hall into the sunshine.

Smith said: "Well, Bryant, I'll take care of your schedule and have your trunk sent up to the Varsity House, and have your tuition card stamped and leave it with your class-admission card in the mail box at the Varsity House. Don't worry about your classes. I'll pick out some pipe course like Anthropology V and Modern English Poets for your electives, and you won't have much trouble with anything except perhaps Accounting I, and you can get somebody to give you a hand with that if it gets to going hard."

"Thanks a lot."

"Oh, that's all right," Smith said. "It's all part of the competition."

Smith, Moby decided, was a big help.

"Where'll I see Mr. Holmes?" he asked.

"He'll be at the training table for lunch. The table opens today. Just go up to him and tell him who you are. He'll be glad to see you and give you any dope you want."

He turned to go and thought of something:

"By the way, better buy your freshman dink from a varsity man. Jones and Trenholm have the official dink-selling concession. A couple of soph heels are trying to chisel them out of it, but Jones and Trenholm are out there playing on the team and they deserve support. See?"

Moby said he would do no business with the soph heels.

He sat down on a weather-beaten bench before a bronze bust on a pedestal and let the sun soak into his legs, and watched one-horse wagons loaded with trunks rattle and bump over the car tracks on Elm Street. The wagons drew up in front of Johnson Hall and the piles melted away through shadowy doorways.

A line had formed outside of the ivy-covered building in which Doc Waters had his office, and, as he watched, figures with big white T's on their chests went up and down the line with boxes of green freshman dinks under their arms.

After a while one of the big white T's bore down upon him and departed with his last dollar, leaving in its place a little green skullcap with a white button jauntily adorning its apex. He was glad Smith had told him about buying only from varsity men. Somehow he sympathized with them in their competition with the chiseling sophs. Some day he might be peddling dinks himself. A fellow who was out there sweating and straining on the field, he told himself, rated an edge over fellows who merely sat up in the stands.

He half closed his eyes against the sun and spread his arms along the back of the bench, and the line in front of Doc Waters' office wavered and assumed a wraithlike and indefinite outline.

When he closed his eyes hundreds of little suns whirled and exploded inside of his eyelids.

After a while he realized that the seat was growing harder, and he got up and wandered down the path beside the tennis courts to the Varsity House. Already the Varsity House seemed home—a place where he could go and stretch himself out on his own bed in his own room and think things out and hash them over with somebody who understood, like Rollins. He wondered what Holmes was like. He had seen his picture, of course. Even the Ironville Gazette had run a smudged, amorphous likeness of Holmes in its boiler-plate section. The proper method of addressing him bothered him a little too. Should he call him "Mr. Holmes" or "Coach"? Mentally he weighed the two forms of salutation in the balance and decided on "Mr. Holmes." He wondered if anybody called him "Happy" to his face. Perhaps seniors of tried and proved merit and fellows like Smith—fellows who really amounted to something on the campus.

He sat in a corner of the Varsity House living room and watched Rollins toss pennies at a crack in the floor and listened to the noise of a hearts game over by the window. The big clock he had heard strike the hours on the previous night struck eleven times, and a man with a soft felt hat pulled down over his eyes, and a head that sat on a pair of tremendous shoulders without apparently any intervening link of neck, came through the door.

Rollins picked up his pennies and said, "Hi, coach," and two of the hearts players stood up and shook hands with him. Moby watched him with a growing sensation of shyness, and his hands suddenly felt big and ungainly and in his way. Rollins said something in a low voice, and Holmes and Rollins walked over to his chair.

Moby stood up, and Rollins said, "Coach, this is Moby Bryant."

Moby said, "How do you do, sir," and Holmes said, "Well, Bryant, I'm glad to see you. Are you fixed up all right?"

Moby said everything was fine, and Holmes took off his hat and threw it at a chair and went through a door marked MR. HOLMES. Moby looked at Rollins and gave him a feeble grin.

"He's quite a man," Rollins said. "He's a good egg when you get to know him."

Rollins picked up the discarded middle pages of a newspaper and began to read. Moby looked at him and wondered when Holmes would give him the low-down Smith and Rollins had talked so much about. He wondered how long it would take to get over feeling nervous and diffident when Holmes spoke to him, and if Holmes remembered that he had said he would be looked after when he came to Trent.

He heard someone say, "Oh, Bryant." He looked up and saw Holmes looking at him through the open door with his name on it.

Rollins' lips moved behind the newspaper, "Don't forget about the program graft."

He got to his feet and walked across the room and heard the door close behind him.

Holmes said, "Sit down, Bryant," and he sat down beside a desk and sat very still with his hands folded in his lap.

Holmes put his feet on the desk and worked at his nails with a letter opener.

"Well, how do you like it here?"

Moby essayed an ingratiating grin. "I don't quite know."

The wrinkles at the corners of Holmes' eyes shifted and ran together, and Moby realized that Holmes was grinning back at him.

"You'll be all right," he said, "when practice starts and you get to know the fellows on the squad and you get all squared away. You'll think it's great."

"I guess I will."

"Sure you will. We're all pulling for you."

Holmes put his feet on the floor and took a list of names from a drawer.

"I've put you down for a program inspector," he said. "Rollins can tell you what it's all about. Smith tells me he has taken care of your tuition card and has lined you up in your classes. You'll report to Hank O'Dell tomorrow. Hank has charge of the frosh. One of the managers will fix you up with a suit."

He put the list back in the drawer and Moby realized the interview was over.

V

MOBY had no time to worry about fraternities or other matters connected with the social life at Trent during his first two months as a student; he was busy with the things that were keeping him there. College football—even freshman college football—he found, was very different from the prep-school variety. For one thing, he couldn't get anywhere if he took the ball from his center and forgot all about his interference. But after he found out about staying with his interference he got along fairly well. And in high school the tackles played high and the ends tried to sift through and get the man with the ball. The Trent system was for the end to take the interference, and the tackles played low. It took him a little while to learn that the coaches didn't know that he had been the high scorer of the tri-county league and apparently didn't care about it. At the end of the second week the freshman squad was cut down to three full teams and two extras. He ran signals on the first team, was moved back to the second, then reinstated in time to play through three-quarters of the game with Minot Academy. After that game he stopped worrying about his place on the team.

Hank O'Dell gave the squad a fight talk after the Minot game. Hooking his thumb in the armhole of his not too clean undershirt and spitting neatly three inches past his right shoe, he delivered himself as follows:

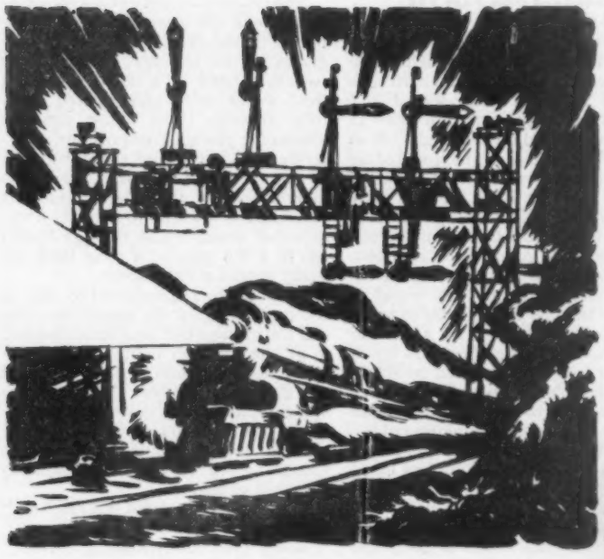
"All right now, you guys. I gotta few words to say to you, and if some of you could sorta accidentally remember some of the things I'm gonna say, it might help you out some. I hope that ain't gonna be too big a strain on your intellect. At first I was just about to think that you was the wettest frosh squad since the R. O. T. C., but now that you've managed to luck out on that bunch of Minot cripples, it looks like one or two of you might amount to something if you live to a good, ripe, old age."

After that he talked for five or ten minutes on the general subjects of swelled heads, yellow streaks, dumbbellism, laziness and the folly of anybody's thinking he, Hank O'Dell, might show any favoritism. Then he came to what, to Moby, was the most interesting part of his discourse:

"We only have three games on our schedule. I guess a lot of you are wondering why we don't have six games like we had last year. Well, we lost about one-third of the squad last year at the mid-terms, and a lot of 'em said the reason they flunked out was because they were so tired from playing football they couldn't study nights. Well, the G. A. A. figures that this year you guys won't have any excuse like that if you bust out at mid-terms.

"The main idea is for you guys to stay in school until next year, when you can really be some use. You're sposed to learn the Trent system of play and hit those books hard. If any of you get behind in your studies, tell one of the managers about it and he'll

(Continued on Page 144)



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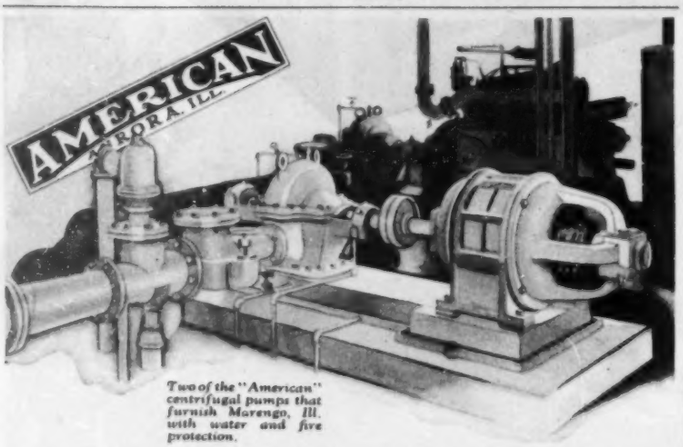

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(Continued from Page 142)

get somebody to tutor you. All right, be out Monday at 3:30."

That lifted one more weight from Moby's chest. He had had a hard time with his studies at high school, but here, with football taking up twice as much time as it did then, and with so many other diversions, he was finding it hard to save even an hour or two of his busy day for study. But if they were going to furnish him with a tutor to pull him through the mid-terms, everything was going to be all right. The tutors would keep him eligible for football and track, but they would at the same time be helping him to make a good fraternity, like Tau Alph. He didn't know anything about how much emphasis fraternities placed on scholarship, but he supposed that they wouldn't want to take in a freshman who was in danger of flunking out.

He lost six pounds in practice, but he got it back before the Ransford game and had added three more. He was hungry all the time, and being ostensibly a waiter gave him a chance to pick out the choice cuts of beef, and blarney Monroe, the chef, into seconds on baked potatoes and pudding.

For the first two or three days he worked hard and conscientiously, and yelled down the dumb-waiter until he was hoarse. Abruptly it dawned upon him that most of the other waiters were all through eating and out of the dining room before he sat down to his heaping platter. Covertly he studied their methods of serving and made the startling discovery that most of them didn't bother even to go through the motions of waiting on table. They simply clustered around the pantry door and grabbed things from the dumb-waiter when it rumbled up from the kitchen, groaning with half-inch crockery and sending off clouds of savory steam, and began to eat without further ado.

The butter and pitchers of milk and thick slices of bread, as well as the cutlery, were all put on the table by Monroe and Mattie, the chambermaid, before the squad trooped in, woofing and yelping like sea lions scenting a bit of salt mackerel. Somebody took care of the coach's table, and the captain and everybody else took care of their own needs. Slowly the explanation dawned upon him. The majority of the men on the training table were listed as waiters. Those that weren't down on the waiter list were handed bills once in a great while, together with printed slips to fill out explaining why said bills couldn't be paid. Some of the slips were filled out with a great deal of laughing and horseplay from roommates. Others were simply tossed in the wastebasket along with the bills. Sophomore managerial heelers, as yet unused to the ways of the elect and the grand old theory that the world owes a man a living, made efforts to corner the recalcitrants and extract board money, but they were gently kicked in the seat of the pants for their pains and told to "run along now before papa gets mad."

The favorite answer from the local boys had to do with the idea that if Joe Gilch, '26, were eating at home his food wouldn't cost him anything, so why should he be made to pay for eating at the Varsity House, when the coach made him eat there whether he liked it or not? This process of reasoning left the managerial heelers baffled and speechless. When put over right, with gestures and plaintive overtones of the vocal cords, it sounded somehow as if it did have a certain amount of sense behind it.

The program racket developed somewhat along the same path. Moby reported to the chief distributor of programs before the first game of the season, attired in a slightly spotted frosh sweat shirt, and labored manfully through three whole quarters overseeing the activities of four excessively hard-boiled and ragged urchins in Section K. At the beginning of the fourth quarter the Trent opponent scheduled as a warm-up developed unexpected strength and through liberal use of a flip pass to a wing back actually scored a touchdown.

When Moby remembered to look at the urchins again the game was over and the urchins had long since checked in at the program booth. Moby collected his ten dollars as supervisor and put them in his pocket along with the two complimentary tickets each member of the frosh squad rated.

When Rollins found out about the tickets he fell on the bed in a well-executed swoon.

"He still has 'em! He still has 'em!" he said over and over.

Moby eyed him defiantly. "Well," he said, "nobody tried to buy them from me, and I didn't know anybody to give them to."

Rollins howled: "He didn't know anybody to give 'em to! Stop! You're breaking my heart!"

Moby looked sulky until finally Rollins sat up and became coherent.

"Why, you big dope! Why didn't you sell 'em? Sell 'em to fellas in your classes. Sell to Slewfoot. Sell 'em to anybody. They're as good as money in your pocket."

"Does Slewfoot really buy 'em?"

"Does he? Say, that dinge has got a regular string of customers. He'll give you a dollar over and above the value of the tickets and sell 'em for enough to keep himself in gin for a whole week. Last year he made out so well he bought a secondhand car at the end of the season. It probably only cost him about fifty bucks, but he had one just the same. If you don't want to do that, Jack Hines, the back-field coach, will buy 'em from you at a dollar over the list price to keep you from worrying about them and taking your mind off your game."

Moby gave his comps to Slewfoot for the second game and collected three dollars apiece for them. The ticket money, together with the program money, gave him sixteen dollars a week. The two big games on the Trent schedule netted him twelve dollars ticket money and fifteen for his program work.

O'Dell started him in the Ransford game and he played through the first quarter. After that, O'Dell kept a steady string of subs running in and out of the game and to the showers. The third and last game on the freshman schedule was with the Yardley Frosh. It was close and hard fought, and O'Dell made substitutions only when necessary. Yardley kept the ball in Trent territory during the first quarter, and Peters, the Yardley left tackle, kicked a placement from the thirty-yard line.

In the second half the lighter Yardley team sagged badly and came up slowly to plug holes in the line. Moby got away on reverse for thirty yards and Jeff Thomas took the ball over on the second play after the start of the fourth period. After the game, O'Dell passed around slips of paper and Thomas was elected captain.

The varsity had a fair season, losing only to Bosworth and tying Greene University, and the training table

closed down late in November. Managerial candidates came around after the last dinner and left meal tickets for the White Front restaurant with Moby and Rollins. The meal tickets were good for board over the gap between the closing of the training table for football and its opening for basket ball, crew and indoor track.

Moby spent some of his program and ticket money for train fare at Christmas, and slept every day until noon, and talked for hours at a time about life at the U, and brought out clippings of the Ransford game and Yardley Frosh game to show to Big Moby. Big Moby pocketed them and showed them to his boss and to anyone who would give him a few minutes of his time.

He didn't say much to Big Moby about his various rackets. Big Moby asked him once: "Do you have much time to enjoy yourself, with football and those jobs keeping you busy?" And he said merely, "Oh, they don't take so much time," and let it go at that. He wasn't quite sure what Big Moby would say if he told him that all those jobs took only as much time as was necessary to give the appearance that you were doing something when you weren't. Big Moby had gone to The University and, though he was broad-minded, Moby didn't know how he would react to the way things worked at Trent. He might have been able to show Big Moby that the way they did things at Trent was really all right, but it would mean a lot of trouble.

A few days before he went back, Big Moby asked him, "Have the fraternities been giving you any sort of a rush?"

"They don't start till after Christmas," he said. "I don't know how I stand yet."

"Well, I dropped my lodge a line last fall," Big Moby said. "I don't know anything about how they rate at Trent, but you might just give 'em a look while you're barging around."

"They're right at the top up there," Moby said. He hesitated then, because he didn't want Big Moby to think he expected him to get him into Tau Alpha. Big Moby had written, and that was all he could do. "I spose they'll have me around," he finished.

"I guess so," Big Moby said. Big Moby didn't say anything for about a minute, then he said: "This money business worries me a little. I don't see how I can give you anything, but I don't want you to have to stay out of a fraternity on account of that."

Moby felt his heart sink. He hadn't thought about that side of it, and he worried about it later on, when he was back at Trent and everybody was talking about fraternities. And especially after the baby-blue sedan passed him again one day on Elm Street. The brightness of its driver's hair was momentarily obscured by a blinding flash from a pin clasped upon her breast above her heart. Somehow the flash of white flame made him feel vaguely sad. He might have known she would wear a fraternity pin. Undoubtedly she must have several of them tucked away about her person. Moby had heard of girls' using them for lingerie pins in an effort to do the right thing by various and assorted donors. However, he told himself, if she were given a Tau Alph pin, and if the donor were . . . well, himself for example. She would have to return the others. That was the way Tau Alph men did things.

VI

HE FORGOT about fraternities for a while and dug in with the rest of college for the mid-terms. In a crowd they would gather nightly in bull sessions around some youth in horn-rimmed spectacles, who expounded the mysteries of Psych VIII and Anthropology V in words of one syllable and was flattered and pleased for being paid to be on intimate terms with men who wore class numerals casually on scarlet sweaters. Moby got a small tin box of caffeine from the university drug store to keep him awake and slapped greasy grinds familiarly on the back and said: "Now just go over that one again, will ya, Jones, old man?" But his pencil moved easily and smoothly over page after page of the little blue examination books and he managed to get through without a condition. But even before the final grades were posted on the bulletin board in Liggett Hall, their importance was dimmed by the approach of rushing season.

Moby's classmates became, overnight, fastidious as to linen, and the shoe-shine stand in front of the Coöp was crowded from morning to night. Large square envelopes appeared in mail boxes like a sort of postal epidemic. Heavily embossed and engraved invitations to smokers were wedged with elaborate nonchalance under mirror frames.

The class disintegrated into little groups which gathered in odd corners and in upstairs rooms to weigh with tremendous gravity the merits and shortcomings of the different houses. These groups broke up with: "We'll stick together on this thing, won't we, old man? If they want us they'll have to take both of us."

The Interfraternity Senate gathered in solemn conclave and listened to a speech from the honorable president.

"Now, fellas," he said, "this interfraternity rushing agreement is no stronger than its weakest link. Last year some of the members didn't live up to it any too well, and we had to fine them pretty heavy. Of course, we expect this year things are going to be different, and that we aren't going to have any trouble with anybody breaking the rules, but I'd just like to say that we are going to be watching you fellas pretty close, and a couple of the chapters had better watch their step on this preseason rushing and pledging men before the pledging period, or we'll have to take steps about it."

Moby got fourteen invitations to smokers and mentally discarded all but six as prospects—Tau Alpha, Omega Lambda, D. K. U., Mu Theta, S. N. E. and Alpha Zeta. Tau Alpha was Big Moby's house, and Rollins was a Tau Alpha. Smith, the assistant football manager, was a D. K. U., and the other four had a reputation as having leanings toward athletes.

He made three smokers on the first night of rushing season. He inhaled quantities of stale tobacco smoke. Faces swam before him in the blue haze like the flickering pictures in a penny-arcade machine. He got a headache, and was called "old man" one hundred and six times.

At the end of the first week he was carrying only three houses—S. N. E., Tau Alpha and D. K. U. Either because of Big Moby and the dim recollection of early boyhood hours spent hanging around the Tau Alpha house at The University, or because he was influenced by the generally accepted rating that put Tau Alpha first among the fraternities that were rushing him, he had settled things in his own mind and set his heart on a Tau Alpha bid. The two others he carried so as to be on the safe side and not be left out in the cold if Tau Alpha failed to crash through. He was worried more than he let himself

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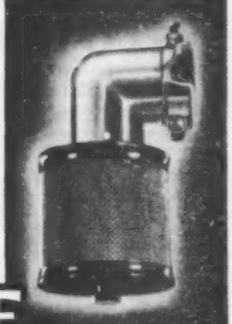

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admit about Tau Alpha's crashing through. They had been cordial to him when he went to the house and had always asked him back again, but he had missed a certain warmth that is a little more than cordiality in their attitude toward him. He wondered if they were holding back because of his financial position.

He walked out to the Tau Alpha house on Saturday night, fighting against a feeling of depression and a sensation of stage fright. Tonight would decide things, he knew. At the end of the first week most fraternities had eliminated the men they were rushing through courtesy to their second cousins, and concentrated on those they really wanted. Rollins had told him something about "sinking," which meant that they told you that you were going to get a bid and you told them you would accept it, and later on the formalities were complied with. He knew that unless he received more attention tonight than he had been getting his chances with Tau Alpha were practically cooked.

Sam Sims and Chet Vincent met him at the door and helped him out of his coat with even more than the usual care and consideration. They sat with him for a minute in the living room. He saw Morry Campbell, the house president, and George Davis, the chairman of the rushing committee, get up and leave the room. Sam and Chet exchanged glances and stood up.

"Moby, old man," Sam said, "we want to have a little serious talk with you. Could you come upstairs just a moment to Morry Campbell's room?"

Sam and Chet followed him upstairs and opened a door. George and Morry were sitting on a bed across from a vacant chair placed in the direct rays of a desk lamp.

George waved his hand at the chair. He said, "Have a seat, old man."

Moby sat down on the edge of the chair, put his elbows on the arms and folded his hands tightly. The lamp hurt his eyes and half blinded him, but he didn't say anything about it.

Morry said, "Well, old man, I guess you know what we are going to say. I guess you know we all like you and are for you 100 per cent. We know you are still carrying S. N. E., but honestly, old man, they just aren't your kind over at the S. N. E. place. I don't believe in slinging mud, and I think they have some swell fellows, but I've been watching you and I think you feel at home right here with our gang. And as much as I hate to say it, they don't rate nationally like Tau Alpha.

"You've got to think about those things, Moby, old fella. Joining a fraternity is like getting married. You're in it for life, and when you get out in the world you want to be able to walk onto any campus in the country and find that old welcome waiting there and meet real fellows and feel proud that you are one of them and can give them the old grip."

He paused for a minute and went on: "I guess you know all of our gang pretty well by this time, and I guess you know that they're all the kind of men you'd like to ask to your home and introduce to your mother and sister. And another thing: Our house has always been noted for being active on the campus. Fellows like that can help you a lot here at school, and I know they'll be glad to."

Campbell got up and started to walk up and down the room. Moby followed him with his eyes and was glad he had decided to talk to him standing up. Looking up at Campbell relieved the glare in his eyes.

"And speaking of brothers. We attach a lot of importance to that part of it here in Tau Alph. We don't have a lot of cliques and groups fighting among themselves. Perhaps the S. N. E. bunch told you something about a little trouble we had here last year. Well, that is all cleaned up and over with, and you want to forget about it. It was just one of those little things that happen in any fraternity. But we're all pulling together now, and we've let bygones be bygones."

The leg of the chair was hard; it hurt his legs, and the light filled his eyes until he couldn't see Campbell at all. He wished somebody would open a window and let some fresh air into the room. Campbell stopped walking up and down, and Davis began to talk.

"Now, Moby, old man," he said, "if there are any questions you want to ask us, if there is anything that isn't clear in your mind, now's the time to spring it. We'll be only toc glad to tell you all we know and help you all we can."

They hadn't, Moby realized, mentioned dues and expenses. He did want to know about that. He had to know about it.

He said: "There's one thing I'd sort of like to know about. I don't know whether you know it or not, but I'm not getting any help from home. I can't expect them to help me with dues and initiation fees and all that. With things as they are, I'm not sure I ought to join a fraternity. I'd hate to join and feel that I wasn't holding up my end."

Davis and Campbell looked at each other. Then Davis said: "I had a hunch that part of it was worrying you. Brother Campbell and myself have talked it over with some of the chapter and we'd just like to tell you that you won't have to worry about money. We need men like you in the house and we're not going to let a little thing like dues make us lose a good man. Some of these days, if you feel like paying the house back, O. K. In the meantime let's just forget about it."

Moby stood up and held out his hand.

"Well, fellows," he said, "I guess I'll go with you."

The others stood up, too, and fumbled for his hand. "That's fine, old man. You'll never regret it."

"Put her there."

"Mighty glad to hear it."

Moby said, "I guess I'd better call up the S. N. E. house and tell 'em I won't be over for dinner."

Davis said, "Don't worry about that. I'll call 'em up myself."

Campbell grabbed his elbow and propelled him out of the door and down the stairs toward a little group that stood talking in the hall.

"Fellows," he said, "I want you all to shake hands with a new Tau Alph."

He walked home seeing the trees and battlements under the cold winter moon in a new light. Even the wires and poles and the noise of the street cars rattling over switches had a more pleasant meaning for him. The little jeweled pin that he would wear on his vest seemed to connect this city university in some mysterious way with the lawns and colonnades of The University where Big Moby had lived his glamorous life. He belonged now.

He found Rollins sitting on the edge of the bed, reading a magazine. Rollins looked up and said, "From the look on your face, I take it you are about to become a Tau Alph."

Moby grinned. "They're a swell bunch," he said. "They were mighty white to me. They said it would be all right if I didn't pay any dues or initiation fee. Of course, I can pay up later on, but I won't have to worry about it, they said."

"Oh, yeah?" said Rollins.

"You aren't very enthusiastic."

"Listen," Rollins said. "If you haven't got any dough, you haven't. That's all there is to it. You don't think I'm paying dues, do you? Where would I get the money? I'm just as hard up as you are. And I don't feel shy and bashful and grateful about it either. It's being done. So don't worry any more about it.

"A lot of the houses have men that they sort of carry along. Sometimes they make 'em sign notes and sometimes they just say: 'You can pay us back sometime, old man.' Some of them think they are helping the school out by carrying a deserving athlete or two. But in addition to that, a letter man is a pretty good thing to have around during rushing season and to point out to your girl and the visiting firemen from other chapters at the football games. They'll say, 'By the way, have you got any men on the team?' And the guy who's at the game with 'em will say, 'Sure, that's Brother Whoosis who just made that touchdown.' You're doing them a favor by belonging to their old fraternity. Get that idea in your dome and you'll feel less self-conscious about it."

Rollins went into the wash room, and Moby heard water running in the basin. He looked at Rollins' vest, flung carelessly across a chair, a gold triangular pin glinting over one pocket. It made him think of the pin he had seen on the vests of Big Moby's fraternity brothers while they played poker with cigarette pictures at The University, and the pin Nelly Cloud still kept in her jewel box. Only, somehow his vision of it had changed. Somehow he now thought of it as being smaller and more insignificant, and even clasped above the heart of a bright-haired lady behind the steering wheel of a baby-blue sedan, it would not, he was afraid, gleam with quite its former imagined luster. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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—all these mean in plain English—faster, cleaner, easier washing, less wear, no knotting and a long time guarantee.

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This coupon will be exchanged by any BEE-VAC dealer for a $6.50 BEE-VAC AUTOMATIC electric iron—with every BEE-VAC 2-speed Electric "Super" washer purchased during BEE-VAC "week"—October 1st to 11th.

GOOD FOR $1.50 SANITATOR-BLOWER

This coupon entitles the bearer to one Sanitator and Blower—for spraying and moth-repelling—free with any BEE-VAC junior vacuum cleaner purchased during BEE-VAC "week"—October 1st to 11th.

WE'LL RECALL IT WITH AFFECTION

(Continued from Page 13)

of reading announcements on the bulletin board. The everyday routine will seem considerable less mystifying. Do I make myself clear?"

He did. More than from Mr. Clifton—for Pickering had known in one terrible flash all Mr. Clifton's points before Mr. Clifton so aptly summed them up—Pickering recoiled from himself. Pickering was not, in fact, accustomed to enter rooms without knocking, or show himself disrespectful to his elders. He needed no help from Mr. Clifton to be conscious, with a stunning horror, of the nasty solecisms he had committed. Mr. Clifton was not particularly surprised by fresh brats and bad manners. Twenty more years of living had taught him what Pickering did not realize and would not have believed—that at thirteen little one does has any lasting importance.

Mr. Clifton did not know the intensity with which Pickering had planned to be a credit to Durham. The matter was closed as far as he was concerned. "Go down now and look at the bulletin board," he said. "That will be all."

The Durham School arises at 6:15. During the winter months it might as well be midnight, but this Spartan custom had an honorable theory. The school's founder, an intellectual of the high-thinking and simple-living type, had pointed out in his austere day that boys no older were getting up and going to factories at that hour. Was the education of the nation's leaders—he believed that, too—a less exacting and important matter than machine piecework?

One could see the sun rise at the first assembly, and breakfast was electric-lighted. Classes began at eight o'clock. This routine was obviously no very real hardship; but psychologically, darkness encourages the disinclination to get out of bed. Consequently, instead of a five-minute bell customary for assemblies, they rang a one-minute bell. You could not possibly get up and dress—even if you omitted bathing—and reach the schoolroom in one minute. The prefects were remorseless in checking the first assembly for any short-cuts in the toilet. It was a serious matter to be found wanting.

Pickering was absent eleven times in October, which probably broke the school record and suggested that Pickering was an outstandingly slothful and recalcitrant youth. In point of fact, Pickering was only average in those directions; but two boys named Allen and Hone helped him to his perilous distinction. They were accustomed to seize and conceal all Pickering's shoes when he went to wash. In the end Pickering attained a sort of solution. He slept with a pair of shoes under his pillow, thrusting his feet into them as soon as he got out of bed. This was rather a nuisance and normally you might have expected him to be able to borrow a pair. Unfortunately, by October, there was very little that was normal left in Pickering's existence, so he simply resigned himself. He had hoped at first that Allen and Hone would soon tire of the trick—his elders had informed him that tormentors would tire if you just paid no attention to them—but Allen and Hone never did. He added this correction to his other painfully gained wisdom.

It was a wisdom mournful and confusing, for he did not very soon understand how completely outside the rude pale he had put himself. Consequently he did not take advantage of the real, if rather dreary, privileges of such a position. He could, without arousing much comment or undue retaliation, have appealed to Mr. Clifton, who would have made short work of Allen and Hone. Mr. Clifton did not, it would have interested Pickering to hear, tolerate bullying in the dormitory.

Inside the accepted circle, of course, such an appeal couldn't have been made; but it was just what they expected of Pickering. Inside, two did not fight one; people were not hit when they were down; one shook hands and made up after fighting; one loaned readily one's belongings; and supported an ally or accomplice to the death. Outside there was no law and no limit, nor could Pickering do himself any service by trying to observe one. Allen had definitely ruled Pickering out.

Unfortunately, Allen shared Pickering's alcove. This was no choice of Allen's, and he punished Pickering for it at least once a day. Allen was a sturdy and handsome youth, a born bully of amazing competence and fruitful invention. Pickering, who shared among his other quaint beliefs the one that bullies are cowards, had a hard disillusionment. Allen's bold and restless blue eyes sought unceasingly harder knocks, more disastrous chances, more moving accidents, more hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach. His loud voice was cheerful, rich with his unbearable energy. He was amazingly impudent, but it had a courageous and sunny quality which evoked only admiring amusement. Even sixth formers called him, two weeks after his appearance, Heinie. He was not remarkable for his intelligence, but he had quite enough to recognize, when the pleasant fact was thrust in front of him, that the world was much the same everywhere to such of its natural lords as himself.

Allen began by fighting with Hone. In Hone he correctly suspected the presence of almost an equal. Hone behaved splendidly. He blacked one of Allen's eyes before Mr. Clifton's arrival ended the conversation; but Hone knew that, given time, Allen could and would have licked him. They were both satisfied, and since they both served detention every afternoon for a week, they became very friendly.

Pickering, for his part, had been somewhat shocked by the vigor and savagery of this brief battle; but he was comfortable in the sharing of Allen's alcove. He saw that he was lucky to have someone so impressive living with him. That he was safe only so long as other business occupied Allen didn't occur to him. He was taken by surprise when Allen, bored, gave him a thought.

Allen's thought came one day in the first-form classroom. He sat conveniently behind Pickering. By driving it through the upper front edge of the sole of his right shoe, Allen was entirely successful in his scheme to sink a pin well into Pickering; the whole with neatness and inconspicuous dispatch. Pickering shrieked.

If Allen had hoped that Pickering would attract some unpleasant penalty from Mr. Reeves, at the moment teaching them Latin, he underestimated Mr. Reeves. As it happened, that pin-and-shoe idea was not exactly Allen's original invention. Mr. Reeves said briefly, "Take two hours, Allen."

And that was that. Allen was free to reflect on the impropriety of Pickering's yelling like a baby. If Pickering had kept still Allen would have been able to go on jabbing the pin into Pickering from time to time for the rest of the period. Cheated of this pleasure, he considered the back of Pickering's head with indignation growing righteous.

They were released for recess after that, and Allen wasted no time. One has to act quickly to get a thorough beating up provoked and completed in fifteen minutes, so he turned promptly in the hall, laid his *Fabulæ Faciles* on the ledge and said to Pickering, "Listen, you sad bird, I've got a good mind to bat you one!"

Even Pickering knew, by that seemingly meaningless term, "sad bird," that Allen intended mortal offense. He was naïve enough to consider this outrageous on Allen's part. As far as he knew, he was the injured party. In the resulting confusion of mind, Pickering let his all-too-quick tongue lead him whither he would not. The response came with wholly deceptive readiness, "You call me a sad bird again and I'll bust you one."

"Is that so?" said Allen. On the basis of his frail appearance, Allen had been discounting Pickering. Not realizing that Pickering didn't remotely mean what he said, Allen gazed at him with somber satisfaction. "Look out, cry baby," he whooped, "it's coming at you!" His hand—a sense of etiquette forbade him to double his fists until fists were doubled against him—whipped out and rang on Pickering's cheek, slapping him over to the wall.

The sting of that blow restored Pickering's sanity. Pickering pardonably disliked fighting because he had never been any good at it. He knew that Allen could hit him harder than anyone enjoys being hit, and the insane idea now came to him that if he provoked Allen no further it might pass off. He said, and his alarm was perfectly obvious: "You let me alone. I didn't do anything."

Allen was outraged. For all of fifteen seconds he had been allowing Pickering the honor of a doubt about his being a sad bird. To the previous injury of the betrayal to Mr. Reeves, Pickering now added the insult of attempting to deceive Allen. "Aw, cry baby!" he said. "Don't you want to be licked?"

"You let me alone," repeated Pickering, aghast. He could not back any farther because of the wall; but his stomach did not seem to be so hindered—it receded indefinitely. Allen advanced on him, making any other escape impractical. "You let me alone," Pickering continued, more faintly.

"How can I let you alone," inquired Allen with elaborate zest, "when maybe all the time you know what you need is a licking?"

Pickering swallowed and made a slight side movement. Allen corrected it by slapping him skillfully. "Now, now," he objected. "Don't go. You shouldn't be so bashful." He put his palm against Pickering's nose and bumped Pickering's head vigorously on the wall. "There, now," he said, noting the results with pleasure, "don't you cry. Heinie's going to give you a good licking absolutely free. Oh, you don't want a licking? Well, when I ask you a question, you'd better answer it right away. Because, now, it's too late ——"

His speech was tellingly interrupted. *Fabulæ Faciles* is a slim volume, but thrown hard at close range it is no contemptible missile. The hard corner hit Allen full in the face with one of those sounds that make you wince. Allen stood quite stupid a moment, raising an automatic hand to his nose, from which blood now began to make an embarrassing appearance.

What little belligerent rage Pickering had mustered was immediately dissipated. He was capable of quick thought and it took him to no comforting conclusions. In an ecstasy of terror he cried: "Gosh, Heinie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean ——"

Allen could take infinitely harder knocks without distress. His stupor was already past. "Oh, no," he said, "you aren't sorry yet. But, oh, boy, are you going to be?"

The answer was naturally yes; but at this moment a section of sixth-form trigonometry was released up the hall. Out, among other people, came a very great man named Kennedy. Kennedy enjoyed the distinction of being senior prefect. Seeing the disturbance, he halted with a slight frown of authority. Then he approached. "What's going on here?" he demanded. "Oh! Well, brat, what's your name?"

"Pickering," admitted Pickering too promptly. Kennedy was addressing them both. It was usually the one with the guilty conscience who spoke, Kennedy knew from experience. What he did not know was Pickering's sweet and unsteady relief at this postponement of Allen's actions.

"All right," said Kennedy; "tell Mr. Clifton you've been fighting and I gave you an hour."

He turned now, about to give Allen an hour, too, on general principles; but the unfairness of the penalty rearoused in Pickering a little of that fury of despair which had caused him to throw the book. Shrill-voiced, he made two more mistakes. One of them was speaking to a prefect at all; the other was his own dreadful sort of error. "Why should I get an hour?" he cried. "He hit me first!"

There was a second's frozen silence, in which Kennedy commemorated the outrage of one of Durham's more sacred canons. Whatever happened, you did not make an effort to shift the blame.

"Oh," he observed icily, "he hit you first, did he?"

Pickering, in all literalness, would have forfeited his tongue to recall that statement. "No," he yelped, "no, no. I ——"

"Sure," said Allen. "I hit him first, sir. Who wouldn't?"

"All right," said Kennedy, recognizing him agreeably; "that's an hour for you, Heinie."

"Yes, sir," said Allen. "Could I hit him again and take two hours, sir?"

Kennedy grinned. "Get out of here, brat!" he said. He twitched his stick down from under his arm. "I'll tan your hide!"

"I get an hour, too, don't I?" inquired Pickering.

"No," said Kennedy with complete contempt; "you don't get anything. Go on, beat it; all of you!"

At Christmas his mother was somewhat concerned about Walter Pickering. She did the Durham School the injustice of thinking, privately, that they must feed the boys badly. She

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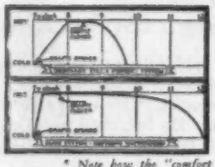

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was disturbed, too, by the unusually poor showing Walter made in his studies. He had always been very satisfactory that way; even brilliant. "And another thing, darling," she said. "You really must write home more often. I know you're very busy with your work and games, but I simply must hear. You'll try to write once a week, won't you, dear?"

Walter assented to everything. The ecstasy of his relief at being home made promises easy; made it easy to display the one virtue which Durham had managed to inculcate—keeping his mouth shut. He even found it politic to agree, when his mother found to her horror that his underwear was restricted to shirts and shorts instead of woolens, that he would henceforth wear something more suitable. He was sorry that she felt it necessary to buy him more to replace the ones he had lost—their losing had been rather difficult to manage without attracting comment. Hugh said simply, "Did you play football?"

Walter answered that he did, some. The subject was a sore one, for he discovered soon enough what Allen and others had told him at once. He had no aptitude for football. It wasn't altogether true that he was afraid of getting hurt; but there is a certain discouragement in getting hurt constantly—a matter Allen was pleased to take into his competent charge—without ever accomplishing anything or attracting any attention aside from reproaches and sneers. On the whole, he decided that he had better give up football. If this decision pleased Allen, it displeased Mr. Clifton. Mr. Clifton, consciously or unconsciously, had paraphrased the motto of a much more venerable English school. Football, he believed, maketh men. He did his best to see that all boys in his charge who were physically sound had places on the several teams of a lower-form league which played hopeful and inefficient through a schedule of games with one another. Mr. Clifton could not compel Pickering to play, but he could be and was rather abrupt with Pickering.

Curiously enough, Pickering elected to take the morning train to Durham when he returned. His mother perhaps mistook it for zeal to be back, but Pickering had other thoughts. He felt no desire to travel with most of the school on the afternoon train, subject as he would be to the eager attentions of Hone and Allen. He had, too, the necessity of getting rid of his new underwear, about which he was taking no chances.

As a result, there were not more than ten Durham boys going up when he did, and he saw only one of those. This was no less than Carraway Dickson, a notable Olympian. To the glory of rowing No. 5 on the first crew, he added a prefectship and the honorable nuisance of being managing editor of the school paper. It was the last office which brought him up early. He had to arrange assignments and supply several editorials and get off copy which should have gone before the vacation started. He purposed to do all he could on the train.

He would not have noticed Pickering at all if he hadn't come out on the rear platform to smoke one of his last legal cigarettes and so discovered Pickering in the astonishing act of opening a vestibule door.

Carraway Dickson met the situation with athletic efficiency. He caught Pickering by the collar before Pickering knew what had happened. He jerked Pickering back to supposed safety and so prevented the disposal of a bundle roughly wrapped in newspapers. The bundle dissolved, littering the vestibule with woolen union suits.

Viewed from his own level, or from above it, Carraway Dickson was a naturally amiable, scholastically somewhat obtuse but not stupid youth. He bore, in fact, no remotest resemblance to the grim, glorious and long-limbed giant which Pickering, looking up at him, saw. "Well, what do you know ——" Dickson said candidly, grasping the situation.

Pickering began to weep. He pressed a fist, dirtied by the door fastenings, into his eye. He foresaw the complete ruin of any possible fresh start this term. While he knew that he was less than nothing to Dickson, he was used to a world where unpleasant things never proved improbable. He saw nothing improbable in Dickson's reporting the incident to the first form.

"Here, here," said Dickson, frowning, "cut it out!" He was embarrassed and even distressed. "Oh, I guess you're Pickering, aren't you?" He hesitated a moment. "You ought to know better than to throw good underwear away," he said.

Pickering continued to weep and Dickson looked again at the underwear, indecisive. "What's wrong with it?" he asked rather insincerely.

Pickering managed to say, "I'm not going to wear it."

"H'm," said Dickson. He bent and collected the garments. He looked at Pickering's dirty and swollen face again. Then, bunching the underwear in his big hand, he deliberately opened the door and tossed it out. "You shouldn't fool with those locks," he said to Pickering. "Suppose you fell out?"

"What would I care?" asked Pickering. He rather wished that he had fallen out, now he thought about it.

"Oh, don't be dumb," said Dickson, impatient. "What are you crying about? They're gone, aren't they?"

As anyone but Pickering might have guessed, Dickson never did mention the matter to Allen or Hone. Dickson went even further. When he noticed Pickering and was not thinking of anything else, he spoke to him. This did not seem a very important action to Dickson. He simply encountered from time to time the intense, doglike gaze of a small, dark, somewhat thin little boy. With the amiable good temper resulting from his exceptionally muscular and athletic well-being, Dickson said, "Hello, brat!"; grinned slightly; and passed on. The matter was more important to Pickering, for Dickson seemed to be the only person at Durham who ever said anything civil to him. As Pickering had nothing else to do, he spent much of his time loitering about where Dickson might pass.

It might have been better if Pickering had employed some of this leisure in going out for the little boys' hockey teams, and so pleased Mr. Clifton. Unfortunately, Hone and Allen were again the bright first-form stars on the rinks, and Pickering knew better than to attract their attention needlessly. He might even have occupied himself by studying more; but studying is a dreary business anyway, and drearier when you have nothing to relieve its monotony. At the very least, he might have spent some of the spare time in writing his mother, but he avoided writing. It was a melancholy task to invent material suitable for her to read.

It was, in fact, so melancholy that she was driven finally to a system of her own. This included a stamped and

(Continued on Page 152)

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I am glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.
(Signed) .....

(Continued from Page 150)

addressed envelope inclosing a sheet of important questions, each followed by a blank space for the answer. Certainly Walter could not be too busy with those games and studies of his to fill this document in and return it. She was, of course, right. It was much simpler; but the actual mailing of letters Pickering still found difficult. He avoided as much as he could the unfriendly publicity of passing through the main hall where the mail box was. Envelopes he meant to post sometimes reposed in his pockets for days, growing grimier and fraying at the corners. He chanced to carry, in this messy manner, one of his mother's questionnaires so long that the envelope was obviously no longer fit for the United States mails. He discovered this as he sat one afternoon in the corner of the library and regretfully he removed the inclosed sheet, planning to get a new envelope.

Arising to go to the night assembly, he left it there, unobserved.

The combination of resulting circumstances had the fateful inevitability of most of Pickering's misfortunes. As it happened, the head master was that week absent, and when the head master was away Mr. Clifton was accustomed to take over temporary direction. Mr. Clifton sat at the head table in the dining room. He said grace before the meal and gave out announcements afterward. It was to Mr. Clifton that somebody brought the sheet which Pickering had left in the library.

To say that Mr. Clifton knew as soon as he saw it to whom the sheet belonged would be unjust. Very likely Mr. Clifton didn't, and certainly the information on it would have been no clew. Pickering naturally answered his mother more as he knew she would wish to be answered than as the facts of his life might dictate.

At any rate, with supper concluded, Mr. Clifton arose, read out several general notices. "I have," he said, "also a paper here, dropped by someone. I would like to know who it is who can't write home often enough and has to be supplied with a list of questions. Perhaps the owner will recognize some of this." He began, thereon, to read aloud.

"'Are you,'" he read, "'wearing your warm underwear?' The answer is 'Yes.' 'Are you playing hockey?' The answer is again 'Yes; our team won a game yesterday!'" Mr. Clifton paused and frowned gravely. The dining room, after an amazed pause, dissolved in a roar of laughter and sardonic cheers. Mr. Clifton held up his hand. "This is a very talented young man," he continued dryly. "It appears that his weekly marks were: History, 90 ——"

This certainly sounded rather as though Mr. Clifton did know who it was and did not mind punishing the obviously untruthful author. It sounded too much that way for Pickering. Distracted, he did, as usual, the worst thing. He made a sudden gurgling noise. Violently he deserted his table far down at the room's end. He galloped, frantic, for the doors.

There was again the hovering pause of surprise, again the immediate rich thunder of laughter coming down. "Who was that?" said Mr. Clifton, and a prefect answered him, "Some brat, sir." But down among the lower-form tables the electric word had already been passed: "Pickering! Sure, didn't you see him? Listen, dearie, are you wearing your warm underwear?"

Pickering was eventually discovered in the trunk room on the top floor. Mr. Clifton was somewhat exasperated, for he was due at a faculty meeting that night, and the discovery had required a diligent search. He presented Pickering with an hour's detention for cutting—as indeed Pickering was by that time—night study. He also spoke to Pickering about lying, a habit of which Mr. Clifton heartily disapproved.

"What earthly use," he asked reasonably, "is there in writing your mother that your marks were all over eighty? She will see the term marks and ——"

Pickering didn't explain that he was accustomed to let the future take care of itself, since he was not even capable of taking care of the present. He merely sniffled and rubbed his eye.

"Report to the study hall," said Mr. Clifton, displeased. "Make another copy of this, with a little more care about the answers, and bring it to me to see that it gets posted. Henceforth you will come to my study every Sunday afternoon and write a letter home. That's all."

But naturally it was by no means all. Allen and Hone decided—Mr. Clifton was still safely at the faculty meeting—that the only way to make really certain about Pickering's underwear was to conduct a personal investigation. They sat on him and relieved him of his outer garments. Pickering was certainly not wearing what Allen called his woolies; but the disrobing had entailed some squirming on the floor; and Allen was, to a degree, justified in reporting that Pickering was a dirty mess.

"I wondered," Allen said with cheerful lack of refinement, "what smelled so funny around here. I'll bet you he hasn't had a bath since September." The upshot of the matter was that Pickering, supervised by Allen and Hone, thereon did get a bath, which included plenty of soap, especially in his mouth. It was not a very happy evening.

Nor was it pleasant thereafter to be known as Woolies. The only person who appeared not to know that Woolies was his name was Dickson. Dickson continued to call him brat, and once, by some chance, Pickering. In the whirlpool of cruel circumstance which had surely sucked Pickering somewhere near to its fearful bottom, Pickering considered this remaining straw with prayerful hope. The delirious fancy that he might repair his prestige with Dickson's Olympian aid continued to visit him. The result was a good deal of thought; and even implausible hope is better than none. It carried him somehow through the spring vacation, while he struggled with plans to get Dickson on his side. He wanted to do something for Dickson. Short of finding that great man in a net and gnawing him free, it would be hard to guess what; but finally Pickering did have an idea.

The Durham School discourages indiscriminate feeding. One may receive two boxes of things to eat a term. The recipient and such guests as he selects may be excused from supper and are required to consume everything at one sitting; or, at least, are required to turn over to the prefects anything that remains. Pickering had not been naïve enough to imagine that he could placate his enemies with food; and since he had no friends, he had not yet asked for a box. But, he thought at last, he might have one now; save out all the best, turn the remainder over to anyone who wanted it, and dutifully convey

his selected offering to Dickson. Presumably Dickson would be favorably impressed; might pay more attention to Pickering.

Heartened by this scheme, Pickering even ventured, on the box's arrival, to mention the matter to Allen. Allen considered the question briefly. He was far from having no ethical standards, and he quickly decided in the negative. He purposed, when occasion arose, to treat Pickering as Pickering deserved to be treated. Consequently, while it would be proper for him to swipe food from Pickering, it would not be suitable for him to accept it and sit down with Pickering to eat it. He said, "Keep your rotten food, Woolies."

Fortunately he was deeply engaged in baseball at the moment when Pickering transferred the box from the office to the dormitory, and Pickering was able to remove the more desirable portions, secrete them in a locked suitcase under the bed. Put off the scent by the fairly adequate remainder, Allen duly swiped a representative selection. The rest Pickering ate with the assistance of several lowly and ignoble boys who were content to reflect that food was food, and remarked only in passing on the rottenness of the present offering. The melancholy feast finished, Pickering furtively got the things from his bag and went over to Dickson's study in the North Building.

Dickson happened to be alone. He had a Vergil on his desk, but he was in fact writing a letter to a young lady and he did not much like being disturbed. "Well, brat?" he barked. Pickering stammered, nervous enough, "I had a feed, sir, and I brought over the stuff that was left."

"Right," nodded Dickson. Pickering did not expect anything more. He trusted that the quality of the offering would bring later reactions. He piled it on the table and turned to take his humble departure.

Dickson covered the letter to the young lady with the Vergil and scowled. "No," he said with sudden decision, "take it away."

Pickering paused, stunned. It was a second before the horrid and obvious truth struck him. Dickson, Durham's great No. 5 oar, was naturally eating at the training table, a diet rigorously supervised.

"Give it to Kennedy," Dickson said. He prepared his return to the letter. Then he turned quickly, his brows together. "What's wrong with you, brat?"

"Nothing, sir," said Pickering weakly. "Only I ——" He refrained from sniffling. "I ——" There seemed to be remarkably little to say. Finally he fell into rather than decided on "I saved all the good stuff I could for you. I ——"

Dickson's good-natured and facile sentiments were undoubtedly touched. "That's nice of you, brat," he said with amiable sincerity. "I wish I could eat it, but they'd bounce me from the squad." He grinned slightly. "Anytime I can do something for you ——"

The invitation was no doubt faintly tinged with irony, but it was friendly too; and Pickering, absorbing it, was stunned again by an inspiration so blinding that he didn't consider its probable impudence.

Dickson said: "What is? Want something?"

Pickering sucked in air. "Yes," he blurted, "—sir. When you beat Somerset, could you give me your shirt, sir?"

In the annual Somerset-Durham crew race it is indeed the custom for the losing boat to toss over its rowing shirts, reposing unused and suitable for preservation in the bottom of the shell, to the winner. Many of the nine successful heroes then passed on to favored brats, or to anyone else capable of appreciating them, the trophies thus obtained. There is no more desirable room decoration, and none so pregnant with prestige, known to younger Durham than the white, half-sleeved, low-necked garment, marked over the heart with the red crossed oars and the gold S of defeated Somerset; inscribed with the date, time and the donor's name for future inspiration.

Dickson laughed. "Listen, brat," he said, "how do you know I'm not going to lose my own shirt?"

"But if you do win," gasped Pickering—he was already unnerved by the irregularity of his request—"could I have it, sir?"

"Oh, sure," said Dickson, "if we win."

There was, of course, that faint possibility. Somerset might get home first. Such things had certainly happened in the past and Pickering tried to prepare himself for it. He said merely—and that to an unimportant youth of his own sort—"If we win, Dickson's going to give me his Somerset shirt."

This boy, called Cole, doubted him. "What would he give it to you for?" he asked, for he was sensitive to the distinction implied. "Listen, if he should, I'll give you—I'll give you ten dollars for it."

Pickering repulsed him with outraged scorn. Still, he reminded himself, it wasn't settled. Somerset might win.

It wasn't settled on the Friday of the race week-end either; but hundreds of people and scores of motors were arriving to see it settled. It wasn't settled Saturday morning, when Somerset arrived in insolent force, cheering, undismayed, their crews going down to the boathouses. Pickering, nervous and devoid of appetite, would have liked to speak to Dickson, but that proved impossible, for Dickson made his only public appearance with his mother, who had motored up, bringing with her a small and radiantly red-headed girl who was plainly to be Dickson's guest at the dances impending.

When they did come to settle it, the afternoon was almost over. A sprinkle of rain had fallen on two minor races which went duly to Durham. Now the torn clouds were opening and dull, smoke blue showed over the eastern hills. The great Durham elms at the boathouse were deep green, dripping. The river lay opaque and flawless.

At this breathless and beautiful moment, Somerset displayed unexpected prowess. Her red-and-gold blades were clocked to a clean and astounding forty at the three-quarter flag, with her frail prow half a leaping length in front of Durham's. It was a heart-breaker, for Somerset lowered the course record; but, unfortunately for them, Durham lowered it too; ten seconds more effectively. Rowing a fine unhurried thirty-four, Durham came out to a final lead of open water. Twenty strokes from home Durham got her up effortlessly, went away and left Somerset in the monstrous uproar of the lined automobiles. Somerset dumped back, lay forward; Durham, oars angling every way, drifted toward her launch, dipped hands, dabbed faces with the cool water.

Pickering, jumping up and down on the road, saw the Somerset shirts presently tossed and caught. A rabble of

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Durham boys trotted away for the boathouse, climbed on the running boards of loud-horned, gingerly maneuvering motors. Pickering would have started to run a hundred miles with confidence; but a fine car, long and shining, with a knot of Durham's black and white at the radiator head, paused beside him, invited him to jump on. Pickering did. He saw with awed and wordless pleasure that it was driven by Dickson's small red-headed guest and carried Dickson's mother. He would have liked to tell them that Dickson was going to give him the Somerset shirt, but they paid him no great attention beyond a kindly anxiety about the chances of his falling off, so he didn't speak, holding tight and grinning foolishly.

He said "Thank you," and dropped off at the boathouse.

Here Durham was gathering to see that great crew come home. Pickering shouted himself hoarse with the rest as they reached the float. He yelled with vicarious pleasure as they caught French, who was their coxswain, and tossed him as far as they could into the river. French swam deftly ashore and joined them as they put their heads together to cheer defeated Somerset, now arriving.

That left nothing to do but wait, and Pickering perched himself on the fence with the boy called Cole. Allen, Pickering admitted, would probably get someone's shirt, but he doubted if Hone would. He had settled the point raised by Cole, who was not so bad when you got to know him, by planning to live with him next year, and already he had in mind the arrangement of a vastly pleasant second-form room. He sat there, quite patient, engrossed in these matters, with Cole beside him, until the crew, more conventionally clad, made its gradual reappearance. The long car with Dickson's people was waiting with others, and Pickering did not know whether Dickson would have a chance to speak to him or not. He assisted in the small general shout which greeted each appearance, and made even a longer and louder noise when Dickson came out. Dickson nodded acknowledgment in that direction, but he went, as Pickering really expected, to the car, where he stood a moment, plainly being told how wonderful he was.

Pickering, watching him hungrily, had now an abrupt choking sensation in his chest; his heart, hammering harder, appeared to be crawling up his throat and sweat started out on his forehead.

"Huh!" said Cole, getting off the fence. "A hot lot you know, Woolies!" For Dickson, though you might wonder forever what she would do with it, had beyond any doubt given the Somerset shirt to the red-headed girl.

On June eleventh the three lower forms went down. Walter's parents had driven up for him, bringing the still casual Hugh. Hugh had several days previously finished another year of the contemptible education a day school provided for him, and Walter was glad that functions connected with this business of Hugh's had prevented his parents from coming up to Durham for Prize Day—prizes were the last thing that Walter could expect.

Hugh, presumably because he was at last approaching an age of reason, appeared slightly impressed by Durham. He made no objection when Walter said that they would have to go to the station before they left to see the morning train off. He had, he said, to say good-by to people.

He did, in fact, say good-by to Cole, who had decided finally to room with him anyway. Under Hugh's attentive eyes Walter was able to bustle about through the throng on the platform in an important fashion while people, rendered indiscriminate by approaching freedom, took no time to be unpleasant to him.

Even Allen said patronizingly: "Bye-bye, Woolies. Remember to come in when it rains."

At this point Mr. Clifton arrived and the crowded platform was boldly inspired to cheer him, describing him to his face as Snifty, which gave them all, including Pickering, a warm feeling and did not appear to annoy Mr. Clifton. Presently, too, the head master arrived, driving his car with Kennedy beside him; and there was a constantly growing crowd of upper formers, clad comfortably in sweaters and flannels. With these was Dickson, and Pickering was moved to overlook his faithlessness. He wormed his way toward Dickson and touched him timidly on the arm. "Good-by, sir," he ventured.

Dickson wheeled amiably about, and though perhaps nobody else noticed, in full sight of the wide-eyed Hugh in the car, he shook Pickering's hand. "Good luck, brat," he said, and resumed his former conversation with his equals.

Now the train roared in and Pickering stood watching them struggle aboard. Kennedy hopped out of the head-master's car. "Let's have a long Durham for the brats!" he shouted.

It made a fine, shattering sound under the big trees. The train stirred, moved on with boys yelling through the windows. Walter went back to the motor.

"Gosh," said Hugh, no longer skeptical, "you have a pretty good time here, don't you?"

Walter looked at his brother. Passengers, peering curious from the train windows, smiled fleetingly, interested to see so many cheerful young men, prefects with their sticks, strapping young athletes wearing their varied insignia on felt hats and sweaters donned, carefully casual, with the letters inside out or on their backs. The fine proud sound of their cheering echoed still and Walter, on the heights, looked down compassionately at Hugh. The power and glory of his Durham broke up now, drifting away in strolling groups. He, too, got into the car.

"Listen," he said tolerantly to Hugh, "wait till you come up. You don't know the half of it."

Getting On in the World

On the Trail of the Big Idea

THE System, transcontinental railroad, had just changed from coal to fuel oil. The auditing forces were checking the performance of the new fuel, and one young accountant, consulting some of the figures turned in by the engineers, had found something. It shaped up in the query: Why were some engineers using much less oil than others and, apparently, under exactly similar conditions?

The use of fuel oil in locomotives was new then, and there was no store of experience from which to draw an answer to the young man's "Why?" Bigness gives an organization the power, the courage to experiment. In The System, this experimental courage takes the form, in one instance, of permitting young men who ask pertinent questions to go out and find the answers for themselves. The young accountant was sent out to discover the answer to his own questions.

The first thing he observed was that some engineers, pulling out of congested districts, maintained slow even speeds, while others, when the train was still traveling in the yards and not subject to slow-speed regulations because of crossings, got up considerable speed, shut off the power and allowed their trains to glide out of town. Now the young accountant was no engineer—in fact, some of the old veterans told him he wasn't. But he did have a curiosity about such things, and he had, as an investigator, full authority to ask questions. He lowered a calibrated instrument into the fuel-oil tank of the locomotive he was riding, and had the engineer try the two different methods of getting out of town.

He found that when pulled up quickly and allowed to glide, the engine used several gallons less fuel oil than when driven out slowly. Immediately he multiplied these several gallons of saved fuel by 336,000—the number of trains operated by The System in a year. You can see he had a big idea by the neck.

But that wasn't all. The accountant noticed engineers had different ideas on how to get over a hill. Some made speed down one slope, shut off the power and glided up the next. Others, going down, set the engine at a slow, even speed. This helped save brakes—the train running partially against compression. When the opposite slope was reached the even power pull and momentum were sufficient to pull the train on up, but at considerable cost in fuel. Which was better, to save brakes—air—going down, or to save fuel going up? The accountant discovered the gliding system was the better. On one 103-mile run, with this and other economies shown him by the young accountant, one engineer saved 300 gallons of oil, worth two and a half cents a gallon. Which was nearly his wages for one day.

The young accountant never went back to his $170-a-month job. He became, until the transition from coal to oil was complete, The System's fuel man.

Many of his ideas came from the engineers and firemen. From each he selected the best trick in his repertoire and passed it on to the others. One trick was to stop trains at stations with a minimum use of air brakes. Air costs money. It is generated on the engine from steam, and steam requires fuel oil. It had been the practice to let trains proceed at regular running speed to within a short distance of a station, then to apply the air. The trick the accountant learned from a veteran engineer and passed on was to speed the train considerably for about 200 yards a half mile from a station, then to shut off the power and permit gravity, which was free, to do as much as

(Continued on Page 158)

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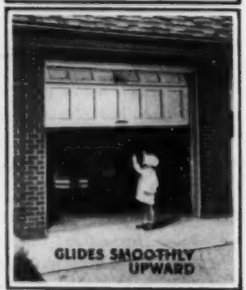

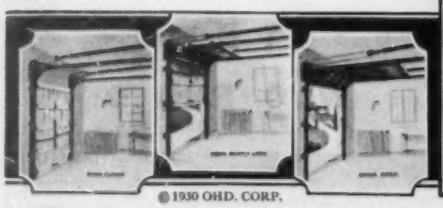

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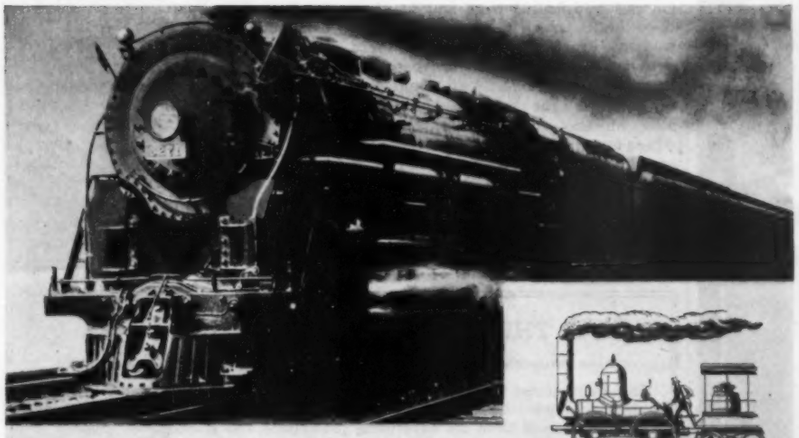
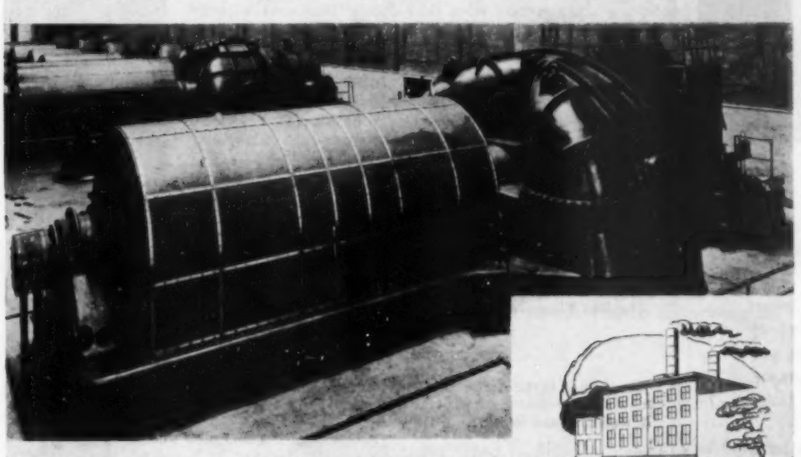
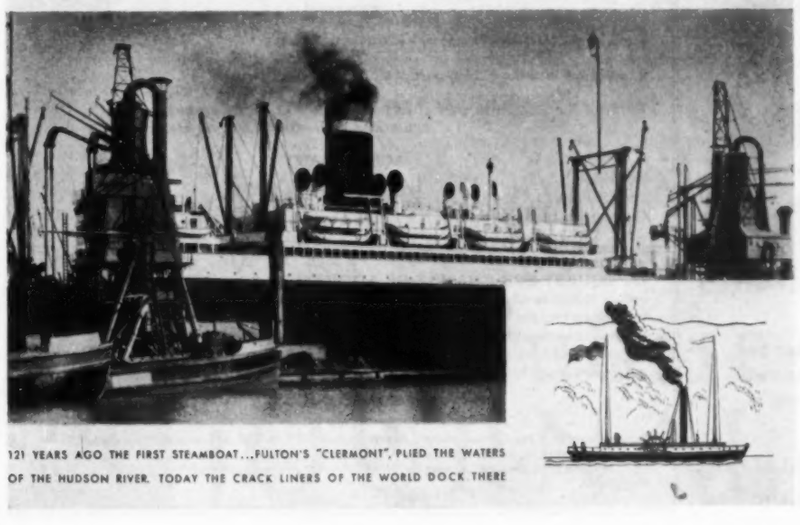
is over its "growing pains"...



IN 1831 THE FAMOUS LOCOMOTIVE, "DE WITT CLINTON," HAULED TRAINS IN NEW YORK STATE. TODAY THE FAMOUS TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED DOES THE SAME THING



IN 1882 NEW YORK HAD THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRIC CENTRAL STATION...THAT OF THOMAS A. EDISON. TODAY THIS STATE LEADS THE COUNTRY IN USE OF ELECTRIC POWER



121 YEARS AGO THE FIRST STEAMBOAT...FULTON'S "CLERMONT", PLIED THE WATERS OF THE HUDSON RIVER. TODAY THE CRACK LINERS OF THE WORLD DOCK THERE

but its growth is just starting

NEW YORK STATE had such a head start over the newer sections of this country, it is only natural it should surpass all other states in manufacturing as well as in wealth.

And now the new method of locating plants in the midst of their markets, rather than at the source of raw material, should make New York's future even brighter than its past.

New York State is outstanding in the seven factors now used in selecting plant-sites, and particularly in these two:

1. ***Lower cost of distribution***
2. ***Lower cost of electricity***

Throughout the Niagara Hudson System, the price of power is far below the nation's average.

An even greater advantage is the lower cost of marketing. Within New York's immediate domestic market are concentrated 49% of the nation's people and 55% of its wealth. Here is the natural gateway to all Europe.

In addition to cheaper marketing and cheaper power, the Empire State offers accessible raw materials, productive labor, ample capital, invigorating climate and unequalled transportation facilities.

For all these reasons, your plant may belong in New York State. If interested, write for the new 28-page illustrated booklet—"New York, the Great Industrial State". It will be sent to you without a personal follow-up of any kind. Address Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Industrial Development Bureau, Albany, N. Y. If you wish to study the question further, the Bureau's engineers are available for a detailed confidential fact study.

Write for our new book, describing the industrial territory served by Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, including among others the localities listed below:

ALBANY	E. SYRACUSE	KENMORE	RENSSELAER
ALBION	FAIRPORT	LACKAWANNA	ROME
ANGOLA	FALCONER	LANCASTER	ROTTERDAM
AMSTERDAM	FORT EDWARD	LEROY	ST. JOHNSVILLE
ANTWERP	FORT PLAIN	LITTLE FALLS	SALAMANCA
ATTICA	FRANKFORT	LOWVILLE	SARATOGA
BALDWINSVILLE	FREDONIA	LYONS	SPRINGS
BALLSTON	GENESEO	MALONE	SCHENECTADY
BATAVIA	GLENS FALLS	MASSENA	SCOTIA
BOONVILLE	GLOVERSVILLE	MEDINA	SKANEATELES
BROCKPORT	GOUVERNEUR	MOHAWK	SOLVAY
BUFFALO	GOWANDA	NEW YORK MILLS	SYRACUSE
CANAJOHARIE	GREEN ISLAND	NIAGARA FALLS	TONAWANDA
CANASTOTA	GREENWICH	N. TONAWANDA	TROY
CANTON	HAMBURG	NORWOOD	UTICA
CARTHAGE	HERKIMER	OAKFIELD	WATERFORD
COBLESKILL	HOMER	OGDENSBURG	WATERTOWN
CORTLAND	HUDSON	OLEAN	WATERVLIET
COHOES	HUDSON FALLS	ONEIDA	WELLSVILLE
DEPEW	ILION	OSWEGO	WESTFIELD
DOLGEVILLE	JAMESTOWN	POTSDAM	WHITEHALL
DUNKIRK	JOHNSTOWN	PULASKI	WHITESBORO
		WILLIAMSVILLE	

NIAGARA HUDSON

Hear Niagara Hudson broadcast fascinating stories of New York State. Every Thursday night 7:30-8:00 (Eastern Standard Time) *WEAF, WGR, WGY, WSYR.*

A TREMENDOUS TRIFLE...

.....that can so largely determine the impression you make on others.....

LATE in the afternoon. On his way to the important meeting. In his mind revolving the proposition he has to present. He stops for a moment to make a hurried purchase. His handkerchief is important. It must be immaculate.

A freshly laundered handkerchief—pure white, clean! A detail, many people feel. Yet what an enormous detail that can so freshen up your whole appearance! Just the mere knowledge that it is there, presentable in case you have to use it, lends a wholesome self-assurance.

On your way, freshen up

Men and women who hold personal neatness to be important, constantly make use of the convenience of SEALPACKERCHIEF. On their way to important engagements—whenever their handkerchief is soiled or crumpled—they stop in the nearest store to buy another.

SEALPACKERCHIEF is soft-laundered and ready for use, of such fine quality and workmanship it bears comparison in any company; neatly wrapped and sealed in a sanitary package. SEALPACKERCHIEF in cotton and linen, on sale everywhere. For men, 10¢, 2 for 25¢, 15¢, 3 for 50¢, 25¢, 35¢ and 50¢. For women, 3 for 25¢, 10¢, 2 for 25¢ and 25¢.

SEALPACKERCHIEF

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

You can teach a parrot to say "Just as good", but he won't know what he's talking about.... The International Handkerchief Mfg. Co., 137th Street and Willow Avenue, New York.

Not all package handkerchiefs are SEALPACKERCHIEF
To get the genuine, look for the Parrot on the Seal

(Continued from Page 154)

possible of the work formerly done by the brakes.

The accountant became a fuel efficiency fiend—but a diplomatic one. His next step was to organize fuel committees on each division. Meetings were held regularly to discuss ways of reducing fuel expenses. The whole System became "fuel-saving conscious."

Then, as a result of these conferences and discussions, an astonishing thing was uncovered: From a modern train-operating standpoint, almost the entire railroad, laid out decades ago when engines and trains were smaller, had been built wrong! Inspection stops were too close together; engines were capable of making longer distances between inspections. Water and fuel tanks weren't far enough apart. Tanks were on the sides of double tracks where fewest trains passed; some were on hillsides where, going up, power was required in large, expensive quantities to move a train after a stop.

It cost, it was found, five dollars to stop the average freight train. All these stops were costing money. How could fewer stops be accomplished? Wider spacing of inspection stops was one way. Larger engine tenders, requiring fewer water and oil stops, was another. Dozens of water tanks were moved. Before the committees got through, they had eliminated more than 6000 stops. Which, at five dollars per stop, is $30,000 a year.

Had The System operated last year under methods and conditions in effect the year the committees and trainmen began the conservation campaign under the accountant's direction, the outlay for fuel, The System's annual report conspicuously records, would have been exactly $11,542,855 more than it was.

That indicates what happened when one $170-a-month accountant, who knew nothing about locomotives, went on the trail of a big idea. As a result of his curiosity and patient observation, standard practices in the use of fuel oil have been established and now operate automatically to perpetuate important economies. —MAGNER WHITE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

WHAT a great to-do there was a few years back about Careers for Women! . . . Militant suffragettes . . . the New Woman . . . Soap-box oratory . . . "Go home and mind your babies" . . . Pickets at the White House gates . . . Hunger strikers in jail . . . It was seriously predicted that women would lose their appealing femininity, and force men out of work, if they had votes and jobs. » » » » » »

But stand at the entrance to any office building as the clock strikes five and watch the girls come out . . . Stenographers, clerks, secretaries, business executives, insurance salesmen, writers, artists, newspaper reporters, bond salesmen . . . Blonde hair, brunette, gray, but all with a sparkle in their eyes and a zest for life in their steps as they hurry home to cook or sew or read or dance or make love . . . Are they less womanly than their mothers and aunts who sat idly at home, spending father's money while they impatiently waited for Prince Charming to come along? » » » » » » » » » » » » »

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL believes in the woman in business. It admires her courage, her ability, her independence. In a regular department under the title "Women in Business" the JOURNAL discusses jobs and opportunities and the various problems of the woman who works. She is a definite part of the big audience for whom the JOURNAL is edited. » » »

LEADING WOMEN EVERYWHERE READ *the*

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

You can be so *sure* of Bond Bread..

GOOD MERCHANTS cater to the preferences of their customers. And so many housewives are in the habit of buying Bond Bread! The habit grows, too, as year after year they appreciate more and more how home-like Bond Bread is—dependable always—unchanging in goodness and flavor.

There's a simple explanation for the remarkable popularity of this loaf. Bond Bakers follow, and will keep on following, a path marked out for them by the best home bakers. They use only the purest ingredients. They bake each loaf thoroughly to "just the right turn," as the fireside phrase has it. The result is a fulness and richness of flavor altogether delightful.

To enjoy this flavor you have only to ask your grocer. Bond Bread comes fresh from the oven to his store—ready for your table.

43,040 *home bakers helped to perfect* **Bond**

The *home-like* bread

Bond Bread *is delivered fresh from the oven each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:*

Albany, N. Y.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Columbus, Ohio	Hutchinson, Kans.	Kansas City, Mo.	New Orleans, La.	Omaha, Neb.	Rochester, N. Y.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Waterbury, Conn.
Allentown, Pa.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Detroit, Mich.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Louisville, Ky.	New York City	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.	Toledo, Ohio	Wheeling, W. Va.
Baltimore, Md.	Canton, Ohio	Enid, Okla.	Jersey City, N. J.	Newark, N. J.	Norfolk, Va.	Providence, R. I.	Springfield, Mass.	Tulsa, Okla.	Wichita, Kans.
Boston, Mass.	Cleveland, Ohio	Hartford, Conn.	Kansas City, Kans.	New Haven, Conn.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Reading, Pa.	Steubenville, Ohio	Washington, D. C.	Worcester, Mass.

GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

© G. B. C., 1930

BEHIND THAT GRILLE IN THE WALL

Picture any fine interior—a charming living room, for example—with only an artistic grille in the wall as visible evidence of radiator heat.

Such a picture has been made reality in every room of many homes by the Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator. For this modern, compact heating unit was specially designed to be incased within the wall—not merely out of view but entirely out of the way.

You simply have the Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator installed in connection with a steam, hot water, vapor or vacuum heating system—then plan each room as if you had no radiators at all. Nothing will interfere with the arrangement of your furniture, the hanging of your draperies, or the execution of your chosen color schemes.

And equally important—the Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator will never cause you a moment's worry or bother. It has no joints of any kind to fail and leak, no parts that can rust or get out of order.

If you would protect your future home against depreciation, consult your architect or heating engineer regarding Herman Nelson Invisible Radiators. Should you prefer, get in touch with our nearest sales office (see list below) or write for our descriptive catalogue.

THE HERMAN NELSON CORPORATION*
Moline Illinois

There's a radiator that says..."This home is modern"

HERMAN NELSON *Invisible* RADIATOR

BELFAST, ME.
BOSTON
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEW YORK CITY
SYRACUSE
ALBANY
BUFFALO
ROCHESTER

PHILADELPHIA
SCRANTON
HARRISBURG
PITTSBURGH
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
GRAND RAPIDS

SAGINAW, MICH.
DETROIT
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
CINCINNATI
TOLEDO
INDIANAPOLIS
CHICAGO

PEORIA, ILL.
DES MOINES
MILWAUKEE
GREEN BAY
MINNEAPOLIS
DULUTH
ST. LOUIS
BIRMINGHAM
MIAMI

NASHVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
NEW ORLEANS
MEMPHIS
DALLAS
OMAHA
EMPORIA, KANS.
KANSAS CITY

TULSA, OKLA.
DENVER
SALT LAKE CITY
BUTTE, MONT.
SPOKANE
PORTLAND, ORE.
SEATTLE
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

VANCOUVER
TORONTO
WINNIPEG, MAN.
CALGARY
LONDON, ENG.
OSLO
MELBOURNE
TOKIO, OSAKA

*Makers of the *Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator*, for residences, apartments, hotels, offices and monumental structures—the *Univent*, for the ventilation of schools, offices, churches and all buildings having an acute ventilating problem—the *Herman Nelson hi/et Heater*, for economical distribution of heat in factories, mills, garages, warehouses and smaller buildings.

3 COMMON WAYS FOR A CAKE TO FAIL

COARSE, UNEVEN TEXTURE

SOGGY, TOO "HEAVY"

DRY *and* TASTELESS —QUICKLY STALE

And a new CAKE FLOUR *made especially to correct them*

DEAR MADAM . . .

In 35 cities the last 6 months, over 360,000 housewives discarded old-type *cake flours* and adopted this unique creation.

It marks a new era in cake-making; the latest achievement of the world's leading millers—the makers of the famous Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

For a revelation in easier, less troublesome cake-making, just try it. It overcomes the 3 common objections to special "*cake flours.*"

Corrects Your 3 Great Troubles in Cake-Making

Before making it, thousands of women were consulted. They told what their greatest difficulties were in cake-making.

They complained of 3 common failures. Failures 9 out of 10 have had at one time or another. And asked us to overcome them.

Those failures were: 1. *Coarse, uneven texture:* "waxy" and large-grained. 2. *Soggy and "flat"—often apparently without reason,* a "heavy" cake. 3. *Dry, tasteless*—often a cake stale in a day after making.

Those difficulties, it was found, were rarely due to the housewife, but to the *cake flour* she used.

Copyr. G. M., Inc., 1930

TRY THESE WHEAT PRODUCTS . . . MADE BY THE MILLERS OF . . . GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Now—A Special New-Type *Cake Flour*

To correct them, a special new kind of *cake flour,* called Gold Medal *Cake Flour,* was developed. A flour made only of the hearts of a certain rare type of wheat. A wheat whose gluten acts ENTIRELY DIFFERENTLY with baking powder than gluten of ordinary flour.

The result is *cake flour* that gives you velvety, fine-textured cakes instead of "uneven," coarse-textured cakes. That gives you high, full, fluffy cakes instead of cakes that are soggy and heavy. That gives you rich-flavored cakes which retain their moisture instead of dry, tasteless cakes that quickly stale.

Naturally, only such a *cake flour* would be offered you by the world's largest flour millers—the millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

Now women everywhere are flocking to its use. Results will be a revelation to you. If not, your money refunded without question.

In your own interest, please try it. Get it at any grocery store. Just ask for Gold Medal *Cake Flour.*

GOLD MEDAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

2,000 WOMEN A DAY ARE CHANGING TO THIS VIRTUALLY MISTAKE-PROOF CAKE FLOUR

The best bakers today are using Gold Medal *Cake Flour* and other well-known high grade ingredients for making a variety of delicious cakes. Have you tried them?

LISTEN IN . . . Every Wednesday and Friday morning at 10:30 Eastern Time—9:30 Central Time—9:30 Pacific Time—to Betty Crocker's Gold Medal Cooking School over National Broadcasting Co. . . . ***Gold Medal Fast Freight*** . . . Every Wednesday night at 9 P. M. Eastern Standard, 8 P. M. Central Standard, 7 P. M. Mountain and 6 P. M. Pacific Time—The Gold Medal Radio Organ—The Wheaties Quartet, Coast-to-Coast over the Columbia System

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